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THE LARGER TRAINING OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

By Captain T. Bentley Mott, U.S.A.

IT needs little argument to point out to a man of military education the numerous advantages which ensue to any service from having complete army corps or divisions held together all the year round, administered, instructed, and exercised under their permanent general officers, and no American officer can doubt the peculiar need which our small and scattered army has for one or more such establishments. Yet it is a surprising fact that our service has not pleaded for such an arrangement, one never hears it discussed in regimental or headquarters circles, and its creation has not been urged and reurged by commanding generals and found an echo in the Secretary's report or the President's message.*

Nevertheless, everyone knows that only by such a process, covering years of agitation, do we ever secure any needed reform or costly equipment. It is perfectly true, as will be at once objected, that Congress would have to consent to such an establishment, and that this consent would not readily be obtained. Many local and individual interests are served by the present system of numerous small posts, and members of Congress must be convinced of the existence of a higher necessity than local claims before they will consent to a change.

And yet, however loosely some may think and talk on this subject, the great fact remains that the members of Congress as a whole are profoundly interested in the welfare and efficiency of the army, and they would never knowingly saddle upon it an avowedly vicious system solely to benefit a few among themselves. They must certainly be convinced that the system which they might prefer is bad for the service; otherwise, as is wholly natural, they will vote for that arrangement which most benefits their constituents. The canteen being a moral and not an administrative question, is no case in point.

Suppose that soon after the war with Spain, when the increase and reorganization of the army were seen to be inevitable and millions were being voted for the mere housing of the new regiments, there had been urged upon Congress the vital importance of creating three or four great posts in which would be gradually concentrated nearly the whole home force, what would have happened?

The project at first would have been opposed by the local interests concerned and doubtless delayed for a year or two; but once the army has made it understood that this arrangement was pre-eminently useful for administration and instruction, that it was economical, that the old post system was a relic of past necessities, no longer required on account of Indians or other dangers, there can be little doubt that the Secretary of War, the President, the people, and finally Congress would have come to understand that this change was a really desirable thing, and personal opposition would have given way to military, to national, necessity.

With urging and with patience we might by this time have seen definitely accepted the principle that no more posts for one or

*This paper was written before the message of December, 1905, in which the President recommended the concentration of the army into larger commands.

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even two regiments should be constructed; that all appropriations for new constructions (outside of coast artillery) should be confined to a few great camps housing not less than a division; that posts of less size should be gradually abandoned as the few large ones grew.

Unfortunately, when the question did come up, a timid compromise was made between what should have been asked for and what it seemed then possible to get. The principle was announced in the War Department and accepted by Congress that the small posts should disappear, but instead of abolishing them in favor of brigade or division garrisons, the regiment was taken as the largest unit ever to be kept together, and the majority of posts were to have a smaller complement.*

It is, perhaps, hardly realized that in the United States proper we have one hundred and thirty posts garrisoned by forty-five thousand men. Of these sixty-two are coast forts; the other sixty-eight in the interior have complements of one, two, three, four, eight, and twelve companies. At only seven posts is an entire regiment collected. Fort Leavenworth, the largest of all, has twenty-three companies belonging to five different branches of the service.

Our old system gave us the company as the unit of instruction and administration; the system now gradually replacing it gives us with few exceptions the battalion and the regiment as our largest peace commands. How infinitely better it would have been to have demanded once for all that the army be stationed following military principles in preparation for war rather than local preferences in anticipation of peace, and asked our legislators to give us as the unit of command a tactical division, comprising troops of all arms—an organization fitted to instruct in peace and fight in war.

If the creation of such large posts had been opposed as being an experiment needless for us to undertake, the objection could have been met by a citation from recent British experience, and in military affairs it is precisely British experience which is most useful to us. The relation between their political and military systems is exactly the same as ours; in both countries the army is the servant and not the master, and in both the main dependence for war is upon volunteers, while England alone shares our belief in the efficacy of a small but highly trained regular force.

For this reason I believe that the most instructive place in Europe for an American military man to visit is Aldershot.

He will see there a great permanent camp which represents in active operation exactly what we should have, and some day must have: a huge army post where about twenty-seven thousand men are housed, fed, clothed, equipped, instructed, and manœuvred all the year around; where drills from the squad to the division and army corps may be held on twelve hours' notice; where an expedition consisting of two hundred, or two thousand, or twenty thousand men can be fitted out with the arms, ammunition, clothing, and equipment needed for work in any climate, and where the stores for such an emergency are kept ready for instant issue; so that in a space of time measured by hours these men, newly equipped from head to toe, can march out of the camp to take a train or transport.

If the above paragraph sounds enthusiastic and hardly in accord with the reports of lack of preparation for the Boer War, it must not be forgotten that the disasters of that struggle more than anything else taught the British the value of Aldershot and led to enlarging it in men, material, and scope of training.

I am not able to speak of what has been done in other commands of the British army, but Aldershot I have seen, the stores and supplies I have verified, and during five days I had the privilege of accompanying in the field this whole garrison—one army corps—organized correctly as such and operating under the orders of its permanent commander.

The original "camp" at Aldershot was formerly a poor affair, composed mostly of temporary buildings whose official designation of "huts" indicated what they really were. They had been built and added to ever since the Crimean War, and were chiefly used to shelter troops sent from time to time to this stretch of public land for "field days" and other primitive manœuvres.

About fifteen years ago the reconstruction of the camp on a permanent basis was urged by the military authorities, and in 1890

* "The largest permanent unit of the regular army in time of peace is the regiment. For the purposes of instruction . . . temporary brigades and divisions . . . *may* be organized."—Field Service Regulations, 1905, par. 3.

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Parliament consented to the request and passed the "Barrack Reconstruction Act." This marked the beginning of the camp as it now appears, and the work has gone on gradually for fourteen years, until now all of the "huts" have been replaced by brick constructions.

The *Aldershot command* or First Army Corps consists of—

3 regiments of cavalry,
27 6-gun batteries of artillery,
20 battalions (8 companies—850 men) of infantry,
12 companies of engineers,
1 battalion of mounted infantry,
19 companies of army service men,
3 companies of ordnance troops.

Besides these troops, the following schools are located at the camp in permanent buildings:

Practical School of Engineers,
School of Musketry,
School of Gymnasia,
Nursing School,
Signal School,
Balloon factory,
Veterinary School.

The strength of this command on October 7, 1903, was 1,252 officers, 30,682 men, 6,290 horses.

There are ten hospitals, four churches, an immense gymnasium, an abattoir, gas and electric-light plants.

The whole is under the orders of the corps commander, at present Lieut.-Gen. Sir John French.

The camp lies in a gently rolling plain between two branches of the London and Southwestern Railway, about forty miles from London and about sixty from Southampton. The facilities for supply and for transportation, whether to points at home or abroad, are therefore evident. The Cadet Military Academy of Sandhurst and the Staff College near the same place are only seven miles distant, so that nothing is more simple than to send the students of either institution to Aldershot for any special instruction, field-work, or manœuvres.

Around the camp in various directions are eight parcels of land, a total of about forty square miles, available in any season for the training of troops of all arms. This land belongs to the Crown and War Department. Fifty miles to the westward is Salisbury Plain, a great tract of uncultivated downs, belonging almost wholly to the War Department and containing few habitations. It is about twenty miles long by ten miles wide, so that the whole *corps d'armée* can be manœuvred over it and combat exercises of infantry and artillery, shooting real shell, can take place whenever desired.

The barracks of various types are all built of uniformly colored brick. Some of the older ones for infantry are three or four stories high with a court closed on two sides and roofed with glass; the newer ones are of two stories, and some of one. The cavalry barracks are generally of two or three stories, the stables being on the ground-floor and the dormitories on the floors above.

The dormitories are clean, airy, and well whitewashed. They seem to provide about as much air space per man as our barracks, but have not their numerous comforts and conveniences. Thus, very few have dining-rooms, the meals being taken in the dormitories. The kitchens, generally in detached houses near the barracks, are small but well arranged and exquisitely neat. There seemed to be no objection from anyone as to the arrangement of the cavalry barracks over the stables, and, of course, many conveniences result. In England there is little hot weather, flies are few, and all stable work is done with greater neatness than in America.

The provision made for the sergeants demands further notice. The English sergeant is a man apart. The space which divides him from the privates is as great as that which separates him from the officers. He does not mess or sleep with the privates and he is not permitted—nor does he ever desire—to be on terms of personal intimacy with them. Such conduct would lead at once to his losing his chevrons.

A sergeants' mess building is provided for each battalion (eight companies) just as is an officers' mess provided for the officers, and the two differ in degree rather than in principle. There is a dining-room, kitchen, bar, living-room, and usually a billiard-room, all on a small scale, but entirely comfortable and well fitted up. A certain proportion of the sergeants are allowed married quarters. These married men are given an extra ration and live at home, but the mess is their club-room, where they go for a smoke, a drink, or a chat with their fellow-sergeants. Unmarried sergeants have each a separate room in barracks.

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Whatever may be thought in theory of this system, it is the chief factor in giving the British army its wonderful non-commissioned officers of long service and great authority with the men. Its application to our service would be an experiment well worth while. With our levelling instinct we give the sergeant little more than the private, yet we exact of him command and superiority over the men with whom he lives in personal intimacy. The result is that out of sight of an officer he rarely or unwillingly asserts this authority.

The English sergeant gets from the private that instinctive obedience which rank, superior knowledge, length of service, and social separation—one or all—secure in the American service for the officer, but not for the sergeant.

We are more liberal to our privates than the English, but we do far less than they to make the service an attractive career for a non-commissioned officer. One can hardly escape the impression also that English officers show their sergeants much more consideration than they receive in our service.

The average sergeants' mess building at Aldershot has cost $11,000, but this is exclusive of preparing the ground or putting in light, heat, or roads. If the sergeants of each battalion have their mess the privates have their canteen, and often it is an elaborate affair comprising a good-sized theatre with stage and scenery. One of the rooms is called the "wet" and the other the "dry canteen," beer being sold in one and soft drinks in the other. Cheap and wholesome suppers can be had in the "dry" canteen, and every effort is made to give a homelike air to the place.

Since corporals are not allowed to drink with the privates, one of the rooms in this building is reserved for the former, the same bar serving both. In the old barracks corporals sleep with the men, but many of the new ones now provide them with separate rooms.

The canteen has, of course, a reading-room well stocked with periodicals, and some have very good libraries. Performances in the theatre are held three or four times a week and are well attended. No admission is charged, the artists being paid from the canteen fund. It must not be forgotten that there is a canteen for every battalion of infantry (eight companies), regiment of cavalry, and group of artillery (three batteries).

One phase of the British soldier's life is striking to an American. As is the habit with all the lower classes in England, his dinner is eaten between noon and one o'clock; the next meal is "tea," about five o'clock, consisting of bread and butter, jam, and tea. This is the last regular meal of the day for the working classes and for the soldier, and if the latter wants something to eat later in the evening, he has to buy it. This he can do in the supper-room maintained at the canteen and separate from the bar. Here the soldier for a few cents can get a hot dish (but not beer) whenever he wants it.

There are few things which are more talked of and less understood than the British officers' mess. Novel, magazine, and newspaper writers, in picturing this institution, always take, as is their function, the most elaborate, the most picturesque, and the least typical, and they give us little idea of the routine life in the average regimental mess.

At Aldershot I had the pleasure of visiting several of the messes and I dined and slept at one. There are all sorts of messes, just as there are all sorts of regiments in the British service. The mess of a regiment of crack cavalry, for example, is a delightful club composed entirely of well-born, well-bred, and rather wealthy men united by the bond of military discipline, comradeship, and regimental tradition. But however unique and interesting these messes may be, they offer as a military institution nothing of value to the United States service. We have no select regiments, as in England or Germany, with officers picked out personally by the king from a particular rank of society and necessarily men of means; therefore these messes, with their characteristics of luxury and exclusiveness, suggest nothing for us to imitate or avoid.

On the other hand, the mess of, say, an average infantry regiment does offer much that we can usefully study, for it constitutes an important factor in the professional as well as in the social life of the officer. The mess establishment usually consists of a central building with long two-story wings on each side. The former contains the dining-room, club-rooms and kitchen, the latter the bedrooms. Each subaltern is entitled to one bedroom and each field officer to two bedrooms in the mess building. The sitting-

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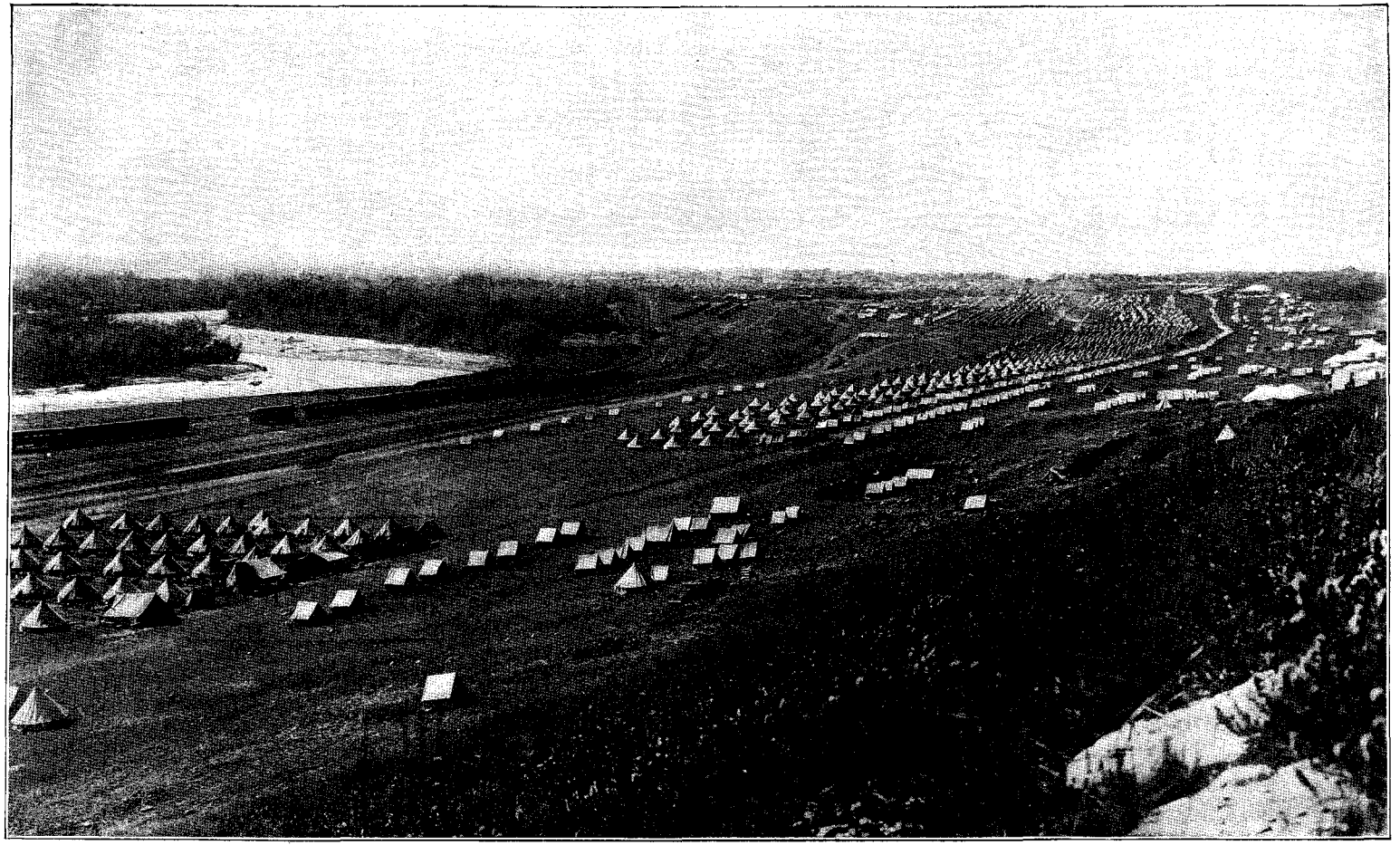

Bird's-eye view of Camp William Cary Sanger, Fort Riley, Kansas.

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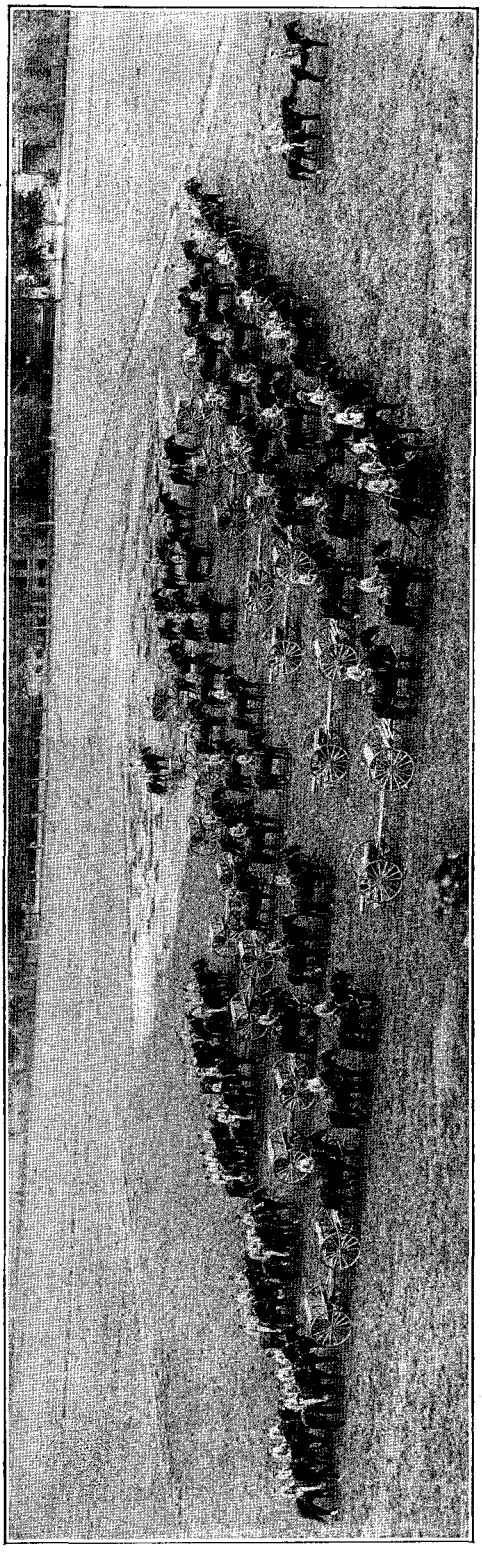

A horse battery armed with the new U. S. quick-firing guns.

rooms, card and billiard-rooms, library and dining-rooms are, of course, common to all. The commanding officer has a small house near by.

Unmarried officers are obliged to live in the mess. Married officers may live where they choose with their families, but they must be present for all duty exactly as single men; they must belong to and help support the mess and dine there occasionally. They are entitled to keep their bedrooms in the mess building, and those living at any distance do generally retain them for emergencies, for guard duty, and to dress in. No regimental officer is provided with quarters other than those mentioned.

The average officers' mess at Aldershot is a handsome building of simple but dignified exterior whose most pleasing ornamentation consists of the vines that invariably cover every side. There are usually cricket, tennis and football grounds, and frequently a stable for the horses and vehicles which belong to the mess or to its individual officers. The grounds are always beautifully kept and have both the air and the reality of privacy.

The advantages offered by the British mess system may be briefly glanced at:

It offers at the outset of his career to the poorest second lieutenant means of living with simple dignity in the manner befitting an officer and gentleman. He has but one room to furnish and little baggage to transport. The mess servants, living in the building, attend to all his wants in the most comfortable way and at small expense, while heat and light cost him nearly nothing. He has a properly served table, such as no poor man living alone could afford, and which induces those habits of good breeding so important to inculcate in men just joined. He can entertain his friends pleasantly and at small cost.

It discourages young officers from contracting early marriages. I am assured on excellent authority that, with care, an infantry lieutenant can live properly in his mess on $750 a

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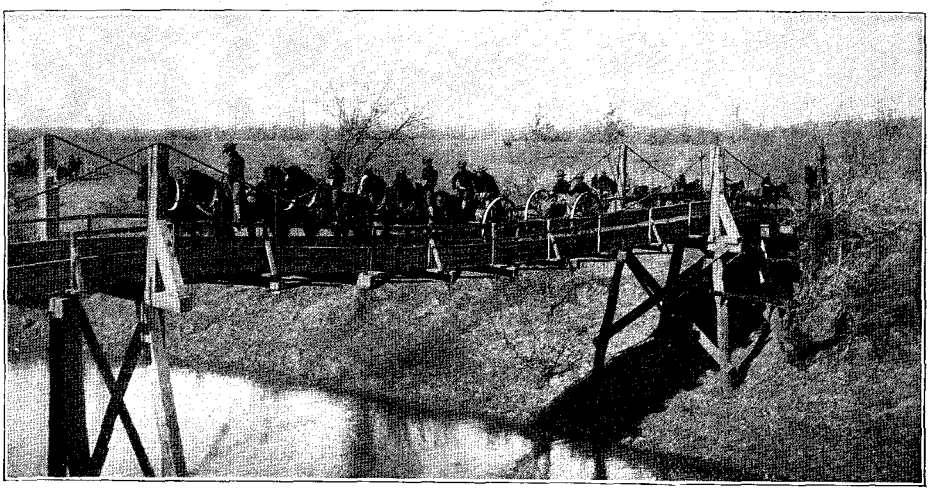
American artillery fording a Texas river.

A heavy road.



More dangerous than battle.

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year; if he has $1,200 a year he is easy, and with $1,500 he can dress handsomely and allow himself many pleasures.

In contrast with this, since quarters are not furnished married subalterns, marriage of the young officer on $750 a year is impossible, and even on $1,500 it would entail the sacrifice of the easy dignity of his existence in the mess. The contrast is so great that officers are not tempted to early marriage, and the fact that most of them stay single until they are thirty or thirty-five is a distinct advantage to the service.

There is an evident value to the discipline and tone of a regiment in having its officers regularly take their meals together, and when all officers pass the first five or ten years of their service in daily social contact with older men the result cannot fail to be of lasting benefit.

The expense to the government of quartering officers is reduced to a minimum, and this economy makes the service not less, but more efficient. The average mess establishment accommodates thirty officers, and those at Aldershot cost, exclusive of light and plumbing, $92,500. In other words, to house an officer costs the British Government about $3,000.

It may be useful to note here that the three great groups of brick barracks, stables, storehouses and messes now finished, including the engineer establishment, balloon factory, abattoir, bakery, etc., providing for 635 officers and 19,905 men, cost during the years from 1890 to 1903, £1,900,000, or, say, $10,000,000.

So much for Aldershot. It is now proposed to study the advantages which similar establishments on a smaller scale would bring to our army and the possibility of creating them. In what follows the coast artillery will not be considered, as its place is forever fixed by the guns it serves. We will consider only the mobile or field forces, consisting of cavalry, infantry, field artillery, engineer and signal companies.

This force is now composed of fifteen regiments of cavalry, thirty regiments of infantry, thirty batteries of field, mountain and siege artillery, twelve companies of engineers, twelve companies of signal men.

We will not suggest for this force an ideal distribution, but one merely following accepted national policies and prejudices, and at the same time fulfilling elementary military requirements. We must have troops in easy reach of the northern and southern frontiers; also points of concentration not too far from each coast, and one near the centre of the country. This last is conceded to political demands all the more willingly since the great sums already spent on central garrisons at Riley and Leavenworth must not be sacrificed. This gives us as a minimum to be desired five permanent camps or garrisons; we shall provide for six as will be seen.

Consider now the ultimate distribution of the whole field force into these commands. Each should comprise all arms, that instruction and manœuvres may constantly tend to preparation for war. A strongly organized unit would be a division made up about as follows:

Six regiments of infantry, two brigades;
Six batteries of artillery, one regiment;
Two regiments of cavalry, one brigade;
Two companies of engineers;
Two companies of signal corps.

The minimum peace strength of such a force would be over eight thousand men. Upon the threat of war present laws permit the President to raise the effective of each company so that on a war footing our division would have about thirteen thousand men. (It might be found advantageous to immediately add a militia brigade to the regular division; this would bring its strength to about sixteen thousand men).

Such a division would be equally effective for home or foreign service, and whether acting alone or combined with other divisions, it would constitute a command adapted in every way to the needs of instruction, and it would form a school where not only subalterns, but colonels, generals, and the staff services would learn by daily, and not by occasional experience, their business in war.

Five divisions composed as above would absorb thirty regiments of infantry, thirty batteries of artillery, ten companies of signal corps, ten companies of engineers, and ten regiments of cavalry; or our whole field army except two companies of engineers and two of signal corps and five regiments of cavalry.

Of the latter one regiment must be stationed near Washington, say at Fort Myer; the other four should be organized into an

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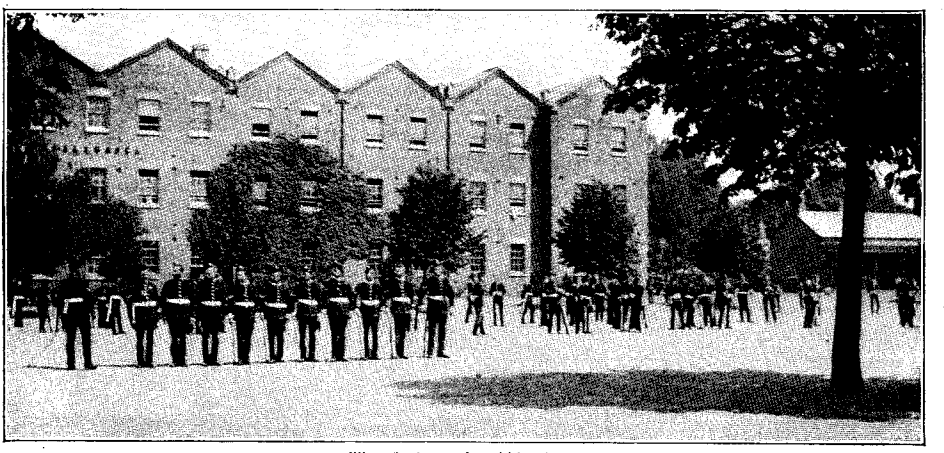
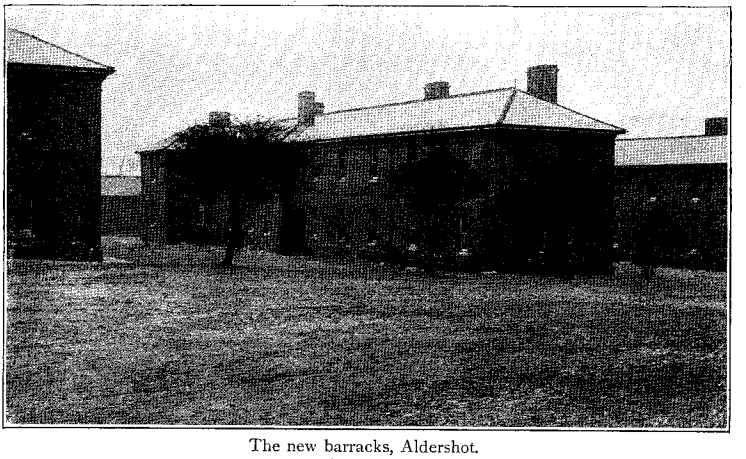


The old barracks, Aldershot.



The new barracks, Aldershot.

Main road, Aldershot.

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independent division of cavalry and stationed preferably in Texas. In time of war these five regiments, with one or two of volunteers, could be formed into two splendid cavalry divisions of four or five thousand men each. One signal and one engineer company are needed for the cavalry division, leaving one company of each for school purposes.

To each command would be assigned a region for militia purposes, and also, if practicable, for drawing recruits, each division commander doing his own recruiting. Enough of the militia of each region must be organized into brigades to form a division which ultimately should have all the elements prescribed for the regular division; but for the present and during the ten years which at the least must elapse before this organization could begin to take final shape nothing need be required of the militia except to furnish three strong infantry brigades.

Meantime for manœuvres of single or combined divisions, and in case of war in the near future, the regulars could easily funish the militia divisions with the necessary engineers, signal corps, and cavalry.

We have already enough cavalry for this assignment without breaking up so valuable an organization as the independent division designated above. The cavalry brigade of each regular camp could, if necessary, be divided when on a war footing and one regiment assigned to the militia division of the region. At war strength our cavalry regiment has at least twelve hundred sabres. This is about the strength of the cavalry force prescribed for the average European army corps and, in the cases where such an assignment had to be made, a division commander disposing of twelve hundred cavalry would have no cause for complaint.

The artillery question is a far more difficult one for both the regular and militia divisions. Six batteries are enough for a division forming part of a corps provided with corps artillery; but having no corps artillery there must be more guns, either with the infantry (as the Germans now arrange it) or else as army artillery in the commanding general's hands (as was the case in our own army in the latter years of the Civil War and conspicuously in the Japanese armies in Manchuria).

Our general staff has prescribed the ratio of 3.35 guns for every thousand men at war strength. This should certainly be considered a minimum; it is well below the allowance in most armies. At this rate, a division requires two regiments, twelve batteries. The cavalry division must also have six of horse. This makes sixty-six regular batteries in all. We now have thirty.

To provide anything like this amount of artillery for the militia divisions seems at the present time utterly impossible. We can only hope that as time goes on and the regular divisions are formed, the militia of each region will take them as a model and conform to their compact and powerful organization.

But in one way or another field artillery must be provided, for there never was a time when this arm was so important or so difficult to train; if, then, the militia cannot provide it, Congress must be induced to furnish at least a bare necessity.

Each regular division would of course have a large manœuvre ground, and on this permanent installations must be made for putting the militia of the division under canvas. The war supplies of every kind for both regular and militia divisions must be kept on hand at the camp.

The training of the regular division would go on all the year round; the training of the militia division must be confined to short stated periods. It would be assembled at the regular camps and all the resources of that place would be at its disposal for instruction, both as regards material, officers for teachers, and the special arms of the service. Later on both divisions could be assembled and manœuvred together or against each other.

Until such time as the militia divisions grow to be correctly organized and trained as such, and then only in case of a great continental war, they should not be joined to the regular divisions to form army corps. If a war comes on, such elements of the militia division as exist can be assembled, filled up, and trained; the regular division will go to the front, join some or all of the other regular divisions, forming the first army —and a very powerful one, too. If the war is of such length and magnitude as to require it, the five militia divisions can follow in due time and join the regulars.

But to normally organize the army or any part of it into *corps d'armée*, whether in peace or war, is not believed to be good military

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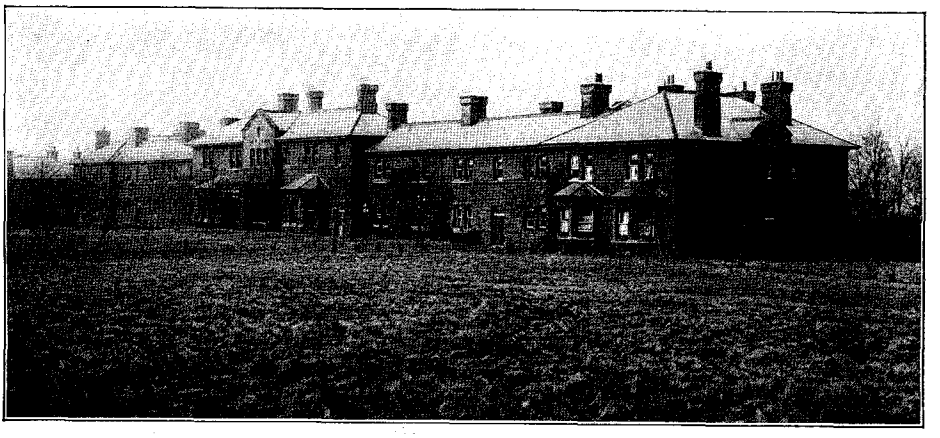
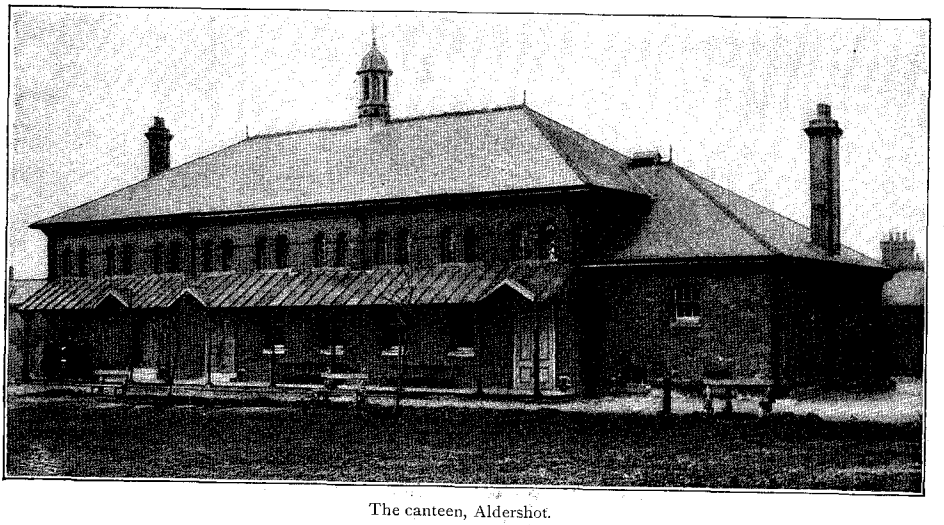


The officers' mess, Aldershot.

Cavalry, and court-yard of cavalry barracks, Aldershot.



The canteen, Aldershot.

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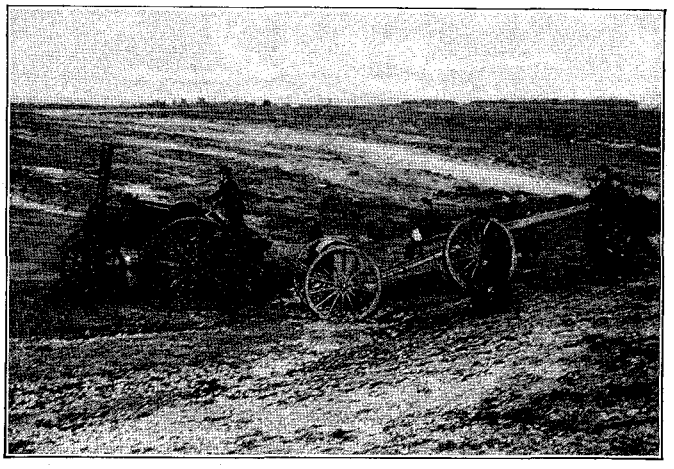
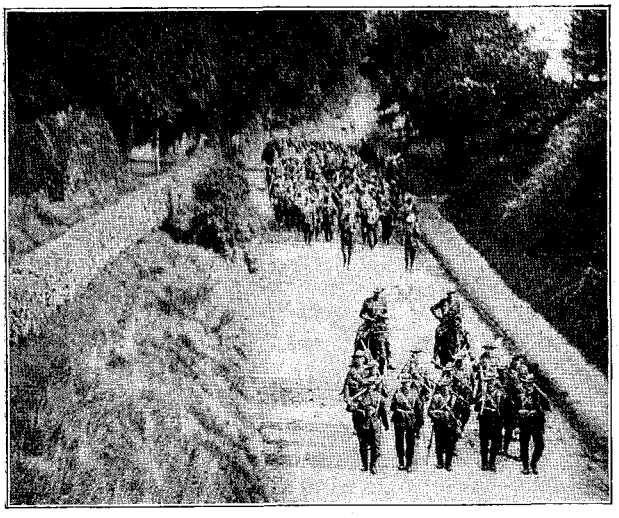
policy for the United States. The corps is a useful unit in armies numbering several hundred thousand men, where peace training for such a body can be regularly pursued and where half a million men are immediately mobilized at the first alarm of war; but with us anything of this sort is quite out of the question, and we ought to avoid whatever smacks of "paper organization." Let us provide only for what we can train in peace and therefore skilfully handle in the sudden emergency of war.

Divisions organized as we have outlined are most powerful fighting units.* We would have five of them, regulars, always in training from major-general to private, and practically ready to march at a moment's notice to the battle-field. Five more of militia could be immediately formed and shaken together on their accustomed training-grounds. Such a force seems sufficient *in numbers* for any emergency we are likely to meet.



Hauling a 4.7-inch gun at Aldershot across fields with a steam wagon.

Firing a 4.7-inch gun at manœuvres at Aldershot.
This and the gun in the upper picture both saw service in the Transvaal.



Manœuvring near Aldershot.

On taking the field a general's army would be composed of two, three, four, divisions, etc., and one or several such armies could be formed according to the work to be done. An organization of this kind is more simple, economical, and flexible than army corps.

In order now that our idea may be presented in definite form, we will sug-

*Later Note.—The Japanese have since proved the great efficacy of this very organization in war. They had no *corps d'armée*, only strong, flexible divisions.

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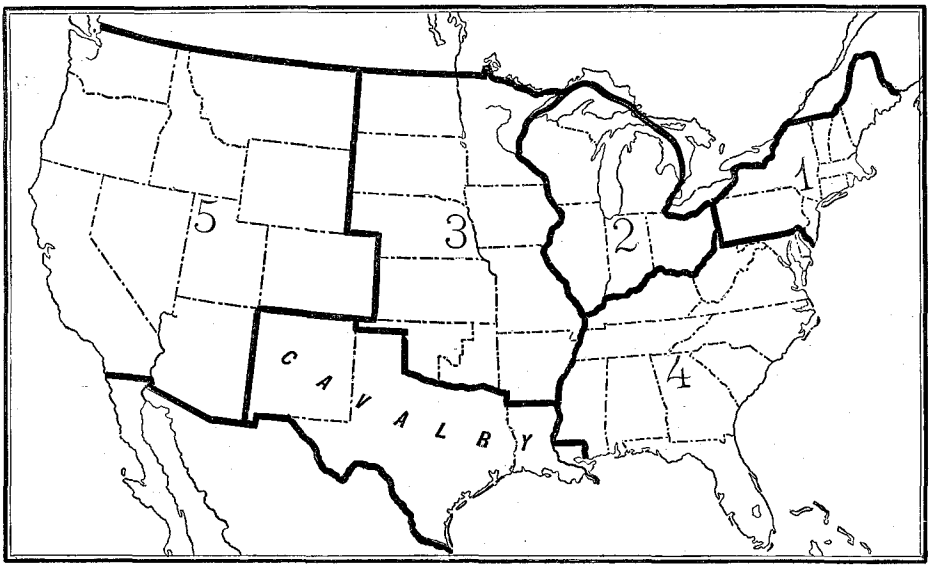
gest a tentative plan for the location of the six camps. A different division of the territory may be found advantageous, but the principle would remain the same.

First or Eastern Division.—Located in New York or Pennsylvania on one of the trunk lines running to New York City, in quick communication by rail and water with the whole lake and St. Lawrence frontier and with the Atlantic seaboard; this command to furnish detachments for any guards considered necessary on the frontier from Maine to Ohio; to comprise for militia purposes the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The organized militia of this region in 1903 was forty thousand men.

Second or Lake Division.—Located in Indiana or Illinois on one of the trunk lines running to Chicago and wherever sufficient cheap land may be had; to comprise for militia purposes and frontier guards the States north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. The organized militia of this region was in 1903 twenty thousand five hundred men.

Third or Centre Division.—At Forts Leavenworth and Riley, one command. To be completed as soon as possible. The enormous amount of money spent at these two places makes it difficult to give up either. This command to furnish detachments, as small as consistent with safety, for Indian reservations east of the Rockies and north of Texas and Louisiana. The organized militia of this region was in 1903 fifteen thousand men.

Fourth or Southern Division.—In the hill country between Georgia and Virginia, on a main line of railway; climate and cheap land to determine the locality; to comprise for militia purposes the States south of Pennsylvania and east of the Mississippi. The organized militia of this region in 1903 was twenty-six thousand men.



Tentative plan for locating the army in six camps.

Fifth or Pacific Division.—In California, on a trunk line into San Francisco and as near that city as consistent with getting a large tract of cheap land; for militia purposes and for guards to Indian reservations to comprise the territory west of the Rockies including all of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado. The organized militia of this region in 1903 was nine thousand men.

Cavalry Division.—Four regiments and six horse batteries to be located at the point in Texas fulfilling most of the conditions required for a camp; to furnish detachments for all the Rio Grande posts and to comprise for militia purposes Texas and Louisiana. The organized militia of this region in 1903 was five thousand men. It is to be

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noted that the territory is divided so as to provide the strongest force of militia for the Atlantic and Gulf divisions, many volunteer troops being required as auxiliary to the coast defence of this region.

The formation of these camps would be a gradual matter, covering from ten to twenty years and requiring an expenditure of from two to three million dollars a year; but the first and most urgent thing is to discuss and to get accepted the principle involved in the conception in order that no money shall, in the meantime, be devoted to new constructions not in accord with the final result desired.

The centre division, at Riley and Leavenworth, could be pushed to completion at once by merely diverting the money now being spent for other posts in that region. The experience had in housing this command would be of much value in providing for the others. Meanwhile this division would begin to be a great school for the education of the officers comprising it, and the benefits of this education would be felt in all directions, and especially at manœuvres.

The Eastern division would be the next to receive attention, first by the acquisition of land, so that manœuvres could at once be held for the regulars and militia of the Eastern States. The formation of the Southern and Pacific divisions would proceed in the same way, the first acquisition being land and plenty of it, then the gradual housing of the troops. By the time the last camp was ready for occupation, ten or twenty years hence, the force of regulars required for the Philippines and for the various Indian reservations would be reduced to a few thousand men, and these requirements need not in any way interfere with the development of the scheme.

No one can doubt the serious advantages which would result from this concentration of the field forces into six large commands; only the most evident will, therefore, be glanced at before proceeding to discuss the difficulties and to show how they can be overcome. The facilities offered for all kinds of school work properly so called hardly need comment. The collecting of 450 officers into one command offers every advantage to both instructors and students; the former being few, the best in the army can be selected, and the latter being numerous, time and effort are saved. At present each battalion or regiment has its separate schools, but it is only by chance that a good instructor in a given subject is found. The result is that men as well as officers have to be sent long distances to service schools for much of the instruction that should be given them at their regiments.

The advantages, indeed, are exactly those offered by a university as compared with a district school; and this both as concerns quality and cost of the teaching. A large body of officers raises the *esprit* of the whole mass. A battalion is a better instructed command than a company, a regiment than a battalion; a division would have no fewer advantages over the regiment. The teaching and example of the few really brilliant men found always in a large force has a multiplied effect and the resources in the way of specialties are open to all. Thus the development of specialists is encouraged while not removing the subjects from their proper occupations.

Officers learn to know each other in the sphere of their proper labors and the seniors can directly judge, encourage, and reward their juniors. At present this acquaintance is chiefly maintained by mail.

The opportunity to constantly handle and see handled regiments, brigades, and divisions in the open is one American officers have never had, and will never have until large permanent camps are established. Autumn manœuvres, under our present system, provide this opportunity most imperfectly. They are like examinations preceded by no course of study and recitation. To-day our instruction stops at the field officer. Who teaches a lieutenant-colonel anything whatever of his future duties?

If we have no school for forming our colonels, where are our brigadier-generals taught? As for a division commander, under our system he must be born such, for there exists no machinery for manufacturing him or letting him manufacture himself, and when made there is no way of testing the strength and justness of his parts.

A good colonel can in time make good captains and a good regiment, but fourteen of the best captains that ever marched cannot make a good colonel, and all the effort they have spent on their companies comes to naught in a battle through the faulty handling of the regiment. But a vigorous and able division commander can make

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good colonels, or else rid himself of the bad ones, and it is precisely this opportunity which large commands alone can provide. The "examination for promotion" of the officers in such a camp would go on all the year round.

The different arms of the service must be used to working together in battle-field proportions and their commanding officers must have intelligent comprehension of each other's needs in action. The general must be skilful in handling not one, but all arms of the service; otherwise, in a fight he becomes reduced to merely an infantry, cavalry, or artillery commander, dependent upon his staff for advice; he abdicates direction, and the battle becomes what a competent observer said of Santiago, a "popular movement," rather than a properly directed engagement. In other words, for success in war there must be "team work" among the arms of the service. It is not sufficient that each be good, but all must work at every moment to a common end. This team work wins in battle just as it does in football, and in neither can the trick be learned from books alone; it demands practice, constant and unremitting practice under competent coaches and under contest conditions. A large command of all arms, living, learning, working, and manœuvring together, is the only way this preparation can be had.

The administration and supply of six large commands would be simplicity itself as compared with the present arrangement. We all know it is regrettable that in a vast country like ours so much of administrative detail is concentrated in Washington, but this never will be permanently changed so long as we have a large number of posts, most of which can be administered as easily from Washington as from their department headquarters. They will continue to be so administered in effect as long as we have the present system of posts. From time to time an effort will be made to decentralize, to put something in the department commander's hands; but the eternal fact will remain that since he has to command his men through the mail and not directly, it may just as well be done from Washington as from New York or St. Louis.

With six large camps, each would be provided with supply and administration services directly under the general commanding, with final supervision in Washington. The general is on the spot, and in ten minutes can see and order or report and recommend. A department commander is practically as far away from his troops as is the bureau chief in Washington.

The concentration of the regular army into a few garrisons would in no way lessen its availability in case of domestic disturbance. The experience of the last ten years proves that the location of posts near large cities, as at Fort Sheridan, Fort Thomas, and the like, has no value for the suppression of riots, since no emergency ever arises in which the nearness of the troops constitutes a factor. Regulars are never called upon until the trouble is beyond the State forces to cope with, the machinery of law must first be put into motion and ample warning is always given of any impending necessity for their presence.

It may be objected against the arrangement suggested that the frontier would be left unguarded. Such is so far from being the case that if no other reasons prompted concentration safety to the frontier would dictate it. We now have scattered along our vast northern and southern frontiers, in garrisons of from one to twelve companies, the equivalent of less than eight regiments. If there is any danger of sudden attack across either frontier the least intelligent enemy would certainly arrange to overwhelm some or all of these small posts and advance into our territory; if this sudden attack is unimaginable such scattering of our forces is unnecessary for safety and harmful to instruction.

Field forces intended to guard the frontier should be assembled in divisions, or at least in brigades, near railway centres whence any threatened point may be quickly reached in force. The crossings should be held by mere observing pickets, which, when trouble was brewing, could be quietly re-enforced. Our present arrangement is tactically faulty, financially expensive and in all ways detrimental to instruction.

One other advantage of concentration, not so evident to the civilian, but readily appreciated by any army officer, would be the resulting elimination from our system of its two most unprofitable features — the post commander and the department commander. These officers, at present necessary, absorb in non-military duties the better part

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of the time and energy of our generals and field officers, depriving them of any chance to constantly command manœuvring troops and fit themselves for their work in war.

At present our major-generals command a number of detached posts, chiefly coast artillery. They have no way of practising themselves in handling their troops in the field, and when war comes on they invariably leave them to command other units assembled for the first time, while new men are sent to take charge of the coast defences, departments, etc. Does such an arrangement seem in any way intelligent? Its only excuse is the present dissemination of our garrisons and the necessity of giving our generals something to command. These officers are at present the innocent victims of a system which ordains that they may not practise themselves in the duties which would fall to them in war; so that just in proportion to the length of time a man has been a general officer, just in that proportion is he unfitted to command troops in the field. The brilliant suffer with the stupid, for rust attacks bright surfaces as quickly as dull ones. The higher up we go the more we find ourselves organized for peace and unprepared for war.

If the force of the above arguments be recognized it may still be asked, is it not too late to make the change? We cannot think so. The regimental posts recently authorized have been started, but years must elapse before we are irrevocably committed to the plan they embody. The time, too, has happily passed when the army was powerless to shape its own future. We now have a military policy, a general staff to direct and announce it, and, what is more, a chief who must be heard when he speaks in defence of it. If, then, in the face of a proposition to locate and build a post for political reasons, the chief of staff opposed the project as detrimental to the efficiency of the army, gave his reasons, and urged that the same money should be appropriated toward housing a whole division at some strategical point, that appropriation would not be voted. We might lose the money for a year or two, but in the end it would come, and for the purpose desired.

The army must have the courage to resist the temptation of liberal appropriations offered for unsuitable purposes; it must proclaim that it prefers no money at all if that money cannot be spent to increase its efficiency as a fighting force. A few exhibitions of this firmness, some patience, and much pleading will gain the point.

The plan outlined above is frankly an ideal one and its complete realization will require a long struggle; but it is not more difficult of accomplishment than was the plan of the Endicott board when in 1888 it outlined a scheme of military defence calling for a hundred million dollars.

That project seemed at the time the mere day-dream of intelligent but idealistic men. Yet this dream now stands accomplished, and under its spell the coast artillery has risen from being the most inefficient and unprepared branch of the military establishment to the highest state of practical efficiency and readiness for war.

The *field* forces of the United States army are *not* in such a state to-day, they cannot become so under present conditions. The separate elements are good, but the whole is neither organized nor trained for war.

If the plan suggested for improving this state of affairs be thought worthy of adoption, its realization would be far less difficult than was the coast-defence project. The successful accomplishment of that tremendous and costly scheme points once more to the mighty force of an intelligent plan adhered to through every temptation, the uplifting power of a high ideal in any undertaking whatsoever.

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Crow warriors on the edge of a precipice in the Black Canyon.

VANISHING INDIAN TYPES

THE TRIBES OF THE NORTHWEST PLAINS

By E. S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE Northwest Plains Indian is, to the average person, the typical American Indian, the Indian of our school-day books—powerful of physique, statuesque, gorgeous in dress, with the bravery of the firm believer in predestination. The constant, fearless hunting and slaughtering of the buffalo trained him to the greatest physical endurance, and gave an inbred desire for bloodshed. Thousands of peace-loving, agricultural-living Indians might climb down from their cliff-perched homes, till their miniature farms, attend their flocks, and at night-time climb back up the winding stairs to their home in the clouds, and attract no attention. But if a fierce band of Sioux rushed down on a hapless emigrant train the world soon learned of it.

The culture of all primitive peoples is necessarily determined by their environment. This, of course, means that all plains tribes—though speaking a score of languages—were, in life and manner, broadly alike. They were buffalo-hunting Indians, and only in rare cases did they give any attention to agriculture. Buffalo meat was their food, and the by-products their clothing, tools, and implements.

The plains tribes in earlier times were certainly true nomads. For a time, in the

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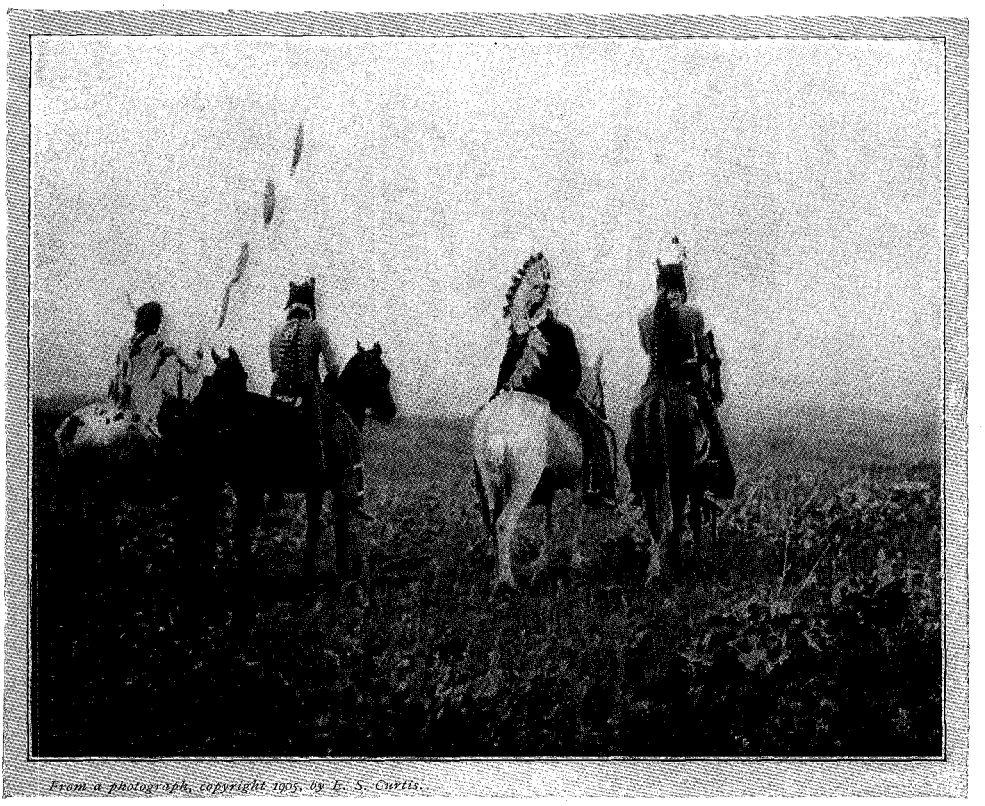

Old-time Crow warriors overlooking the valley of the Big Horn.

depths of winter, they camped in the shelter of some forest along the streams. Other than that, wherever roamed a herd of buffalo, there also wandered the bands of Northern Indians. The very existence of these tribes seemed bound to that of the buffalo. From the skins their lodges were built. With the hair on, the hides furnished the robes for the body, as well as mattresses and bed coverings. The meat, prepared in many ways, with the addition of a few roots and berries, furnished their entire food. Advancing civilization has swept these countless herds from the face of the plains, and left their human companions stranded.

In many despondent hours of pondering over the fate of these native children I have felt that perhaps if they, too, could have perished with the buffalo herd it would have been vastly better for them. But, no! Though thousands of years behind us in civilization, they are human beings. Their loves are like our loves; their affection for their children like our own, except that many ages of civilization have given us, perhaps, a little more self-control.

In a cabin on the plains of Montana three of us sat talking: an educated plains Indian, a Government sub-agent, and myself. I was telling of the splendid advancement of the Apaches, and how well they would work. At the close of my story the agent turned to the Indian and asked him, "Why don't your people work like that?" All about the cabin, as a decorative frieze, was a row of buffalo skulls. The Indian looked up at those skulls, saying: "They tell you why. While those buffaloes were alive we did not need to work. Only niggers and white people farmed. We were a superior people and had nothing but contempt for those who worked. Do you realize that I, a comparatively young man, know the days when if we wanted food we had but to ride out on the plains, shoot buffalo, or other game, and the women would go out and bring it into camp? Do you expect us, in the fraction of a life-time, in the quarter of

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Old Crow Man.

An old warrior in war bonnet.

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the age of an old man, to have changed our whole life, and even to have forgotten the days of the old freedom, when we were lords of all the great plains and mountains? In what way does your civilization benefit us? Before you had attempted to force your so-called civilization upon us we had every desire of the heart! An easy, simple, care-free life, and to the worthy and brave a certainty of a future life of plenty and comfort. What has your civilization done for us? Robbed us of our land, our strength, our dignity, our content. Even your religion has robbed us of our confidence in the hereafter. What have you given us in return? Desire, corruption, beggary, discontent. You have robbed us of our birthright, and scarcely given us a husk. You said we did not make use of the land as the white man would, so you took it from us and use it as you like. I could as well go to the man who has his millions loaned at three per cent. and say, 'You are only getting three per cent. for this. I can use it and make ten. I will take it because I will make the best use of it.'"

It is true that advancement demands the extermination of these wild, care-free, picturesque Indians, and, in the language of our President, we cannot keep them or their lands for bric-a-brac. The fact that we cannot, however, makes it none the less regrettable or hard on the people who are being ground beneath the wheel of civilization, and though we may be able to justify our claims that advancement and progress demand the extermination of the Indians, we can scarcely justify the method used in this extermination. As the years pass on and we are able to see this subject as history, stripped of its little local prejudices, we will be found guilty, as a nation, under the manipulations of crafty, unscrupulous politicians, of having committed more than "the crime of a century." In all our years of handling the Indians we have taught them one thing—the white man seldom told the truth. The relationship of the Indians and people of this country is that of a child and parent. We will stand convicted for all time as a parent who failed in his duty.

For once we have a commissioner whose hands are free. No senator or congressman may say, "You cannot," or "You must not"; and to appeal to the Chief Executive is to be told, "As far as the law permits, Commissioner Leupp controls the Indian Department, and I can give you no assistance." The present sane, straightforward handling of the subject is productive of great good, and it is to be hoped that many years of work can be carried on without a change of policy, as the continual changes of the department's so-called policies have been one of the Indians' greatest curses.

In June of last year I went into the hills of the Okanogan country in eastern Washington. The occasion of my going was the reburial of the splendid old Nez Percé chief, Joseph, and the erection of a man-fashioned monument at what it is hoped will be his final resting-place.

Matters dragged in the digging of one grave and the digging out of another. It was no small task, and, hoping to expedite matters, I dug, pried, tugged, and lifted in assisting to get that burial-chest out of one place and moved to another. It was what one might term a study in practical or applied ethnology. Many speeches were made. A college professor in frock coat and silk hat did part of the talking. Several chiefs and would-be chiefs in blankets and feathers did the rest. We did not have the regular Indian burial rite in the reburial. The Indians said: "Last year we buried him; this time just move him." A child died early that morning, and the Indians buried it in their own way late in the afternoon. In this there was no "Boston hat" or "Boston man's talk," but a most beautiful pagan ceremony. The mourners encircled the grave. A high-keyed, falsetto chant by forty voices, rising and falling in absolute unison, sent chills down our spines that hot June day, as does the dismal wail of wintry winds in the pine forests.

On the following day came the Chief Joseph potlatch—a *Hi-u potlatch* (Big Giving), in which every earthly possession of the old chief and his wife was given away. Through it all the wife sat by the side of the great stack of goods being distributed, handing out each article and trinket. At times when some article obviously dear to her heart was handed out great tears would roll down her cheeks. Two days were taken in this giving, and then the visiting Indians tore down the grand council lodge, and so closed the last chapter in the life and death of the most decent Indian the Northwest has ever known. No more will he beg

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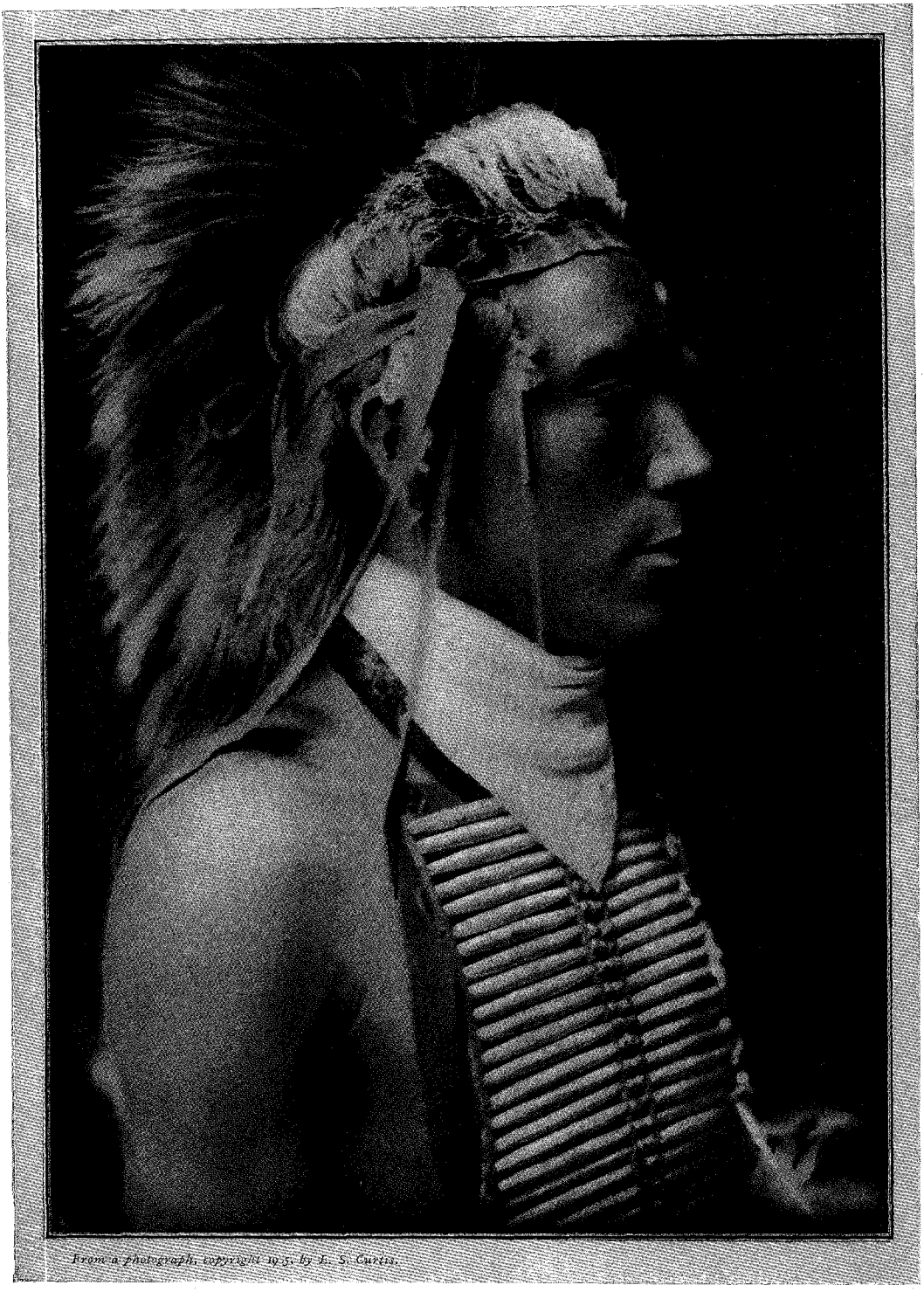

Crow Dancer.

A young Crow buck in dance costume.

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of the Great White Father, and say: "All I ask is to go back to the old home in the Wallowa Valley; my father's home, and the home of my father's father." His troubled life has run its course, and one of the greatest Indians who ever lived is no longer a part of the white man's burden.

The Crows, of Montana, who call themselves "Absarokas," are one of the strong groups of the Northwest Indians. They did not take to fighting with the white settlers or soldiers, but from the earliest traditions have been constantly engaged in intertribal war with the Sioux, Piegans, and other tribes. At no time were they allied with the other tribes of the region, and, being fewer in number, their very existence was a fight for life. This fact kept them up to the height of physical condition. None but the strongest could survive. To this they perhaps owe the fact that of all of the Northwest tribes they are the finest in physique. They have a splendid reservation. It is allotted, and, so far as it is possible for Indians to get on in the battle to be self-supporting, they are doing well. But the remodelling of their life to meet the changed conditions forced on them by advancing civilization is solving the Indian problem for them, and at the present rate of decrease there will not be a living Crow in forty years.

The Custer battle-field is close to the Crow Agency. In a desire to know all that I could, at close range, of the tragedy of the Little Big Horn, I spent many days in going over the battlefield foot by foot, from where the troops left the Rosebud to the ridge where the men had made their last stubborn fight. White marble slabs mark the spots where they fell. In most cases the slabs are in twos, side by side. Strange how it is when it comes to the final end, we reach out for human companionship. There they made their last earthly stand, bunkie by bunkie.

Among the dozens of Indians I questioned of the fight was Curley, who is so often called the sole survivor of the Custer fight. He has been so bullied, badgered, questioned, cross-questioned, leading-questioned, and called, by mouth and in type, a coward and a liar by an endless horde of the curious and knowledge seeking, that I doubt to-day, if his life depended upon it, he could tell whether he was ever at or near the Custer fight.

I was particularly interested in getting the Indian point of view as to the bravery and respective fighting qualities of the different tribes. The Crows, in summing up the other tribes, claim that the Flatheads were the most worthy foes in intertribal fights, "as they fought most like us." On the other hand, they claimed that the Blackfoot was brave to recklessness, but was foolhardy and lacking in judgment; did not even know when to run. The Sioux were a worthy foe, and so greatly outnumbered the Crows that the latter could succeed in their fighting with them only by quick, bold strokes, and then back into their own country. Many a Crow war party went out to the land of the Sioux never to return.

One expects to find the highest development of the Plains Indians in the Sioux, but I question the fact. Physically they are not equal to many of the other tribes of that region. In legend and mythology the field is more sterile than with the small, isolated branches of the Algonquin stock, the Blackfoot and Cheyenne.

But it is among the Sioux that we find the greatest number of old historical characters. Each year cuts down their number, and soon these old fellows who know of the days before the coming of the white man will be no more. Red Cloud is, without doubt, the record holder of the living North American chiefs to-day. His home is close to Pine Ridge Agency. Ninety-one years old, blind, almost deaf, he sits dreaming of the past. No wonder he is irritated by the idle information seeker! Who would be called back from the dreams of his youth? Sightless and infirm, he is living over the days when in youth he sat his horse as a king, the pride of the great Sioux nation. To his ears must come the roar of the hunt as the countless bison herd, like a tidal wave, rolled by; and, again, the great day of his life, when his red-blanketed band swept down on the hapless Fetterman troop. Even now his heart must seem to stand still as he lives over again that day. And then that fearful day of the "Wagon Box" fight, when he hurled the pick of the Sioux nation against those thirty-two riflemen concealed in that corral, only to have his men mowed down by the repeating-rifles, with which this was the Indians' first meeting.

Intertribal Indian wars were, like most warfare up to a rather late date, war for

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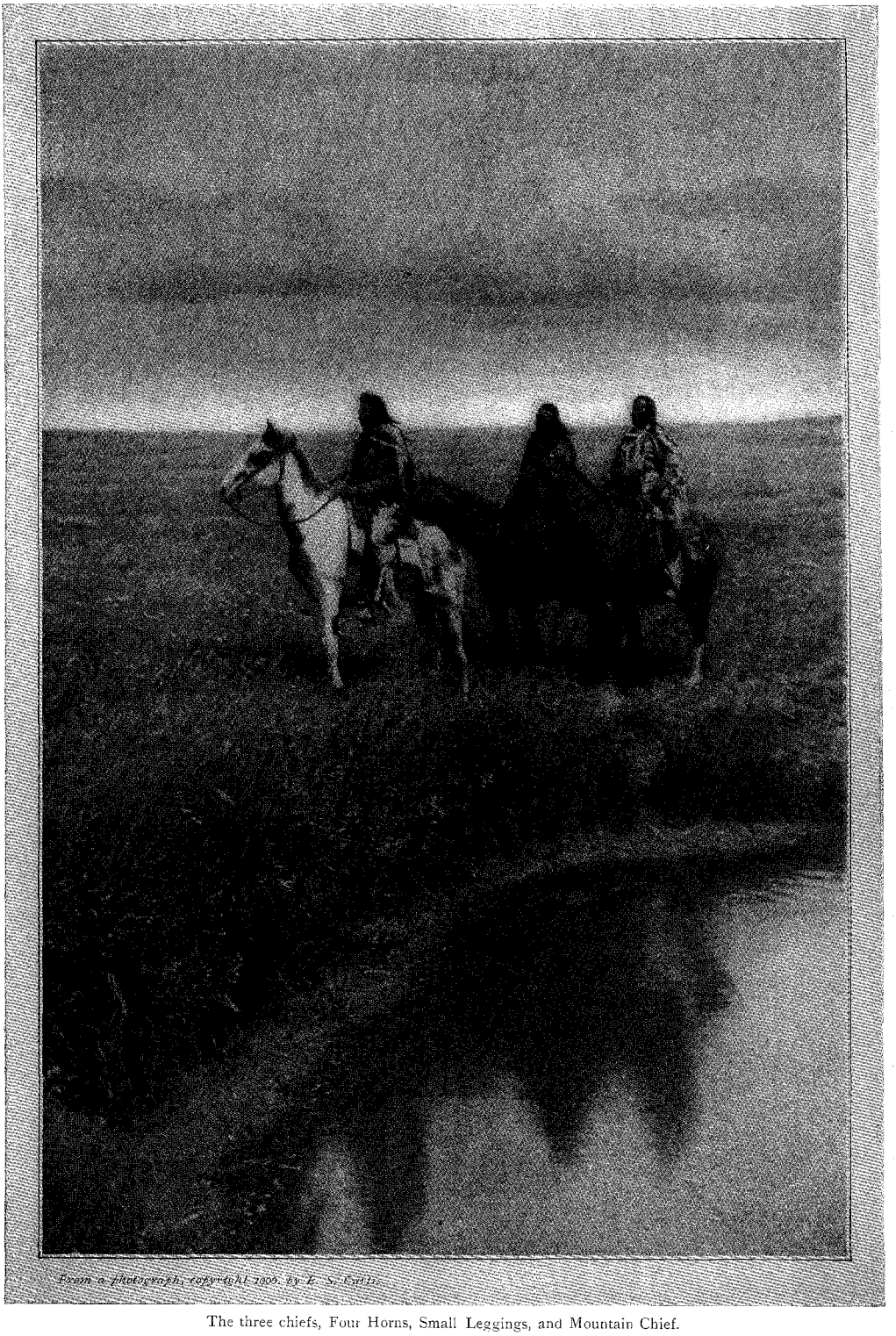

The three chiefs, Four Horns, Small Leggings, and Mountain Chief.

Old-time Blackfoot warriors.

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Little Wolf.

An old Cheyenne chief.

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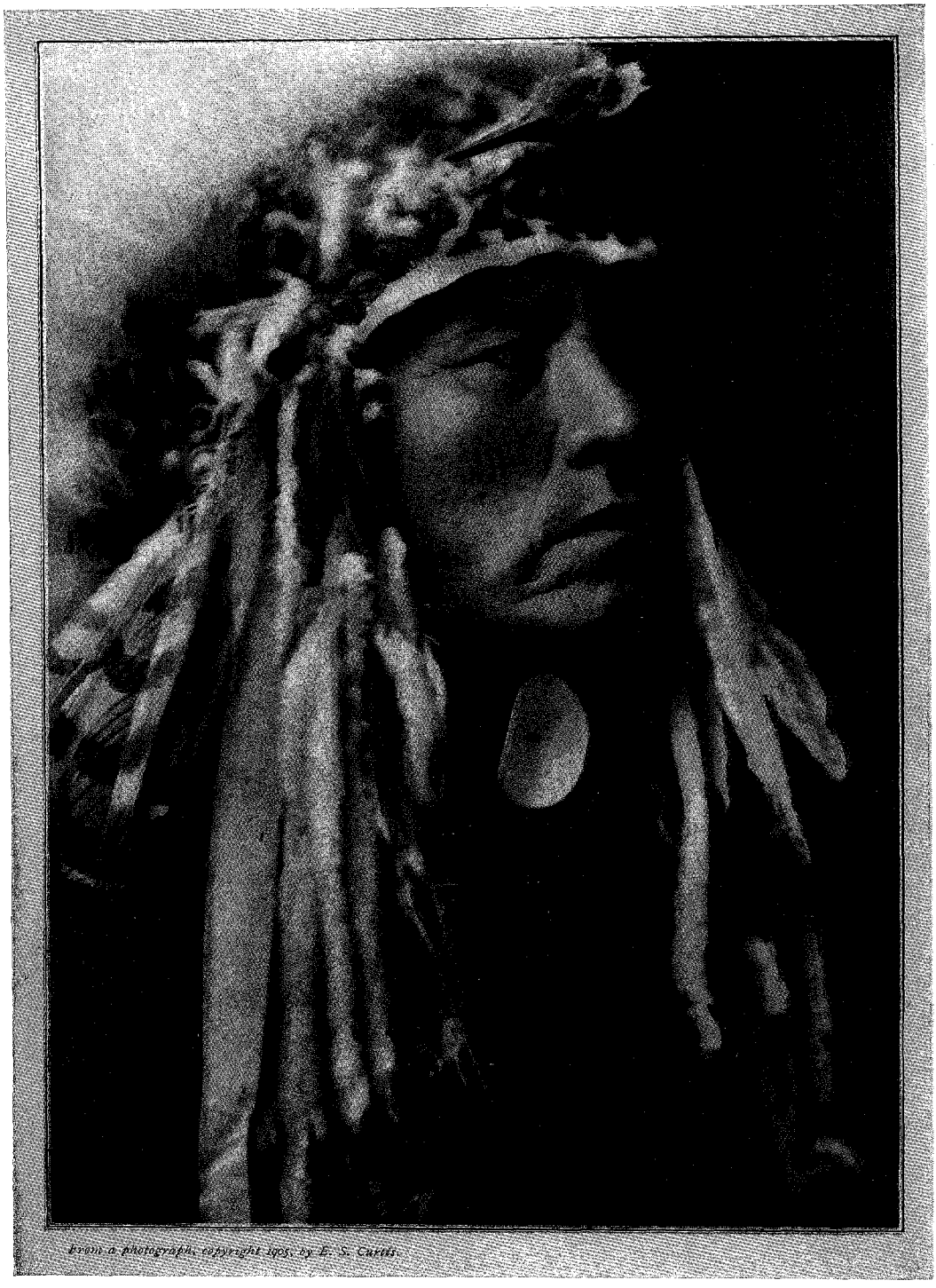

Curley.

The notorious sole survivor of General Custer's Indian scouts.

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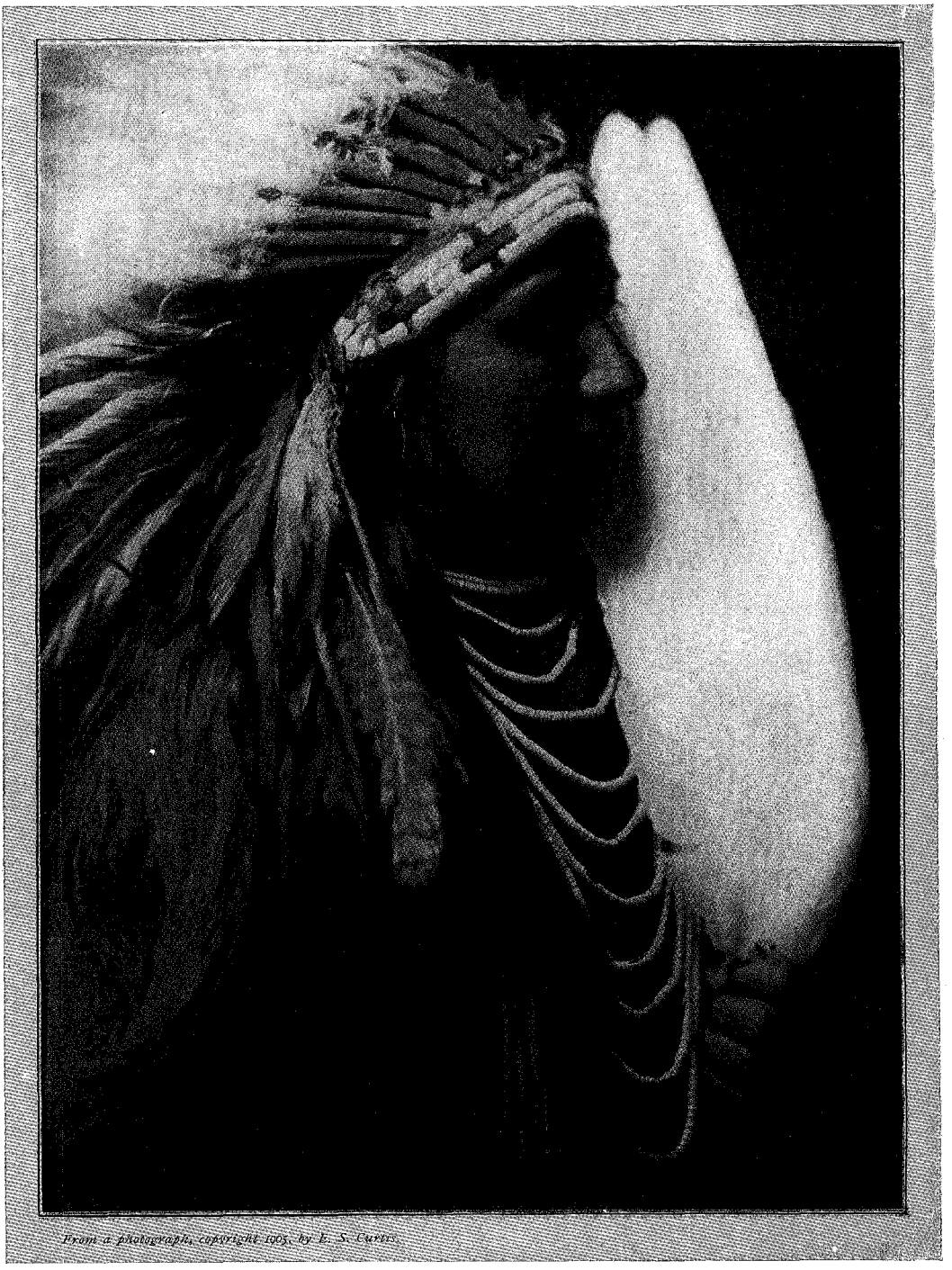

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A Nez Percé brave with a white heron's wing fan.

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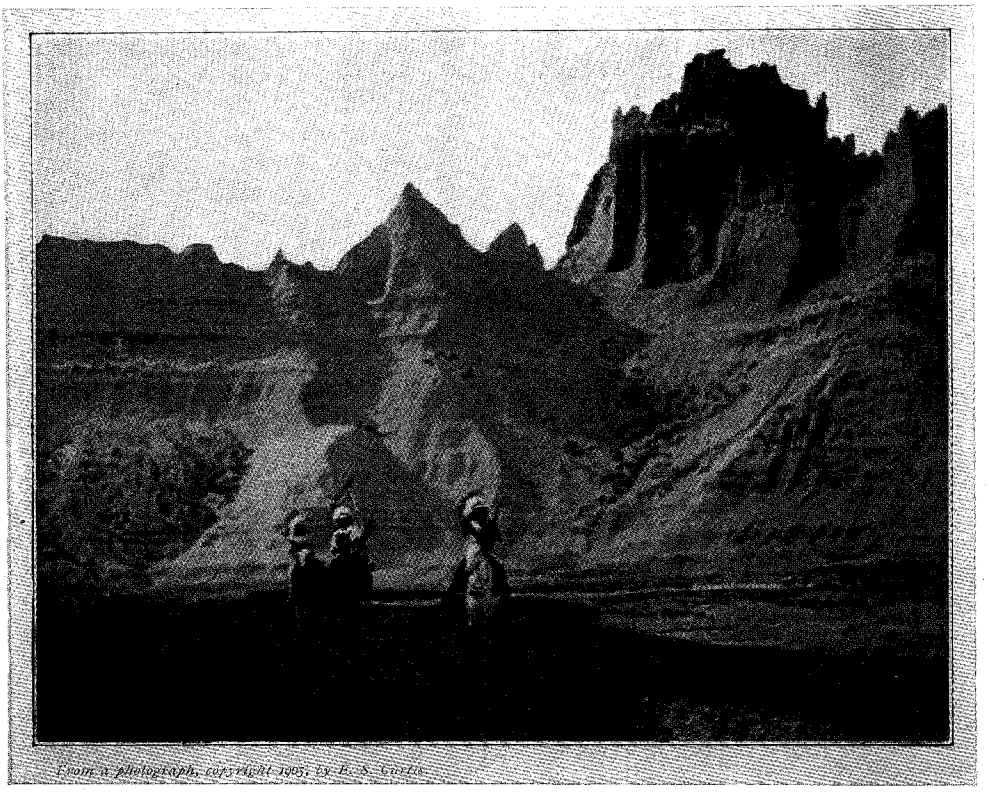

In the Shadow of the Cliffs.

A band of Sioux warriors skirting the Buttes in the Bad Lands.

plunder. Prehistorically there was little in the Indian life worth stealing, except the women. Later, after the Spanish invasion, there were the horses as well, which made marauding warfare far more worth while. The discouraging part of this sort of war was, that quite often the war party would fail to return to their homes, and in the camp of the enemy there would be a most merry scalp dance, with fresh scalp-locks on the *coup* sticks.

In working with the Crows I gathered together a party of the men and made a long trip across the reservation and into the mountains. My bunch of Indians were certainly a picturesque and interesting group. Two of the best characters were old Bull Chief, eighty-five years old, but still good for a forty-mile day in the saddle, and old Shot-in-the-Hand, quite a few years younger, but old enough to know a great deal of the old life. Our tents were the Indian lodges, and at night-time, around the lodge fire, the old fellows told me stories of the old Indian life. Bull Chief was the best Indian story-teller I have ever known. With clear, keen memory he traced back the Crow history through the lives of ten reigning chiefs. He was old enough to kill Buffalo calves with bow and arrow when he saw the first white man, and his people were still using stone axes. His picture of the first time he saw a white man and the things of white man's make was most vivid. A trader, whom the Indians called "Crane," from his slender build and great height, came up the Yellowstone in a canoe, stopping at the junction of that stream and the Big Horn. Think of it! Seventy years ago these people, pure pagans, saw the first white man, and to-day we quarrel with them because they are not equally civilized with us, with all our thousands of years of education.

Our camp was by a particularly beautiful mountain stream, in a deep, narrow canyon. One night the whole band of Indians was gathered by the lodge fire to lis-

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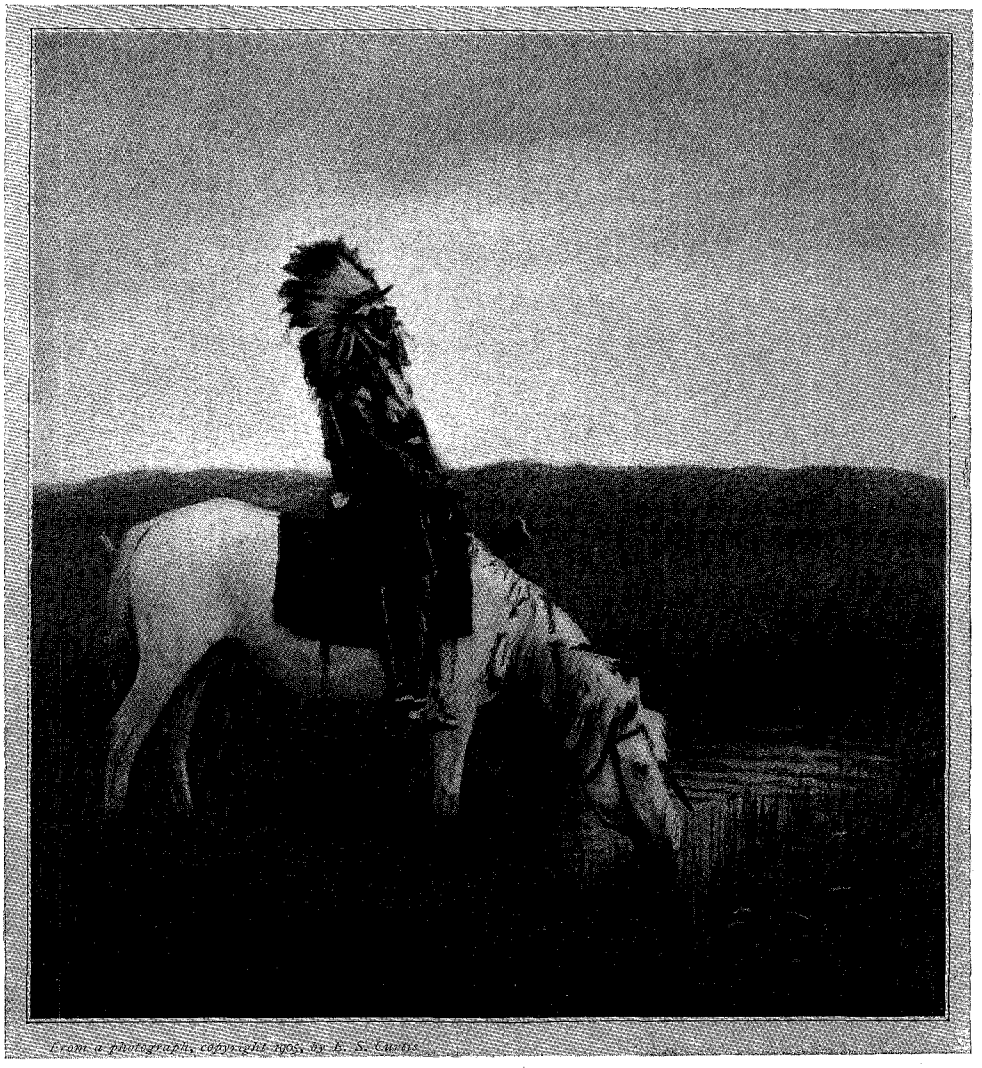

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The Oasis.

A Sioux warrior, in buckskins and feathers, allowing his horse to drink at one of the water holes in the Bad Lands.

ten to stories by old Bull Chief. Story after story had been told by him of the terrific fights with Piegan and Sioux. Many of the men had dropped off to sleep, when on the quiet air rang out two signal shots. Every Indian was awake and out of the lodge in an instant. Their conversation was low; all was nervous excitement. "Who was it? What could it mean?" You would have thought we were a war party in the land of the enemy. I had them fire shots in reply to the signal, thinking it might be someone in distress, but could get no reply. My attempt to allay their anxiety and get them to telling stories again was useless. No more stories that night.

But the old life, with its picturesque and romantic setting, like the war-ship with its white wings of canvas, has gone—passed on forever. The reservations have been cut down piece by piece. Now the Indian is accepting the inevitable and taking his allotment of a few acres. Across valleys and around hills they are stretching fences of wire. Along the edges of the valley, where a few years ago they hunted the buffalo, they are now digging irrigation ditches. On some of the reservations one sees marked

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The Sentinel.

A Sioux warrior wrapped in his blanket, standing on the crest of a hill.

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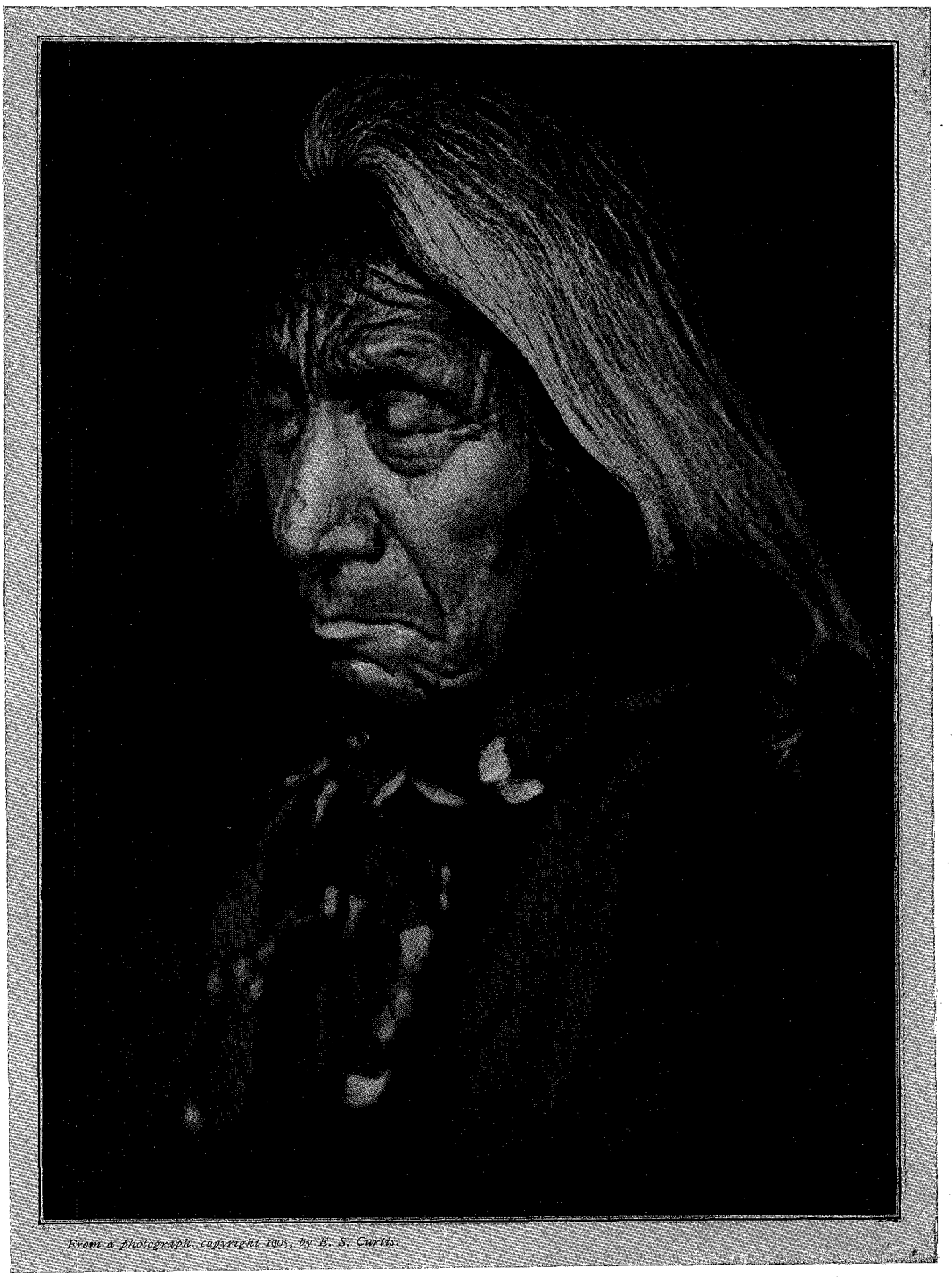

Red Cloud.

The wily old chief of the Ogalala Sioux.

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evidence of advancement of the tribe, in so far as to become self-supporting as farmers. Among other tribes, through lack of proper management, or a resistance on their own part, no marked advancement has been made. A span of years between the extermination of the buffalo herd and the present has seen such management of many groups of Indians, however, as to demoralize and make beggars of them. The longer they are fed by the Government, without any effort on their part, the more worthless they become. A visit to the average Indian reservation means to go away discouraged. You find a lack of sympathy for the Indians by those who are responsible for their management. They say the Indian is lazy, irresponsible, dishonest; that the returned students are more worthless than the uneducated, and vastly more troublesome. Talk with the Indian, and he will tell you a story that is most startling. At the best, it is an accusation that the management of the reservation affairs is dishonest and corrupt; that the principal effort the employees are making is to keep their positions; that the returned students are given no opportunity to advance, but, on the contrary, are kept down, and that the Government at Washington is not keeping the promises of the past, nor those of to-day.

The outsider must read between the two extreme statements. He can see but little difference between the uneducated and the returned Carlisle boy, except that the latter is, if anything, more crafty. Also, as soon as you make a study of one of the educated boys or men after their return to the reservation, you see that education is not civilization, and are convinced that while you can educate an Indian in one generation, you cannot civilize him in so brief a period. As soon as his school uniform is worn out you cannot pick him out from the other Indians. To escape the ridicule of his own people, and following along the lines of least resistance, he lives as his tribe lives. If, on returning home, he finds his family sleeping on the ground, eating food squatted around the kettle in which it is cooked, he also sleeps on the ground, and joins the circle about the kettle, reaching in his fingers or spoon. What else can he do? As a matter of fact, there is little else for him to do.

As for the Indians' charge of mismanagement and incompetency, while there is much truth in their statements, it is certain that they overdraw their grievances. The department experiences great difficulty in getting capable men who have the moral strength and courage and the interest in the Indian to do the work. Generally speaking, if a man is capable of filling one of these places, he is worth more to himself than the Government pays. I can personally think of many agents who are doing all that any human being can do for the good of their people; even using money from their own salaries to help; and it is certain wherever you see an agent of that kind you see advancement. It may not be considered advancement by the people in the neighborhood of the reservation, but their point of view from self-interest is not broad enough to be considered. What they claim as knowledge is prejudice. In a recent conversation with an educated Indian, he wanted to know what I, after many years among the Indians, thought was the solution of the problem. "Your tribe is, perhaps, in the best condition of any of the Northwest Plains tribes. You have better farming lands. Your people are showing more progress, more energy, and a greater desire to accumulate property and become educated. You are decreasing at the rate of three per cent. a year. Take this pencil and figure out your own solution." At the end of a few minutes he looked up, with a surprised, wondering expression. "Why, if I live to be an old man there will be none of my people left." "Yes, my boy, there will be a few of your people left. It will be a survival of a limited few of you who are best fitted to meet the changes which civilization is forcing upon you."

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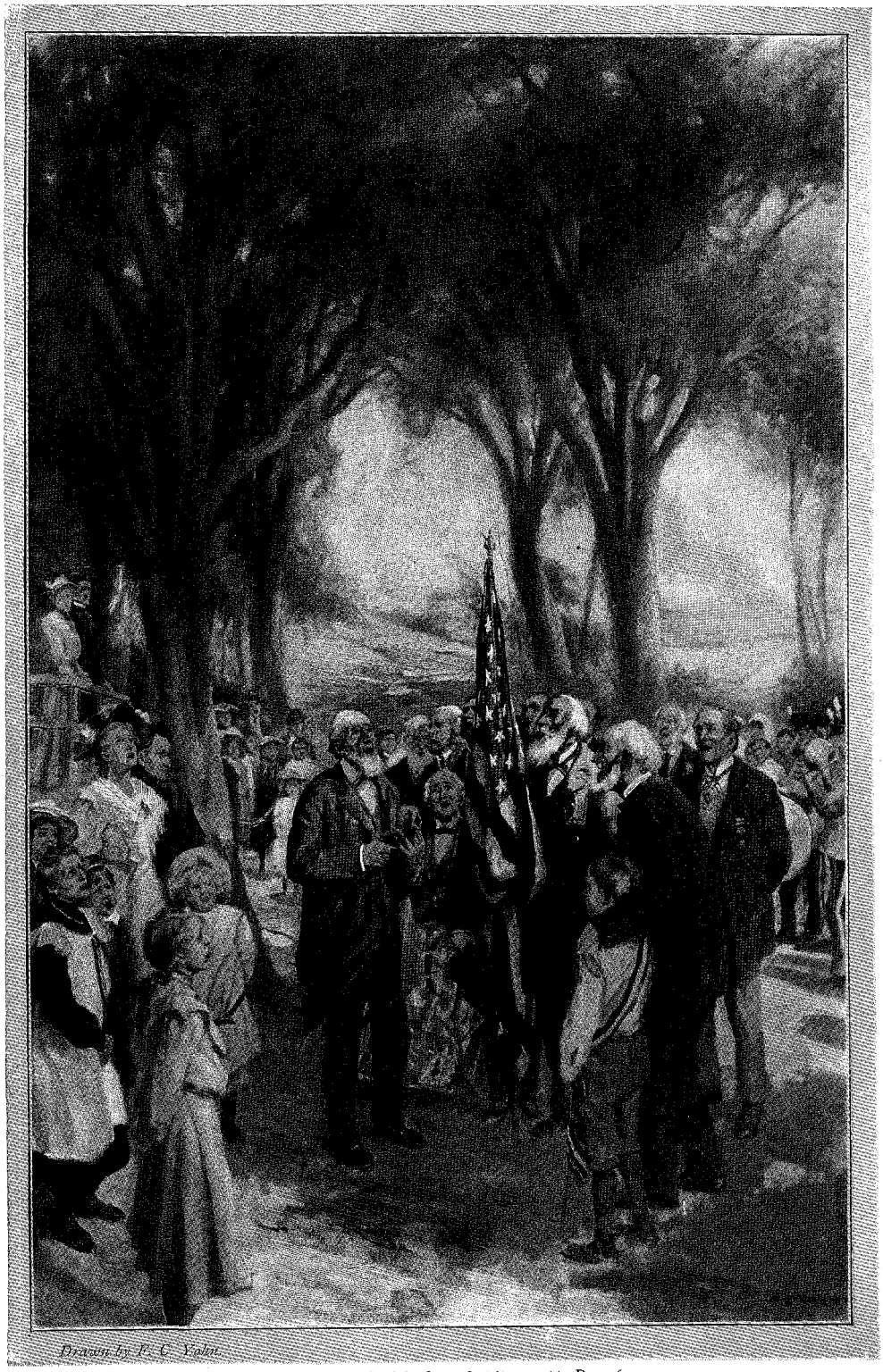

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

'Twarn't no great singin'—*but what it meant!*—Page 673.

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UNCLE ABNER TELLS IT

By Beatrice Hanscom

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

It wuz our new boarder thet planned it out;
Thet slip of a girl thet you see about,
Ez slim 'n' spry ez a speckled trout.

Somehow she heerd how I got my scar;
'N' she'd coax me to yarn by the hour, of the war,
'N' I showed her my button—the G. A. R.

Till I sez, one night: "Wall, I wouldn't keer
When I read my title to heaven clear
If I jest could see *one* reunion here!"

"Then we'll have one!" sez she; 'n' she went ahead.
'N' the thing come off! Fust, the Band, they led;
Then come children with streamers of blue 'n' red.

'N' *then* the Vet'rans!—'n,' I declare,
There wuz Jim's wife a-pushin' him in his chair;
'N', hand on her shoulder 'n' gray head bare,

Marched our ol' blind Parson, ez plucky still
Ez he wuz in the sixties: then come poor Bill,
Teched in his head after Chancellorsville.

When thet band struck up with the openin' bar
(I carried the colors) of "Up with the star"—
Lord! I wuz glad thet I *hed* a scar!

'N' when they stopped— Wall, our cracked throats sent
The ol' tune up till our strength wuz spent.
'Twarn't no great singin'—*but what it meant!*

We marched out to Thompson's Grove; 'n' say,
There wuz an Orator-of-the-Day,
A chap thet she knowed from somewhere away.

Thet boy could talk! 'N' it warn't no brag
When he said there warn't never a foot could lag
Thet marched in defence of the dear old flag.

Jim 'n' the Parson choked up; 'n' Bill
Went maunderin' on about Chancellorsville,
But fur once there warn't no one to say, "Keep still!"

So we hed a reunion! The hull affair
Planned by thet girl with the sun in her hair
A-strolling off now with thet orator there

Down to the swing in the old elm-tree.
Cur'us how fond of 'em both I be.
Lovers? Lord bless you, man, can't you *see?*

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PRO TEMPORE

By Mary Tappan Wright

THE trustees of Dulwich College, who had taken supper at Professor Thorpe's, were strolling slowly across the grass toward the library, where they had appointed an evening meeting. Professor Thorpe was hurrying away in the opposite direction, shaking himself into his flapping black silk gown as he went; and, standing in the doorway of her house, Mrs. Thorpe was watching first one and then the other, a flame of fatigue and anxiety burning in her cheeks and shining in her eyes.

A heavy tread sounded on the stairs, and Judge Slocum, one of the members of the board of trustees who was stopping with the Thorpes, brushed by her. He was half way down the steps of the porch before he became conscious that he was leaving his hostess a little discourteously. "I don't see why you Profs need grumble so about the smallness of your salaries, when they'll allow you to afford a supper like that," he said, looking back at her over his shoulder. "Even in my own house I've seldom sat down to a better meal; only Mrs. Slocum never forgets to put the toothpicks on the table; I had to go all the way up to my bedroom for this one."

"I am glad you found it *there*," said Mrs. Thorpe politely.

The judge looked at her keenly; he had known Mrs. Thorpe a long time, and, as he often said, he never felt sure she "didn't mean something."

"My wife's about the best housekeeper in this State," he announced boastfully, his voice somewhat impeded by the toothpick; "but I'm thankful to say she don't believe in frills. It's this putting on style that is the ruin of Dulwich! You make plain boys afraid to call at your houses; and I tell you what, ma'am, without the support of the plain people of the surrounding community this college is going to the dogs!" He swung off down the path, in haste to overtake his fellow trustees, who had disappeared into the library.

"How glad you must be to see the last of them!" called a high and rather sweet voice, coming from a young woman who was crossing the lawn between Mrs. Thorpe's house and the next.

"Good evening, Mrs. Tracey," said Mrs. Thorpe formally.

Mrs. Tracey came up the steps of the porch, her head turning inquisitively from side to side and her large hazel eyes darting hither and yon with curiosity. "How many of them were here?" she asked. "Did they all come?—what a bore you must find it, entertaining all those old fogies! I suppose Judge Mellish is not staying with you as usual?"

"No, we have Judge Slocum and Mr. Carter this year," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Who is staying with you, Mrs. Tracey?"

"None of the trustees," said Mrs. Tracey guardedly. "They wanted me to take Judge Mellish, but I am like you; I really can't stand that old man."

"Judge Mellish was a dear friend of my father's," said Mrs. Thorpe coldly. "I have always had the greatest respect and affection——"

The other interrupted, laughing loudly: "Yes, you *have* had; we all know what that means!—but where *is* poor Lucy? I thought you told me that yesterday she was able to be downstairs."

"Poor Lucy is here!" A tall, slender girl came toward a window that opened upon the porch, and, as she stepped under the sash to come out, the girdle of her white silk gown swept downward to the boards.

"Oh, be careful!" cried Mrs. Tracey. "You'll soil it! What wonderful things you do wear—lately!" She bent forward and took a fold of the dress in her fingers. "This might do for a bride—or else an actress. It would look lovely in 'Camille'—you know the scene—after her lover has deserted her and she's going into a decline."

The girl smiled. "It is one of my wedding things," she said. There was a faint malice in the glance that accompanied her words; but the color mounted high into Mrs.

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Thorpe's thin cheeks, who began talking rapidly, of anything and everything that might keep the ball rolling, and prevent Mrs. Tracey's again addressing her daughter.

"It's lucky Judge Slocum can't hear you!" Mrs. Tracey cried, when, in her desperation, Mrs. Thorpe had related the story of the toothpick. "It would be dreadful if, after being President *pro tem.* for a year and a half, somebody else should be appointed in the professor's place."

"Mr. Thorpe does not consider it his place."

"Oh, come now, the professor has taken very kindly to authority, and you enjoy being Mrs. President as well as anybody; everyone has noticed that!"

"My husband is a student," said Mrs. Thorpe, with dignity. "Executive work has never been congenial to him. We both of us much prefer a quieter life."

Before Mrs. Thorpe had quite finished her sentence Mrs. Tracey yawned and rose to her feet. "Oh, we've heard you say that a great many times!" she cried, with a peal of laughter which she seemed to think condoned her impertinence. "But wait until after Commencement—we shall be interested to see what you will have to say then. Good-by, Lucy; do make some effort to appear a little less out of spirits, and come over to the dance at the Hall tomorrow. I'll see that you have all the partners you want. The boys will do anything for me. Good-by, Mrs. Thorpe; I shall not soon forget your amusing account of your supper this evening."

"Have I said anything imprudent?" asked Mrs. Thorpe anxiously, when Mrs. Tracey had disappeared into her own house.

"Whether you have or not makes no difference; she will say it for you."

There was an interval of silence.

"Why did you tell her that this was one of your wedding things?" Mrs. Thorpe asked at last. "It only gave her another opening to say something that would give you pain. She seems to take delight in it!"

The girl clasped her hands behind her head. "She doesn't want to hurt me," she said indifferently. "She only wants to find out why George and I were not married on the fifteenth of this month; it makes her quite furious not to succeed."

"I do wish you would let me announce that you broke off the engagement."

"But I didn't."

"You wrote to George Mellish, telling him that he was free——"

"That he was free if he wished it," interrupted Lucy; "but if I had not thought that George would laugh at it, I never would have dreamed of writing that letter. I did it to convince you that you were mistaken; and because after you and the judge quarrelled, you were always trying to persuade me——"

"You can hardly say that the judge and I quarrelled," Mrs. Thorpe broke in hastily. "We merely agreed that you and George were not suited to each other. And certainly, when George let so long a time go by without writing to you, you owed it to yourself to break the engagement."

"Why go over it?"

"Because I wish people to know where the fault lies."

"Very well," said Lucy quietly; "you may tell them that it lies somewhere between you and Judge Mellish."

"But it does not! If I had let you alone, you would have gone on until your very wedding day, and George Mellish would never have appeared!"

"It must be a comfort to you to feel so sure of it, mama," said Lucy wearily; "but now that it is all satisfactorily settled, why discuss it?——Shall you mind if they don't appoint papa?"

"They must!" cried Mrs. Thorpe, her thoughts quickly returning to her own troubles. "They can't help it! He has carried on his teaching and done all the work of the president beside, for the last eighteen months. Double work, double worry, double expense; for we have entertained constantly, and they haven't even offered to increase the miserable pittance upon which we have half starved for the last thirty years!"

"Dearest! Starved? We have always had enough."

"There is a worse starvation than of the body! When have you had enough joy, or your father enough time, or I enough rest? We have starved for amusements——"

"Nonsense!" said Lucy laughing. "We have always amused ourselves; uncommonly well, too!"

But the flood-gates, once opened, could not be closed against the overwhelming tide

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of Mrs. Thorpe's bitterness. "When have we travelled? What pictures have we seen? What music have we heard? You have been to but two plays in your life, and you never before had a whole new outfit at one time—dress, hat, shoes, gloves——"

"But I have them now!"

"You wouldn't, if you hadn't spent the tiny legacy your aunt left you, on wedding clothes—wedding clothes that you must wear, and be commented upon because we are too poor to buy others!"

"Would you deny me every consolation under the circumstances?"

"You know you hate to wear them."

"On the contrary, I am delighted!" She smoothed out the silk of her gown as she spoke, and held up the lace of her sleeve admiringly between herself and the sky.

"Your Aunt Lucilla locked all hers away in her trunks and never opened them again to the day of her death, when George Mellish's father——"

"I know," interrupted Lucy hastily. "That was fortunate for me. Otherwise what should I have done for the trimming of my gown?"

"Lucy," said Mrs. Thorpe sharply, "I think that you have grown almost callous."

"Oh, no," said Lucy, with a slight catch in her throat. "It is only that sometimes I don't believe it can be true! But even if I have grown callous, isn't it better to be callous and comfortable than to care and be hurt—as you will be when they make the Traceys president?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, the wind blows the straws in that direction! For one thing, she knows that the trustees mean to cut down expenses, and that the three younger instructors are to be asked to resign."

"Mr. Carter told us this afternoon that it was a profound secret."

"She has known it for weeks! If Mr. Tracey is not promoted in some way—they go."

"Of course they go. I cannot see where any of your straws are blowing."

"The trustees all asked to be invited over there this evening after the meeting."

"How absurd! Who told you such a thing?"

"Mr. Carter. And Mr. Tracey has been to see every member of the board of trustees in the last month and has had a long talk with each one of them. To-night they are to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Tracey to see what kind of a president's wife she will make."

"It is impossible!"

Lucy began to laugh softly. "After all—what does it matter to papa? He is himself; there is not a man in this whole faculty that comes above his knees. Besides, if the trustees mean to dismiss the three younger instructors, the Traceys are fighting for their lives."

"And her intolerable conduct this evening is to be set down to the amenities of legitimate warfare?" cried Mrs. Thorpe, stung by this wanton defence of the enemy. "Is there anything, Lucy, that you care for? At times I am inclined to believe that you have no heart at all."

Lucy looked down at her sleeve and smiled. "It is fortunate, perhaps, that I am not wearing it in any conspicuous place this evening," she said, rising. "Good night, mama dear; I am tired;" and she went into the house.

Mrs. Thorpe left her seat, and, pushing the long steamer-chair upon which her daughter had been sitting, a little farther into the shadows, threw herself down upon it. Every bone and muscle in her body ached and throbbed. She had risen at dawn in order to compress a day's hard work into the early morning; she had cooked, she had swept, and then had been on her feet making visits throughout the whole of the long hot afternoon, but at last the merciful quiet of the warm June night overcame her, and she fell asleep.

Nearly an hour passed before she was awakened by Professor Thorpe, who was slowly coming up the gravel walk. He sank down at the top of the steps with a tired sigh, and took off his close-fitting Oxford cap to fan himself; but suddenly, as if he had forgotten something, he sprang up and was half way across the porch when he halted, returned to his place and sat down again, drumming nervously upon his knee with the tips of his fingers.

Mrs. Thorpe watched him uneasily. "Is the meeting over?" she inquired.

"Oh! Are you there? Yes, they have adjourned. Tracey invited them to his house; I don't care much for beer and smoke, so I came home."

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"Beer and smoke for the trustees? I wonder that he dared!"

"Oh, the trustees will like it; it will make them feel modern," he said, absently resuming the noiseless tattoo upon his knee.

Mrs. Thorpe waited in some anxiety; she had seen her husband do that before.

"Judge Mellish has come." He made the announcement to a large star that was just then appearing above the tops of the oak trees.

"Has he?" She tried to speak indifferently. "Where is he staying?"

The professor seemed embarrassed. "He —really—has nowhere to stay."

Mrs. Thorpe drew herself upright with difficulty; rest had given her muscles time to stiffen. "Nowhere to stay? Oh, William, you haven't asked him here?"

"He is old and feeble, and—I thought his coming might put an end to gossip. As for a room, I will sleep in the attic, and you can take Lucy with you."

"William!"

"Very well, I will go and tell him that he must stay up at the tavern. He was your father's oldest friend. I thought you would prefer to have him here. I asked Tracey to take him in, but he said that their guest room was occupied."

"Yes, by Miss Jones."

"Not the dressmaker?"

"And they have two other rooms that they could use if they chose."

"Since they do not choose, I must tell that old man to go back to the tavern."

Mrs. Thorpe pressed her hands together. "I cannot ask Lucy to move for him," she said, rising and going toward the door.

Her husband at once began to look more cheerful. "I know Lucy better than you do," he called encouragingly. "She will be glad to move."

"You do not know her at all better than I!" cried Mrs. Thorpe, with a quiver of anger in her voice. "She is quite as likely to be disagreeable as pleasant about it."

"Come back as soon as you can," he called. "They will be over here in a few minutes." And after some brief reflections upon the unfathomable mysteries of domestic friction, he so completely turned his thoughts to other things, that when Mrs. Thorpe came back he did not even remember to ask her whether Lucy had justified his faith in her or not. "There comes Judge Mellish now," he said.

"What we want, gentlemen, is young blood, young blood," a husky voice kept repeating. "No worn-out, middle-aged man is going to be able to put new life and vigor into this old institution. No, sir; young blood is what we need—young blood, sir!"

"So I heard Tracey telling you," remarked Judge Slocum's uncompromising tones.

"Ah, that is a fine fellow!" and old Judge Mellish came shambling into sight leaning on the arm of Mr. Carter, the youngest member of the board of trustees.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he told him that, too," said Judge Slocum to Mr. Carter, as they climbed the steps together.

"No, sir, he did not; his wife told me that," said Judge Mellish, shaking hands with Mrs. Thorpe with great dignity. "A most cordial and delightful woman! She wanted to keep me there for the night, but said she didn't dare interfere with you, Lucilla."

"But I am not Lucilla," objected Mrs. Thorpe. "I am Elizabeth."

"Of course," said Judge Mellish. "I should have known it; but tell me something more of these delightful young neighbors of yours."

When, at last, she went upstairs to bed, it seemed to Mrs. Thorpe that she had passed a little eternity listening to the praises of the Traceys. "If your father had done some of the things Judge Mellish told me about Mr. Tracey, the whole board of trustees would be crying out in condemnation," she bitterly remarked to Lucy.

"Mr. Tracey is just a decent, ordinary kind of a person, not at all in the same category with papa," Lucy answered sleepily, with the exasperating charity of youthful indifference.

Mrs. Thorpe blew out the candle and stretched herself upon a lounge that she had drawn, for coolness, near the window. The night was very close; hardly a breath of air penetrated the thick foliage outside. A cautious step stole along the boards of the attic overhead; she knew that it was her husband going to the window above to escape the suffocating heat. The leaves at the tops of the dark trees in the wide park rustled and whispered; for a while Mrs. Thorpe watched them as they rocked

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slowly back and forth against the dark, blue, midnight sky; then, sighing, she fell asleep.

For an hour or two all Dulwich was very quiet; but at last, from far at the other end of the village, there came a faint sound of singing. Lucy sat up noiselessly, put her feet carefully to the floor, and resting her weight mainly upon her hands, leaned forward to listen. The moon had risen and the room was filled with a gray pallor; poised there at the bedside, Lucy looked like some ethereal creature of the woods or of the clouds. Cautiously she ventured to rest her weight upon the old floor that scarcely creaked as she stole across it to the window farthest from her mother's couch and knelt there, looking out. Leading from the house to the main path through the park was a short avenue of trees; down this the moon was shining full in her face; she could see the valley below the college hill, brimming with silvery mist. The sound of the singing drew nearer. Clear and sweet in the summer night, the fresh, young men's voices passed the opening at the end of the avenue and again grew fainter in the distance.

Mrs. Thorpe had opened her eyes, but she had not stirred. Drawing her breath regularly and serenely, she watched her daughter, and as she watched she prayed —prayed with a passion and with insistence; stormed the throne of God with protests, with appeals, almost with threats; besought the gift of happiness for her child; begged that some mysterious, unexpected, beautiful good fortune should come to her; demanded that the injustice of a broken heart might not be visited upon her: "Have we not suffered sufficiently? Have we not been stinted in necessities, narrowed by circumstance, and balked of ambition, for three generations? Is it not enough, O Lord, enough!" The voice of her soul cried aloud with an exceeding bitter cry but her body lay still and her bosom rose and fell peacefully, as if in untroubled slumber.

Above her, looking out at the same sky, her husband knelt, speaking softly, as if in converse with a friend; asking nothing for himself or for his own, but praying for the institution in whose service he had spent his days, lavished his force, and poured out all his gifts. He prayed that those to whose arbitrary, half-indifferent hands the future of his beloved college was entrusted, might be guided to know and choose the better man. He prayed for courage and resignation; he prayed for loyalty, for charity, for wisdom; and meekly asked the gift of that unregarded thing—tact—which should make his wisdom acceptable. Then, his thoughts straying toward the days to come, all unconscious of the gentle withdrawal of his Friend, he rose from his knees and sat looking into the night, shaping the wise schemes which were the answers to his prayer.

But Lucy—watching the shadows of the shrubbery creep across the garden path listening to the far-off cry of the whippoorwills—neither strove nor prayed; she suffered, as the young only know how.

Majestic, yet furtive, the moon slipped away among the mysteriously swaying branches of the tallest trees, and, as the wide, deep sky paled in its pathway, the girl's breath came quick in sympathetic fear. Thin, clear sounds, faint, spicy fragrances impinged upon the outer edge of the enchanted silence of the night, and youth, and love, and nature received from pain their last touch of perfection.

Sparkling and radiant, the sun rose over Dulwich the next morning, and with it rose Mrs. Thorpe. It was nearly time for breakfast before the greater portion of her tasks was finished, and she was carrying a tall vase of flowers into the drawing-room, when the sound of voices arrested her steps.

"It's a fine picture of a very fine gentleman!" Judge Mellish, in his husky tones, was addressing some one at the other side of the room.

Mrs. Thorpe came forward, and put the vase down upon the table.

Judge Slocum, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, stood, with his legs wide apart, in front of a portrait which hung over the fireplace. "Humph! that's President Wentworth all over again. A regular old Dulwich aristocrat!" he said. "I remember him well. Many's the time he's made me feel as if I were not fit to breathe the same air with him."

Mrs. Thorpe's little figure dilated. "At that age you really showed remarkable discernment, in so truly appreciating the relative value of his character," she said.

Judge Slocum turned abruptly from the

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picture and stood a moment, studying her features. "You were always like him," he announced.

"D—d—damn like him!" said Judge Mellish, with a little giggle. "Never noticed it before. Come here, Lucilla."

Mrs. Thorpe turned toward the part of the room where the old judge was sitting; he put his hands on the arms of his chair, and rising painfully, stood tottering on his feet. "And what put it into your head to jilt my George, Lucilla?" he demanded, bending forward to look into her face.

Judge Slocum took a couple of steps that brought him directly behind the older man and pursed his lips in a half whistle of amusement.

"But I never jilted George," said Mrs. Thorpe; "and I am Elizabeth, you know."

Judge Mellish turned his head and looked out of the window. "You jilted somebody," he said thoughtfully.

Behind him Judge Slocum's face took on an impish grin; he placed two fingers on his heart and bowed to Mrs. Thorpe ironically.

"I may have refused some one; a woman is never responsible for the impertinences of other people!" she said, her cheeks turning bright crimson; "but I never jilted anybody."

"Surely I remember something of the kind," said Judge Mellish hazily. "I must be growing old—like Slocum here," he added maliciously.

"There's a good quarter of a century between us!" cried Judge Slocum indignantly.

Judge Mellish seemed to be collecting his scattered faculties. "If twenty-five years were the only difference between us," he now returned smartly, "you might consider yourself a lucky man, Slocum.—And so, Lucilla"—addressing Mrs. Thorpe again—"you don't want your husband to be president."

"But I am not Lucilla," stammered Mrs. Thorpe.

"Oh, yes," said Judge Mellish, "but that doesn't answer my question."

"My husband has always preferred the life of a scholar." She had said it so often that it fell from her lips quite mechanically.

"That's what Mrs. Tracey told me," interrupted the old judge. "Wonderfully fine woman, that! So sympathetic with the boys; makes her house pleasant for them—told me so herself."

"I'll warrant she did!" said Judge Slocum.

"But I should have thought, Elizabeth—you are Elizabeth, aren't you?" resumed Judge Mellish—"that you'd have taken more interest in the position for your father's sake. Now that man Tracey seemed to feel that it would be more of a pleasure to him than a burden."

"It probably would," said Judge Slocum.

"Kind-hearted fellow he is, too," Judge Mellish went on. "Said that worrying about the boys' mischief and the abnormal sense of responsibility your husband felt were really driving him to his grave."

"Oh, bosh!" said Judge Slocum. "Are you going to let him pull the wool over your eyes like that, Mellish?"

"Well now, what we want, I suppose, is young blood, ready for the fray, full of vitality. Yes, yes, yes; young blood, young——" He stopped suddenly, and even the set expression of extreme old age could not hide his confusion. "Good morning, child," he said to Lucy Thorpe, who stood in the doorway.

She was taller than her mother, and carried her head with the same unconscious haughtiness that Judge Slocum found so objectionable in her grandfather. A faint smile, half mischievous, crossed her face, as she detected Judge Mellish's embarrassment. "I have come to say that breakfast is ready," she announced.

'Well," said Judge Slocum, walking past her through the door and leading the way to the dining-room, "I guess I'm ready too. I suppose Carter's late to breakfast, as usual. Has he asked you yet, this time?" He glanced back over his shoulder and laughed meaningly at Lucy.

Lucy was one of the few people who never lost temper with Judge Slocum. "Asked me what?" she said calmly; but the judge had hurried on to the dining-room and had taken his place at the table. "No time to lose!" he said, as the others followed him.

They were scarcely seated when Mr. Carter entered.

"I see, he hasn't asked you yet," Judge Slocum whispered to Lucy, in a loud aside. "He looks too cheerful."

Mr. Carter, who was bowing over Mrs.

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Thorpe's hand with elaborate courtesy, suddenly retired to his place at the table, his fresh color heightened by an embarrassment that partook more of rage than of confusion.

"Can you show me where that break in the fence is—the one down by the river?" he said to Lucy a little later, under cover of a warm discussion of college politics, which had sprung up among the older men. "I am the chairman of the committee on repairs, you know."

"It is at the foot of the path, down the hill," said Lucy. "You can't fail to find it. There is not the slightest use in my going with you."

"Are you sure?" He looked at her meaningly. "Not the slightest?"

She shook her head sadly. "Not the least in the world."

The short, stout, middle-aged little man smiled bravely, and continued to look her honestly in the eyes. "Then come any way, and take a walk."

Courage and magnanimity are not bad qualities; Lucy wavered.

"Come," he repeated. "I have something to tell you—oh, I'll play fair! Never fear."

"Very well," said Lucy gently; "but you always play fair."

Mr. Carter stretched his legs under the table and leaned back in his chair. "Thus far through life," he said, "I have managed to put up a pretty clean game; but it is due more to favoring circumstances than to moral stamina."

Lucy only looked at him and laughed; but there was a world of affection and trust in her glance. "I am going out this other door for my hat," she said. "I shall be ready in a minute."

As she left the dining-room, Mrs. Thorpe rose hastily from her seat and followed her. "Lucy," she said.

Lucy turned, her arm still raised to take the hat from its hook. Something in her mother's eager yet deprecating expression caused her brows to draw together forbiddingly. "Yes, mama?"

"Lucy—think well. Benjamin Carter is a good man!"

"Too good—for that!"

"But—Lucy——"

"Mama!" She swept by, a little whirlwind of scorn and reproach, and hurried to join Mr. Carter, who was waiting at the front door.

They walked down the hill under the oak trees toward the river; but the break in the fence made very little impression upon the chairman of the committee on repairs. He looked at it with a preoccupied air, and kicked a loose board or two into the water. "Your mother gave me to understand——" he began, but stopped, deterred by the angry glint in Lucy's eyes. "In a little talk we had last night," he went on lamely, "she said that—that—it was distinctly all over between George Mellish and you."

"What if it is?"

He gave the loose boards another kick that sent the rest of the fence panel into the river. "She mentioned something about a change of climate——"

"Oh, mama!" breathed Lucy.

'Do not misunderstand your mother! She intends to take you South next winter—and I have got a place down there in Florida, a nice little place, and I wondered if she would be willing to borrow it—I thought I had better consult you before I said anything more about it. You want to get well, you know. Sooner or later"—he hesitated—"you and George Mellish are going to make it up; in fact, there's nothing I'd like better than to lend the little place down there to both of you. He will need the change as much as you will, next winter. Of course, if you really don't care for him——"

"I never said that! I said that it was all over between us."

"It sounds pretty much the same thing," said Mr. Carter.

"No, I mean something different. I am not going to live."

Mr. Carter selected a strong place in the fence, and, leaning back against it, laughed loud and long. "That is amusing," he said, "coming from a young woman able to step down this hill in the manner you did just now."

"There are days," said Lucy indignantly, "when I can't even walk down stairs."

"You mean that there are days when you don't take enough interest in life to walk down stairs; that is another thing. You have had bronchitis, followed by a nasty cough; that is all that is the matter with you. I asked Dr. Tait."

"How dared you?"

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"Listen, Lucy," he said seriously; "you have asked me, time and again, to go back and be the same old friend that I was in the days when I used to bring you a doll to commemorate each trustee meeting, and last May I made up my mind to gratify you. It was not easy just at first; but—I have gone back."

"Where is my doll?"

"Your doll," said Mr. Carter, "has not yet arrived; but the old friend has; and as such, I have every right to ask Tait how much is wrong with you. And as soon as George Mellish gets well——"

"As soon as George——"

"As soon as he is strong enough to travel, he is coming on; he told me so, just before his relapse. Since then I have written——"

"Relapse?" she interrupted, "relapse?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know he has had typhoid fever?"

"I have heard nothing of him since the first of April."

"I should say not! When I last saw him he couldn't even lift his head."

"When was that?"

"About six weeks ago; after I was here on college business early in May. You remember?"

She nodded.

"At that time your mother told me that your engagement was broken, and, as I had business in the West, I thought I would drop in on George Mellish and see—and see—well, I went to find out, on my own account, whether your mother might not have made some mistake. She sometimes——"

"Oh, go on!" said Lucy.

"On to George Mellish, you mean," said Mr. Carter grimly, "or to me?"

Lucy made no answer except in the devouring anxiety of her eyes.

"When I found him, he had been for weeks at death's door. The delirium had left him; but the nurse told me that very likely he wouldn't live, unless he could be reassured about you; and so—I took the liberty of reassuring him! When I left he was improving fast; but later on, I heard that he had a relapse. The fool nurse gave him a lot of letters and things that came for him, and it knocked him flat again."

"Yes," said Lucy. "When I didn't hear from him in answer to my letter breaking off the engagement, I returned him his ring and everything he had ever written to me; it was about a month ago."

"What possessed you to do so cruel a thing?"

"I did not know that he was ill," said Lucy miserably, "and mama argued and talked—and Judge Mellish disapproved."

"It is not a bit like you to mind. You know that Judge Mellish's opinion does not carry the slightest weight. Last Christmas he was delighted with the whole thing. I wonder what put this new idea into his head."

"Oh, mama!" cried Lucy bitterly. "She is at the bottom of it all. She never has wanted me to marry George; she says he is like his father—who jilted my Aunt Lucilla——"

"Lucy! You never believed that of George."

"No, never! But mama insisted that he wanted to be free and was too honorable to ask—and—and I never for a moment thought that George would believe that I was in earnest," protested Lucy.

"How young people can juggle in this way with their happiness passes belief!"

"But George knows mama so well—and I wanted to be able to show her his letter, and to convince her, once for all——"

"Oh, folly!" Mr. Carter almost groaned. "More than folly!"

"I have never heard from him since; not a word—no message—not anything. Do not look at me in that way! He—" she stopped to steady her voice. "He is not dead?"

"You know he is not dead!" said Mr. Carter impatiently.

Lucy turned away and began to climb slowly up the path.

"It will all come out right in the end," he said, following her.

"Then why has he not written?"

"Very likely he is making the same conjecture about you. You forget that he may believe that you know all about his having been ill."

Lucy hurried on, Mr. Carter panting behind her. "This is not a bad pace—for a dying girl," he remarked at last, stopping to mop his forehead.

Lucy's swift walk turned to a run, and the little man ruefully watched her slim figure crossing in and out among the trees until she disappeared by a short cut over a steeper slope of the hill. She did not come

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home again until nearly two o'clock, and entered the dining-room, when dinner was half over, with a bright spot of color in either cheek and that wide-open look about the eyes that betokens excitement.

Mrs. Thorpe, who was devoured with curiosity in regard to the result of the interview with Mr. Carter, found herself shaking so nervously that she almost lost the thread of the skilful game of "twenty questions" through which she was extracting much valuable information from the three unconscious trustees. The board had spent a profitable morning cutting down the minor expenses: the street lamps were not to be lighted in the college park, as heretofore on moonless nights; the grass was to be mown once a month, and the services of three younger instructors were to be dispensed with. They had also squeezed the chairs of Greek, Latin, Political Economy, and the German Language into what Judge Slocum irreverently dubbed a "settee;" and they had ordained that the college library should be open only upon Wednesdays and Saturdays. They were so guilelessly happy and contented with themselves that they revealed their proceedings to Mrs. Thorpe quite unconsciously, and were even mildly regretful when her husband, with a stormy brow, led her firmly away from the question of the presidency, which, with infinite tact, she had finally approached.

"Are you going to the ball game, Lucy?" he asked. "I met Mrs. Tracey this morning, and she wanted to know if you could not come over and pour tea for her afterwards. She is going to invite a few people in."

Mrs. Thorpe groaned inwardly. Why had he turned the talk upon the Traceys? If those men once began upon them, they would never leave them! There was an evil fascination in the subject. She rose so hastily from her seat, that Judge Slocum, rising with the rest, was compelled to pick up his saucer and finish his dessert standing.

"You look tired, Lucy," she said; "had you not better lie down, and let me send Mrs. Tracey word that you don't feel well enough to go?"

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "I will run over and let her know that I am coming, now."

"Wait a minute," cried Mrs. Thorpe; but Lucy was gone, and her mother did not see her again until evening. "You are quite worn out," she said to her when supper was over.

"Not a bit," said Lucy; "but I am in a hurry. I am going to the dance to-night with Mr. Carter."

"Oh, Lucy!"

Lucy looked at her mother with angry eyes. "How happy it would make you!" she said.

"And have you? Will you? Are you going to?"

"Yes," said Lucy cruelly; "I am going upstairs to take a nap before the dance. Don't let anyone disturb me."

Mr. Carter, who was not accustomed to balls, overslept the next morning. Before he had begun breakfast, Judge Mellish and Judge Slocum had hurried away to the trustee meeting, which had been convened at an early hour in order to finish important business before the Commencement exercises.

"Carter will be too late to do any good," said Professor Thorpe, watching him running across the grass toward the library. "Help me on with my gown, my dear, and be sure you and Lucy are in time to see us march in. Next year—it will be Tracey who will walk in your father's place."

"They can't seriously regard him as a candidate!"

"I am afraid they do. What astonishes me is the way in which he contrives to hear everything. He got wind of all that went on in the meeting yesterday—the cutting down of the minor expenses, you know."

Mrs. Thorpe's lips narrowed in a thin smile. "Being a minor expense himself, I suppose it interested him."

"It did. And when we were over there yesterday afternoon, he managed to outline to the trustees who were present the policy which he should advise the new president to adopt; he agreed with them in their desire to retrench, and said that he had already started a subscription among the alumni for the benefit of the college."

"What earthly right has Tracey to start a subscription among the alumni? If you had done it, it would have been another thing."

"The point is that I didn't do it," said Professor Thorpe dryly. "I have unfortunately no taste for begging." And he hur-

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ried away to join the procession that was already forming in the distance.

Mrs. Thorpe and Lucy started toward the chapel in silence. The mother had not yet recovered from the wounds that her daughter had dealt her the day before. As they stood waiting for the procession to pass, Mrs. Tracey joined them, radiant in the new gown which had busied the dressmaker's fingers during the previous week.

"Oh, Lucy," she said, "you really do look almost too elegant for our simple Dulwich Commencement! Still, I suppose we ought to be glad to see anything so handsome. It's an ill wind which blows nobody any good."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Thorpe, with dignity, "that no one can complain of an ill wind to-day."

"Well, I hope we shall all continue to feel so," said Mrs. Tracey. "There is no knowing what those trustees may have done in the meeting this morning. I suppose you haven't got anything out of Mr. Carter, Lucy? Under the circumstances he would be justified in giving you a hint."

"I am afraid Mr. Carter was late to the meeting," said Lucy. "The last I saw of him he was rushing across the grass to the library, at about a quarter of ten o'clock."

"He couldn't have got there in time," said Mrs. Tracey eagerly. "Dear me! if I had been you, Mrs. Thorpe, I would have seen that Mr. Carter got to that meeting earlier. A good deal depends upon a single vote, and Mr. Carter——"

Her voice was drowned in the blare of horns from the band that headed the procession, which had started from the upper end of the park. Mrs. Thorpe drew Lucy to one side, hoping in that way to escape their unwelcome companion, and for the moment it seemed as if she might be successful in her manœuvre; for a breathless student running ahead of the procession, prevented Mrs. Tracey from following them, as he whispered something in her ear.

"Come up upon the steps, Lucy, where we can see over their heads," said Mrs. Thorpe, as the line of students, dividing in two, made a way for the members of the faculty to march through. Between the rows of waiting men, the Bishop of the Diocese came first, and at his side marched Professor Thorpe, who, when he saw his wife and daughter, smiled half humorously, half compassionately, and passed on.

"Why, what under the sun is the matter with Mr. Carter?" said Mrs. Tracey's voice behind them. "His face is as white as a sheet, and he has not even looked at us. Oh, Lucy, have you been refusing that poor man again?"

But Lucy and Mrs. Thorpe, making another effort to escape persecution, disappeared into the chapel.

With the exception of three or four seats in front, which were reserved for the families of the president and faculty, the church was full when they entered. Mrs. Thorpe's little head took on an even more stately tilt than usual, as she passed down to her place in the first pew, congratulating herself upon having finally shaken off Mrs. Tracey, whose rightful place was four seats behind; but as she turned to let Lucy go into the pew before her, to her surprise Mrs. Tracey stood at her elbow. "I know you'll let me come in with you, Mrs. Thorpe," she said; "the whole tribe of Lincoln children are in my seat, and there isn't an inch of room left."

Mrs. Thorpe stood aside reluctantly; Lucy seated herself at the upper end.

"Do go in," said Mrs. Tracey. "I couldn't think of separating you."

"Lucy can come down next to me," said Mrs. Thorpe stiffly.

"Oh, let poor Lucy stay there against the column—it's so much less conspicuous." She put her hand on Mrs. Thorpe's arm, and gently pushed her; it was a point of etiquette in Dulwich that the end seat of the pew was occupied by the owner, and, as Mrs. Tracey took that place, Lucy caught a glance of unmistakable anger and resentment passing between Judge Slocum and Mr. Carter. With one accord those two gentlemen bent forward from the platform and bowed pointedly to her and her mother. Mrs. Tracey lifted her head in expectation that this recognition would be extended to her, but Judge Slocum and Mr. Carter fell to conversing, apparently much interested in each other.

"How very friendly they seem," said Mrs. Thorpe, in a low voice to her daughter; "and yet the judge was scolding Mr. Carter with all his might, as they passed us on our way into the chapel."

"Scolding?"

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"Yes; I heard him say, 'But for your confounded laziness, Carter, this thing never would have happened.'"

"Ah," said Lucy, "they have elected Mr. Tracey president, and she knows it."

"Therefore we have this pleasure," said Mrs. Thorpe, with an expressive glance at the figure in the corner.

"She couldn't have done a better thing," said Lucy; "everyone will believe that you knew it beforehand and asked her to sit there."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Thorpe, "the bishop is going to pray."

Lucy was in no mood for prayer; slipping forward to her knees, yet half sitting back, she achieved a position of irreverence from which, with wide-open eyes, she reviewed the board of trustees, and especially Judge Slocum—who was apparently winking at her in undisguised amusement—with angry scorn. Ever since her childhood she had regarded him with a mixture of familiarity and antagonism, and now, as she returned his gaze defiantly, she became aware that his eyes were telegraphing toward a row of pews to the right of the platform. Involuntarily she glanced in the same direction; a young man who had come in late was making his way past an indignant line of worshippers to a place left vacant at the extreme end of the bench. Lucy could not see his face, but there was no need of that; before he had turned she knew him; white and breathless, she leaned forward, resting her beating heart upon her clasped hands, and George Mellish, sinking to his knees, folded his arms upon the top of the rail in front of him and looked across at her.

One long, grave moment the two young things looked into each other's hearts. There was no need of anything else.

When the prayer was over and the congregation settled into place, Lucy leaned toward her mother. "Do you suppose papa knows?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Of course they have not told him; that is the way in which they manage."

"But Mrs. Tracey knows."

"That is her way of managing."

"How can we get word to him?"

"To your father! Why should we get word to your father?"

"He might be startled—" Lucy hesitated. "Perhaps he might show that he was disappointed."

Mrs. Thorpe's upper lip lifted in a faint smile, but she was not amused. "And you know your father no better than that! He does not care; if he ever had, the outcome would have been different. But there is something I want to say to you; please control yourself and sit quietly. George Mellish is over in the corner, under the window."

It was Lucy's turn to look at her mother with the same faintly scornful smile. "I saw him when he came in, long ago," she said.

Mrs. Thorpe's eyes eagerly questioned further, but Lucy's face remained a blank. The mother and daughter were very far apart just then, and in spite of the close chapel and the hot June day, Mrs. Thorpe shivered. "She will never be the same again. I have not deserved this," she kept telling herself; "I have not deserved it."

The young orators thundered on, some of them even inspired by the two tense faces turned upon them from the front seat; but not until everybody rose, and the band in the gallery began to play a cheerful tune, were Mrs. Thorpe and Lucy aware that the Valedictory had been delivered. The exercises had already been too long, and after a short intermission the music stopped, everybody rustled back again to his seat, and the endless conferring of degrees began. Wild outbursts of applause diversified the monotony when some successful political candidate was made an A.M. The long list of Doctors of Divinity only awakened a tempered enthusiasm; but this gave way to continued and obstinate approval in the vociferous grace before meat that greeted the bestowal of an LL.D. upon a wealthy capitalist from a neighboring town.

"'For what we are about to receive,'" whispered Lucy wickedly.

"Be careful!" said her mother. 'Why is your father changing his place?"

Professor Thorpe had quietly left the president's seat, and was moving toward the side of the platform where his colleagues sat together; they looked at each other for one moment of surprise, then every man but Tracey sprang to his feet. At the sight of those white, loyal, uplifted faces Lucy's heart brimmed over with adoring pride. 'There is no one like him," she murmured. "He always does the perfect thing

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out of pure greatness of spirit; mama, mama, is there any tact like the tact of being upright—clearly and cleanly upright, and unselfish, and——?"

Mrs. Thorpe drew her breath hard. "Hush," she said sharply; for until this moment, in spite of all knowledge and conviction, she had hoped against hope.

The bishop, who was a man of many resources, had approached the front of the platform, and was waiting, with an indulgent smile, for the ripple of whispered question and surmise to subside among the audience. "In his eagerness to return to the realm of pure learning, Professor Thorpe has forestalled the first part of my announcement," he said. "It only remains for me, on behalf of the board of trustees, to tender him a vote of thanks for his unremitting watchfulness and care of the college interests. We recognize, with deep regret, that the world of literature and science has a paramount claim upon his services, and we relinquish him most reluctantly, to take the place so universally accorded him, of leader in the vanguard of great scholars whose attainments are the pride and glory of our country!"

He paused. An outspoken lady in the seat behind audibly said "Humph!" Mrs. Thorpe always loved her for it thereafter. There was a faint scattering of applause, but people were too anxious to hear what came next to make any prolonged interruption.

Discarding the written notes he had used hitherto, the bishop took a step forward, and continued impressively: "To the position of president of this time-honored institution —thus left vacant—the trustees have elected one who, though scarcely older than those who are to be his charge, has shown in an unusual degree an aptitude and fitness for the office——"

The sharp, deafening crackle of clapping hands drowned his concluding words; it swept the house like a discharge of small fire-arms; then students cheered, throwing up their hats and shouting wildly, and women waved their handkerchiefs in an hysterical contagion of enthusiasm. Every body rose and the audience began to leave the chapel.

"Really, he can't be so bad if people care for him like that," said Lucy, under cover of the noise.

Mrs. Thorpe made no reply; she felt deserted, almost betrayed. Then, unmistakably a great lady, and perfect mistress of the occasion, she leaned toward Mrs. Tracey, smiling graciously, and shook hands with her in congratulation.

"Oh, I am so glad you don't feel any ill-will," stammered Mrs. Tracey. "Of course, I know it is a fearful disappointment to you, and I must say you take it beautifully, but——"

Mrs. Thorpe waved away her apologies with an amused smile. "You must let Lucy congratulate you also," she said.

But George Mellish had hastened forward and he and Lucy were standing together, so absorbed in what they were saying that they had forgotten they were hand in hand.

Mrs. Thorpe bowed to him stiffly. "You are forgetting to speak to Mrs. Tracey, Lucy," she said.

"Mrs. Tracey?" said Lucy. "Was there anything particular to say to her?" George laughed gleefully.

"Only to congratulate her upon Mr. Tracey's election," said her mother.

The blood mantled Lucy's face. "Oh, I do hope you aren't going to cry," said Mrs. Tracey deprecatingly. "I was almost certain that you, at least, wouldn't mind."

"Yes?" said Lucy, turning back again to George Mellish. "Mind what?"

The babel of cheering and howling began to abate, and Professor Thorpe, after shaking hands with the president-elect, turned to go down from the platform. Quite unconscious of being observed, he looked reassuringly into his wife's troubled face, and, throwing back his shoulders as a man does when he drops a heavy load —"Ouf!" he said, with an intonation of genuine relief.

A little ripple of laughter and applause rose among the people nearest, spread back through all the building, and then rolled in return like a thundering wave. George Mellish jumped on the platform. "Three cheers for Professor Thorpe!" he shouted.

The cheers were roared in answer. "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said the bishop, waving his arms unavailingly. "Remember where we are! There has been no benediction!" But the audience, once started, preferred to stream out of the building, unblessed.

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Mrs. Thorpe and Lucy were among the last, following Mrs. Tracey, who chattered and laughed incessantly.

"What possesses her?" whispered Lucy to her mother.

"Herself; it is the first time, since she came to Dulwich, that she has dared to feel at home."

"Oh, come, my dear," said Professor Thorpe, "let her enjoy it."

Mrs. Thorpe flushed at the implied reproach; she knew that she had borne herself creditably—for no one could suspect the well of bitterness that flowed beneath her smiling composure; but with Lucy and her husband, the source itself of bitterness was wanting. They followed her, contentedly detached, as they watched the mass of students seething, in an ecstasy of legitimate howling, below the chapel steps; where they were waiting for Mr. Tracey's appearance.

He came out, descended in jaunty self-possession, one thumb tucked into his trousers pocket, his mortarboard tipped over his nose, and his gown thrown back upon his shoulders. Stopping a moment, he surveyed the students with a look of genial comradeship, that changed to vague dismay as the college base-ball nine swept down upon him, seized him, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him in somewhat unsteady triumph toward the hall where the alumni were to dine; Mrs. Tracey following, with shrill shrieks of excited laughter.

"Hadn't you better come over to the dinner and hear the speeches?" said Professor Thorpe. "They have a table for the ladies in the gallery."

Mrs. Thorpe shook her head. "Why should I?" she asked coldly.

"Do come," he urged, as Mrs. Tracey's resounding tones came back to them. "You might be able to prevent her making of herself such a——" he paused, too courteous to finish.

"Some things," said Mrs. Thorpe, "are born."

Lucy's laugh trilled out suddenly, and was as suddenly repressed.

Her father bit his lip. "Never mind, my dear," he said indulgently; "you are all tired out. Lucy will come in your place."

It was maddening! Mrs. Thorpe turned away and almost ran up the path toward her own house; she felt that she could not endure her life.

The hot, hazy afternoon wore on. Lucy and her father came back late from the dinner, bringing Judge Mellish and Judge Slocum to say good-by. "You must be good to my George," the old man said to Lucy, holding her hand and looking down at her. "He has nearly managed to slip through our fingers this time."

Judge Slocum laughed significantly.

"Not her fingers—you wilfully misunderstand, Slocum," said the old man. "The boy was very ill out West there, and Mrs. Thorpe's opposition to his marriage with her daughter, coming as it did just at the turn of the disease, threw him back into a relapse. Gad! if that thing had been broken off, one of the dearest hopes of my life would have been blighted—one of the dearest hopes," he wandered on, "for I have always thought, Lucilla"—his hazy eyes turned uncertainly from Mrs. Thorpe to Lucy and then back again—"I have always thought, Lucilla, that you probably cared more for my son George than you ever did for anybody else in the world." And he stooped and kissed Lucy's hand.

"I do believe the old fellow has at last hit the nail on the head!" Judge Slocum muttered, in amiable valedictory.

Evening came; George Mellish did not appear, and Mrs. Thorpe, too proud to ask any questions, was moving restlessly to and fro in the house, touching a book here and arranging a flower there. Her husband had gone up to his study to read a novel, for the first time in eighteen months. It was an amusing novel, and his bursts of laughter sounded through the open windows in sheer wanton lightness of heart.

Lucy and Mr. Carter were sitting together out on the porch. "Are you tired?" he asked.

"No; only quiet."

"Where is Mellish?"

"He went to Littleton, I think."

Mr. Carter sat up startled. "Do you mean to say," he began, "that you haven't come to any—I beg your pardon!" He rose, pretending to examine the porch railing, and, in his embarrassment, he shook it so violently that a piece of it came off in his hand.

"Abominable state these buildings have been allowed to fall into!" he said impatiently.

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"What are you doing to my baluster?" said Mrs. Thorpe, appearing at the window.

"Your baluster has come to pieces in my hand," returned Mr. Carter. "This house needs a thorough course of repairs. I mentioned the matter in the trustee meeting this afternoon, and they all agreed with me; so if you have anything that you would specially like to have done, Mrs. Thorpe, you had better point it out to me now."

He stepped through the window, and Lucy heard them moving about the house together. "What a judicious bribe," she murmured, leaning back against the pillar of the porch, and watching the stars come out in the still rosy sky. She was waiting for George Mellish, who had been compelled to go with his grandfather to Littleton;—the old judge had an unfortunate way of taking the wrong train, when left to conduct his travels alone. George hoped to be back in Dulwich by half-past nine or ten o'clock; but Lucy had told no one. They were all in league against her, she thought; she meant to run no risks.

At the end of about an hour Mr. Carter and her mother came out again. Mrs. Thorpe's look of disappointed bitterness had given place to animation and interest. "Lucy! You are not out here yet?" she said. "It is very damp."

Lucy moved her head lazily. "I am quite comfortable," she answered, "and Mr. Carter wants me to wait here until he has smoked his cigar. Don't you, Mr. Carter?"

Mrs. Thorpe was puzzled. "Could it possibly be?" she asked herself. "Are you willing to take the responsibility of a disobedient child, Mr. Carter?" she said after a moment's hesitation.

"If you will give me a shawl or something to put around her, I'll undertake to see that she doesn't catch cold," he said, following Mrs. Thorpe into the house; but when he came back with her cloak, Lucy disdainfully refused to put it on.

Mr. Carter sat down at the end of the step, lighted his cigar, and leaned back against the opposite pillar. "What have you got against your mother?" he asked, after he had smoked four or five minutes in unbroken silence.

"Against my mother?" repeated Lucy, with an attempt at dignity; "what could I have against my mother?"

"Why don't you tell her?"

"Tell her—what?"

"That you are waiting here until George Mellish comes back from Littleton."

"She would not be specially interested; or else, if she were, she would—manage—and I should not see him. She would ask me if we had 'come to an understanding.'"

Mr. Carter smoked on a few moments in silence. "I think you are unjust and cruel," he said at last.

"It is not I who have been cruel!" said Lucy. "From the very first of our engagement she has taken it for granted that George would do something dishonorable. A perpetual dribble of insinuation has worn out all the joy of our lives, and even you—she has kept on——"

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mr. Carter. "I have stayed on because I wished to stay on, and because—— You will be furious with me, but—how—*how* was I to know that you cared for George Mellish? When a girl really loves a man she does not allow herself to be—managed."

"If a girl believes in her mother, and has always admired and trusted her, and her mother keeps insisting——but I shall never trust her again!" she cried, in a little burst of fury. "She has made me angry! She has made me desperate; and she has behaved most outrageously about you!"

"Lucy!" Mr. Carter's voice had a deep note of warning in it.

"She has made use of you. She has! You cannot deny it. You, who have always been so good!"

Mr. Carter rose and walked down to the foot of the steps, where he stood with his back to Lucy, smoking and looking up at the stars. A slight noise behind him made him turn his head. Lucy was crying; his teeth bit sharply on the cigar, and his hands, that were clasped loosely behind him, suddenly clenched together. "Oh, I wouldn't do that!" he said, and puffed out a little jet of smoke; "it—it isn't worth crying for!"

"And—over at the dinner to-day—George said that if you hadn't sent for him——"

"Do not make me out an utter idiot!" snapped Mr. Carter. "Did I want George Mellish here? I telegraphed to him on business—his grandfather's business."

"And you have a right to be told," said Lucy, her voice husky with tears, "that I

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have always loved you! You know I have —in a way."

Mr. Carter smoked fiercely for a few moments before he answered. "Yes," he said at last, "you always have—in a way. But you had better dry your eyes now; I see somebody coming. I think that it is—my last doll."

But Lucy had not heard him. She was skimming down the walk to meet George Mellish, who was hurrying, half running, across the grass.

In the room above the porch Mrs. Thorpe flitted restlessly back and forth between the window and her couch. Her husband was sleeping profoundly; she glanced at him impatiently, as he caught his breath fitfully, like a tired child who has wept and been comforted. A step on the gravel path under the window at the side of the house drew her restless supervision in that direction. Mr. Carter was passing out slowly through the gate; she stole back again toward the front and looked down. In the light from the hall lamp she saw George Mellish and Lucy coming up the avenue together.

"She was waiting for him!" she murmured. "And she would not tell me—her mother!" Her heart ran over with bitterness; she longed to call Lucy in; she even tried to persuade herself that it might be her duty to do so. "I shall not allow George Mellish to deceive her again," she whispered passionately, and leaned far out of the window. Up through the vines came the murmur of voices; but she could not see beyond the roof of the porch.

Minutes passed; toward twelve o'clock Mr. Carter sauntered slowly back, spoke a word or two, and then climbed the stairs to his own room. The surrounding world soon knew that he was asleep.

It was not romantic, but out there in the park, sitting on the steps of the college chapel, amidst the warm, dark, silent shadows of the great old trees, the dear little gentleman had told himself, very truly, that he was done with romance.

Mrs. Thorpe could hear George and Lucy laughing together softly. The gift of happiness had been bestowed upon her child before it was too late, and the injustice of heartbreak was mysteriously removed. Serene courage also filled the heart of her husband. Courage, and peace, and content had descended upon every one of the household except Mrs. Thorpe herself, who lay there on the lounge and looked out at the night, while the slow, hot tears trickled back from her eyes and fell upon the pillow. "They none of them care," she whispered. "They none of them care!"

And yet, all her prayers had been answered.

DO YOU MISS ME WHERE YOU ARE?

By Louise Chandler Moulton

Do you miss me, where you are—
  You who held me dear?
While you roam from star to star,
  Do you pause to hear
If there be a pleading cry,
  From the world you knew,
On the restless wind swept by,
  Calling, calling, you?

Does the Long-Ago come back—
  Or have you forgot?
Does the present something lack,
  Since the past is not?
If my voice from far away
  Can but reach your ear,
Pause an instant, Love, and say
  That the Far is Near.

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A NORMAN TOWN

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F WALLER TAYLOR

VALOGNES,
August

I SEEM to have got into another world, almost another century, in this old town. I had always promised the Florians I would come and stay with them, and was curious to see their installation in one of the fine old hotels of the place. The journey was rather long—not particularly interesting. We passed near Caen, getting a very good view of the two great *abbayes** with their towers and spires quite sharply outlined against the clear blue sky. The train was full. At almost every station family parties got in—crowds of children all armed with spades, pails, butterfly-nets, and rackets, all the paraphernalia of happy, healthy childhood. For miles after Caen there were long stretches of green pasture-lands—hundreds of cows and horses, some of them the big Norman dray-horses resting a little before beginning again their hard work, and quantities of long-legged colts trotting close up alongside of their mothers, none of them apparently minding the train. We finally arrived at the quiet little station of Valognes. Countess de Florian was waiting for me, with their big omnibus, and we had a short drive all through the town to their hotel, which is quite at one end, a real country road running in front of their house. It is an old hotel standing back from the road and shut in with high iron gates. There is a large court-yard with a grass-plot in the middle, enormous flower-beds on each side, and a fine sweep of carriage road to the perron. A great double stone staircase runs straight up to the top of the house and glass doors opposite the entrance lead into the garden. I had an impression of great space and height and floods of light. I went straight into the garden, where they gave me tea, which was most refreshing after the long hot day. They have no house party. The dowager countess, Florian's mother, is here, and there was a cousin, a naval officer, who went off to Cherbourg directly after dinner. The ground-floor is charming; on one side of the hall there are three or four *salons*, and a billiard-room running directly across the house from the garden to the court-yard; on the other a good dining-room and two or three guests' rooms; the family all live upstairs.

It is a delightful house. My room is on the ground-floor, opening from the corridor, which is large and bright, paved with flagstones. My windows look out on the entrance court, so that I see all that goes on. As soon as my maid has opened the windows and brought in my *petit déjeuner* I hear a tap at the door and the countess's maid appears to ask, with madame's compliments, if I have all I want, if I have had a good night, and to bring me the morning paper. The first person to move is the dowager countess, who goes to early mass every morning. She is a type of the old-fashioned French Faubourg St. Germain lady; a straight, slender figure, always dressed in black, devoted to her children and to all her own family, with the courteous, high-bred manner one always finds in French women of the old school. She doesn't take much interest in the outside world nor in anything that goes on in other countries, but is too polite to show that when she talks to me, for instance, who have knocked about so much. She doesn't understand the modern life, so *sans gêne* and agitated, and it is funny to hear her say when talking of people she doesn't quite approve of, "*Ils ne sont pas de notre monde.*"

Then comes the young countess, very energetic and smiling, with her short skirt

* Abbaye aux Hommes, Abbaye aux Dames

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and a bag on her arm, going to market. She sees me at the window and stops to know if I am going out. Will I join her at the market? All the ladies of Valognes do their own marketing and some of the well-known fish-women and farmers' wives who come in from the country with poultry would be quite hurt if Madame la Comtesse didn't come herself to give her orders and have a little talk. This morning I have been to market with Countess Florian. The women looked so nice and clean in their short, black, heavily plaited skirts, high white caps, and handkerchiefs pinned over their bodices. The little stalls went all down the narrow main street and spread out on the big square before the church. The church is large, with a square tower and fine dome—nothing very interesting as to architecture. Some of the stalls were very tempting and the smiling, red-cheeked old women, sitting up behind their wares, were so civil and anxious to sell us something. The fish-market was most inviting—quantities of flat white turbots, shining silver mackerel, and fresh *crevettes* piled high on a marble slab with water running over them. Four or five short-skirted, bare-legged fisher girls were standing at the door with baskets of fish on their heads. Florian joined us there and seemed on the best of terms with these young women. He made all kinds of jokes with them, to which they responded with giggles and a funny little half-courtesy, half-nod. Both Florians spoke so nicely to all the market people as we passed from stall to stall. The poultry looked very good—such fat ducks and chickens. It was funny to see the bourgeoises of Valognes all armed with a large basket doing their marketing; they looked at the chickens, poked them, lifted them so as to be sure of their weight, and evidently knew to a centime what they had to pay. I fancy the Norman *ménagère* is a pretty sharp customer and knows exactly what she must pay for everything. The vegetable stalls were very well arranged—the most enormous cabbages I ever saw. I think the old ladies who presided there were doing a flourishing business. I did not find much to buy—some gray knitted stockings that I thought would be good for my Mareuil* boys and some blue linen blouses with white embroidery, that all the carters wear, and which the Paris dressmakers transform into very pretty summer costumes. I bought for my self a paper bag full of cherries for a few sous, then left the Florians, and wandered about the streets a little alone. They are generally narrow, badly paved, with grass growing in the very quiet ones. There are many large hotels standing well back, *entre cour et jardin*, the big doors and gate-ways generally heavy and much ornamented—a great deal of carving on the façades and cornices, queer heads and beasts. Valognes has not always been the quiet, dull, little provincial town it is to-day. It has had its brilliant moment, when all the hotels were occupied by *grands seigneurs*, handsome equipages rolled through the streets, and its society prided itself on its exclusiveness and grand manner. It used to be said that to *rouler carrosse* at Valognes was a *titre de noblesse*, and the inhabitants considered their town a "petit Paris." In one of the plays of the time, a marquis, very fashionable and a well-known courtier, was made to say: "*Il faut trois mois de Valognes pour echever un homme de cour.*" One can quite imagine "*la grande vie d'autrefois*" in the hotel of the Florians. Their garden is enchanting—quantities of flowers, roses particularly. They have made two great borders of tall pink rose-bushes, with dwarf palms from Bordighera planted between, just giving the note of stiffness which one would expect to find in an old-fashioned garden. On one side is a large terrace with marble steps and balustrade, and beyond that, half hidden by a row of fruit-trees, a very good tennis court. We just see the church-tower at one end of the garden; and it is so quiet one would never dream there was a town near. The country in every direction is beautiful—real English lanes, the roads low, high banks on each side, with hawthorn bushes on top—one drives between thick green walls. We have made some lovely excursions. They have a big omnibus with a banquette on top which seats four people, also a place by the coachman, and two great Norman posters, who go along at a good steady trot, taking a little gallop occasionally up and down the hills.

Countess de Nadaillac, Countess Florian's sister-in-law, arrived to-day with her daughter for a short visit. We had a pleasant evening with music, billiards, and dominoes (a favorite game in this country).

* Mareuil is the name of the village near our place in France.

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The dowager countess always plays two games, and precisely at half-past nine her old man-servant appears and escorts her to her rooms. We all break up early; the ten o'clock bell is usually the signal. It rings every night, just as it has done for hundreds of years. The town lights are put out and the inhabitants understand that the authorities are not responsible for anything that may happen in the streets of Valognes after such a dangerous hour of the night.

. . . There are some fine places in the neighborhood. We went to-day to Chiffevast, a large château which had belonged to the Darus, but has been bought recently by a rich couple, Valognes people, who have made a large fortune in cheese and butter. It seems their great market is London. They send over quantities via Cherbourg, which is only twenty minutes off by rail. It is a splendid place—fine approach by a great avenue with beautiful old trees. The château is a large, square house—looks imposing as one drives up. We didn't see the master of the house—he was away—but madame received us in all her best clothes. She was much better dressed than we were, evidently by one of the good Paris houses. Countess Florian had written to ask if we might come, so she was under arms. She was a little nervous at first, talked a great deal, very fast, but when she got accustomed to us it went more easily, and she showed us the house with much pride. There was some good furniture and one beautiful coverlet of old lace and embroidery, which she had found somewhere upstairs in an old chest of drawers. They have no children—such a pity, as they are improving and beautifying the place all the time. The drive home was delightful, facing the sunset. I was amused with the Florians' old coachman. He is a curiosity—knows everybody in the country. He was much interested in our visit and asked if we had seen "la patronne"—said he knew her well, had often seen her on a market day at Valognes, sitting in her little cart in the midst of her cheeses and butter; said she was a *brave femme*. How strange it must seem to people like that, just out of their hard-working peasant life—and it *is* hard work in France—to find themselves owners of a splendid château and estate, receiving the great people of the country. I dare say in ten or twelve years they will be like anyone else, and if there were sons or daughters the young men would get into parliament or the diplomatic career, the daughters would marry some impoverished scion of a noble family, and cheeses and butter would be forgotten.

We had one delightful day at Cherbourg. The Préfet Maritime invited us to breakfast with him at his hotel. We went by rail to Cherbourg, about half an hour, and found the admiral's carriage waiting for us. The prefecture is a nice, old-fashioned house, in the centre of the town, with a big garden. We took off our coats in a large, handsome room upstairs. The walls were covered with red damask and there were pictures of Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon. It seems the Queen slept in that room one night when she came over to France to make her visit to Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu. We found quite a party assembled—all the men in uniform and the women generally in white. We breakfasted in a large dining-room with glass doors opening into the garden, which was charming, a blaze of bright summer flowers. We adjourned there for coffee after breakfast. The trees were big, made a good shade, and the little groups seated about in the various bosquets looked pretty and gay. When coffee and liqueurs were finished we drove down to the quay, where the admiral's launch was waiting, and had a delightful afternoon steaming about the harbor. It is enormous, long jetties and breakwaters stretching far out, almost closing it in. There was every description of craft—big Atlantic liners, yachts, fishing boats, ironclads, torpedoes, and once we very nearly ran over a curious dark object floating on the surface of the water, which they told us was a submarine. It did not look comfortable as a means of transportation, but the young officers told us it was delightful.

We got back to Valognes to a late dinner, having invited a large party to come over for tennis and dinner the next day. The Florians are a godsend to Cherbourg. They are most hospitable, and with automobiles the distance is nothing, and one is quite independent of trains. Yesterday four of our party went off to Cherbourg to make a cruise in a torpedo-boat. The ladies were warned that they must put on clothes which would not mind sea-water, but I should

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think bathing dresses would be the only suitable garments for such an expedition. They were remarkable objects when they came home, Mademoiselle de Nadaillac's hat a curiosity, also her white blouse, where the red of her hat-ribbons and cravat had run. However, they had enjoyed themselves immensely—at least the girl. Countess de Nadaillac was not quite so enthusiastic. They got into dry clothes and played tennis vigorously all the afternoon.

We had a pleasant family evening. Mademoiselle de Nadaillac has a pretty voice and sang well. Florian and I played some duets. I joined in the dowager's game of dominoes, which I don't seem to have mastered, as I lose regularly, and after she left us, escorted by her faithful old butler (a light shawl over his arm to put on her shoulders when she passed through the corridors), we had rather an interesting conversation about ways and manners in different countries, particularly the way young people are brought up. I said we were a large family and that mother would never let us read in the drawing-room after dinner. If we were all absorbed in our books, conversation was impossible. We were all musical, so the piano and singing helped us through. Madame de Florian, whose father, Marquis de Nadaillac, is quite of the old school, said they were not even allowed to work or look at pictures in the *salon* after dinner! Her father considered it disrespectful if any of his children did anything but listen when he talked. They might join in the conversation if they had anything intelligent to say. She told us, too, of some of the quite old-fashioned châteaux that she stayed in as a girl and even a young married woman. There was one fire and one lamp in the drawing-room. Anyone who wanted to be warm, or to work, was obliged to come into that room. No fires nor lamps allowed anywhere else in the house; a cup of tea in the afternoon an unheard of luxury. If you were ill, a doctor was sent for and he ordered a *tisane;* if you were merely tired or cold, you waited until dinner-time.

We have also made a charming expedition to Quinéville, a small seaside place about an hour and a half's drive, always through the same green country, our Norman posters galloping up all the hills. We passed through various little villages, each one with a pretty little gray, square-towered church. There was plenty of passing, as it was market day. We met a good many peasant women carrying milk in those curious old brass bowls one sees everywhere here. Some of them are very handsome, polished until they shine like mirrors, with a delicate pattern lightly traced running around the bowl. They balance them perfectly on their heads and walk along at a good swinging pace. They all look prosperous, their skirts (generally black), shoes, and stockings in good condition, and their white caps and handkerchiefs as clean as possible. Quinéville is a very quiet little place, no hotel, and rows of ugly little houses well back from the sea, but there is a beautiful stretch of firm white sand. To-day it was dead low tide. The sea looked miles away, a long line of dark sea-weed marking the water's edge. There were plenty of people about; women and girls with stout bare legs, and a primitive sort of tool, half pitchfork, half shovel, were piling the sea-weed into the carts which were waiting on the shore. Children were paddling about in the numerous little pools and making themselves wreaths and necklaces out of the berries of the sea-weed—some of them quite bright-colored, pink and yellow. We wandered about on the beach, sitting sometimes on the side of a boat, and walking through the little pools and streams. It was a lovely bit of water. We didn't see a sail. The sea looked like a great blue plain meeting the sky—nothing to break the monotony. We got some very bad coffee at the restaurant—didn't attempt tea. They would certainly have *said* they had it, and would have made it probably out of hay from the barn. The drive home was delicious, almost too cool, as we went at a good pace, the horses knowing as well as we did that the end of their day was coming. . . . We have been again to market this morning. It was much more amusing than the first time, as it was horse day, and men and beasts were congregated in the middle of the Cathedral Square. There was a fair show—splendid big cart-horses and good cobs and ponies—here and there a nice saddle-horse. There were a good many women driving themselves, and almost all had good, stout little horses. They know just as much about it as the men and were much interested in the sales. They

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Entrance to hotel of the Comte de Florian.

told me the landlady of the hotel was the best judge of a horse and a *man* in Normandy. She was standing at the entrance of her court-yard as we passed the hotel on our way home, a comely, buxom figure, dressed like all the rest, in a short black skirt and sabots. She was exchanging smiling greetings and jokes with everyone who passed and keeping order with the crowds of farmers, drivers, and horse-dealers who were jostling through the big open doors and clamoring for food for themselves and their animals. She was the type of the hard-working, capable Frenchwoman, of whom there are thousands in France. Some years ago I was on the committee for a great sale we had in our *arrondissement* in Paris for the benefit of "L'Assistance par le Travail," an excellent work which we are all much interested in. I was

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Old gate-way, Valognes.

in charge of the buffet, and thought it better to apply at once to one of the great caterers, Potel and Chabot, and see what they could do for us. We made an appointment, and Mme. de B. and I drove down to the place. The manager was out, but they told us that madame was waiting for us in the back shop. We found rather a pretty woman, very well dressed in velvet, with diamond ear-rings, and I was put out at first—thought that didn't look like business. However, we talked a few minutes; she said her husband was obliged to go to the country, but would certainly come and see me the next day. Then she stepped up to her desk, where there was a big book open, said she understood we wished to give an order for a buffet for a charity sale, and was at once absorbed in sandwiches, tea and coffee, orangeade, and all the require-

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ments for such an occasion. She was perfectly practical and gave us some very useful hints—said she supposed we wanted some of their *maîtres d'hôtel*. We thought not—our own would do. That, she said, would be a great mistake. They weren't accustomed to that sort of thing and wouldn't know how to do it. One thing, for instance—they would certainly fill all the glasses of orangeade and punch much too full and would waste a great deal. Their men never filled a glass entirely, and consequently gained two on every dozen. She told us how much we wanted, made out the estimate at once, and ended by asking if we would allow them to present the tea as their contribution to the charity. It didn't take more than twenty minutes—the whole thing. She then shut up her book, went to the door with us, thanked us for giving them the order, and hoped we would be satisfied. That business capability and thriftiness runs through almost all Frenchwomen of a certain class, and when I hear, as of course I often do, the frivolous, butterfly, pleasure-loving Frenchwoman spoken of, that energetic, hard-working bourgeoise comes into my mind. We all who live in France know the type well. The whole nation is frugal. During the Franco-

Old gate-way, Valognes.

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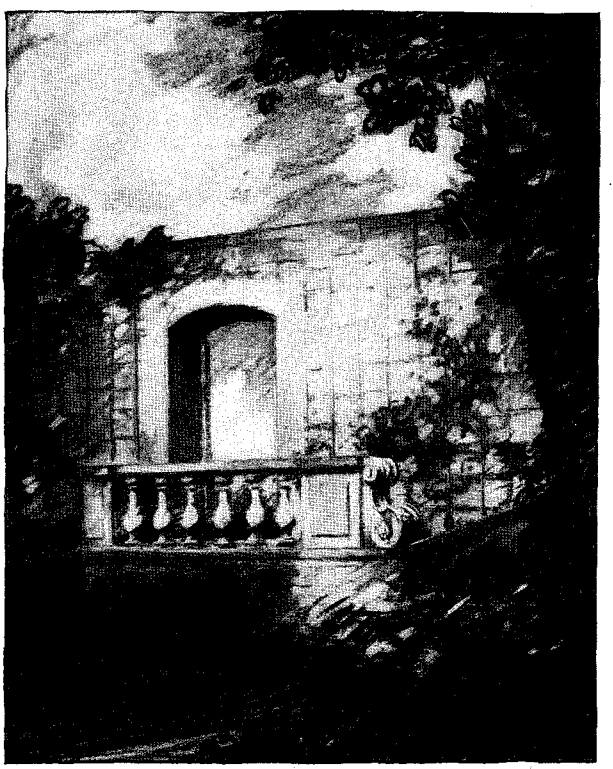
German War, my husband, who had spent all the dreary months of the invasion at his château in the country, was elected a member of the "Assemblée Nationale," which met at Bordeaux. They were entirely cut off from Paris, surrounded by Prussian troops on all sides, and he couldn't get any money. Whatever he had had at the beginning of the war had been spent—sending off recruits for one of the great army corps near his place. It was impossible to communicate with his banker or any friends in Paris, and yet he couldn't start without funds. He applied to the notary of La Ferté Milon, the little town nearest the château. He asked how much he wanted. W. said about 10,000 francs. The notary said, "Give me two days and I will get it for you." He appeared three days afterward, bringing the 10,000 francs—a great deal of it in large silver five-franc pieces, very difficult to carry. He had collected the whole sum from small farmers and peasants in the neighborhood—the five-franc pieces coming always from the peasants, sometimes fifty sewed up in a mattress or in the woman's thick, wadded Sunday skirt. He said he could get as much more if W. wanted it. It seems impossible for the peasant to part with his money or invest it. He must keep it well hidden, but in his possession.

. . . We had a pretty drive this afternoon to one of Florian's farms, down a little green lane, some distance from the high-road and so hidden by the big trees that we saw nothing until we got close to the gate. It was late—all the cows coming home, the great Norman horses drinking at the trough, two girls with bare legs and high caps calling all the fowl to supper, and the farmer's wife, with a baby in her arms and another child, almost a baby pulling at her skirts, seated on a stone bench under-



Door-way, garden of the Comte de Florian, Valognes.

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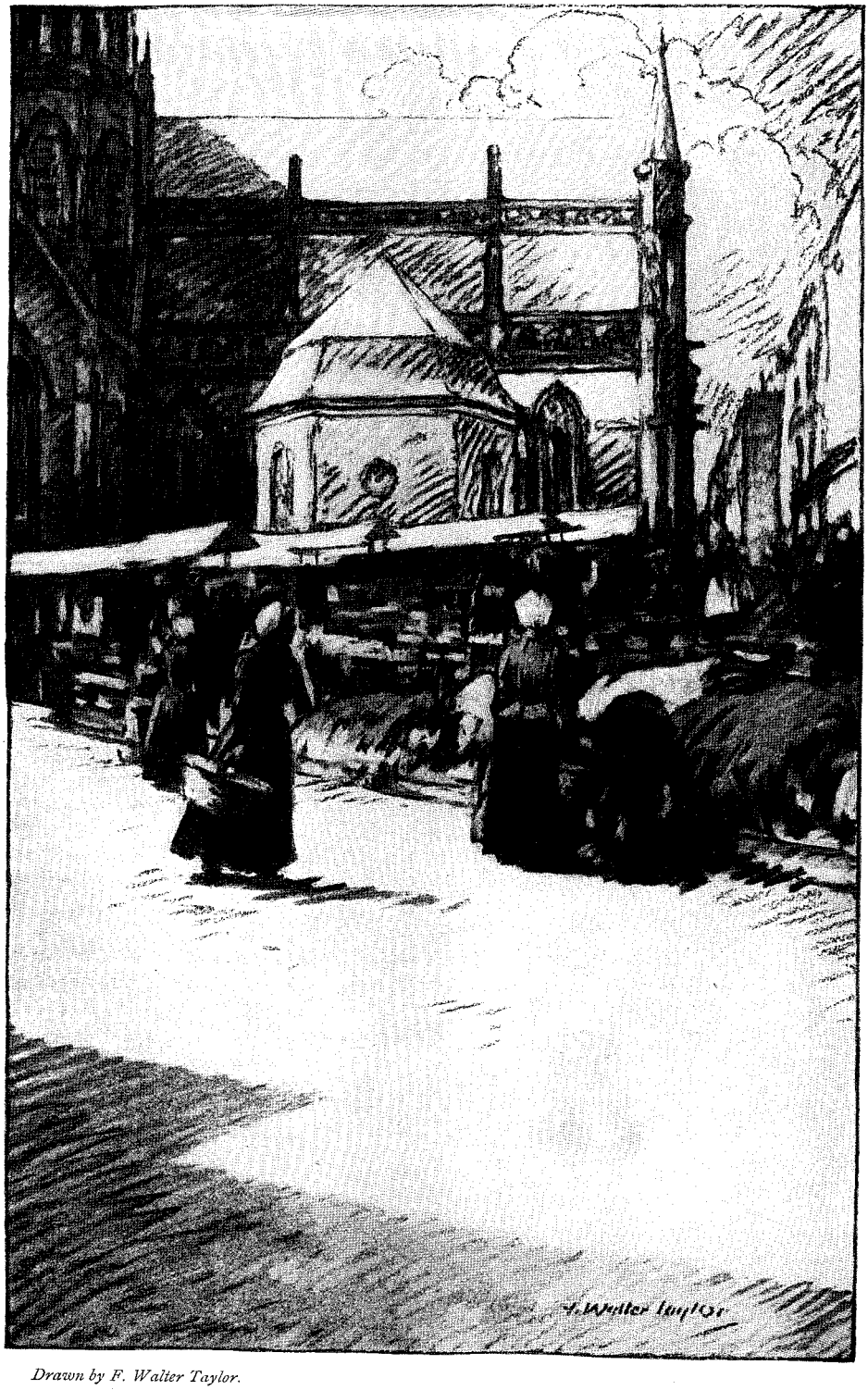

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The market, Valognes.

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neath a big apple-tree, its branches heavy with fruit. She was superintending the work of the farm-yard and seeing that the two girls didn't waste a minute of their time, nor a grain of the seed with which they were feeding the chickens. A little clear, sparkling stream was meandering through the meadows, tall poplars on each side, and quite at the end of the stretch of green fields there was the low blue line of the sea. The farm-house is a large, old-fashioned building with one or two good rooms. It had evidently been a small manor house. One of the rooms is charming, with handsome panels of dark carved wood. It seemed a pity to leave them there, and almost a pity that the Florians could not have made their home in such a lovely green spot, but they would have been obliged to add to the house enormously, and it would have complicated their lives, being so far away from everything.

. . . We have had a last walk and *flânerie* this morning. We went to the "Hospice," formerly a Benedictine convent, where there is a fine gate-way and court-yard with most extraordinary carving over the doors and gate-way—monstrous heads and beasts and emblems alongside of cherubs and beautiful saints and angels. One wonders what ideas those old artists had; it seems now such distorted imagination. We walked through some of the oldest streets and past what had been fine ho-

Market types, Valognes.

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Market women, Valognes.

tels, but they are quite uninhabited now. Sometimes a bric-à-brac shop on the ground-floor, and some sort of society on the upper story, but they are all neglected and half tumbling down. There is still splendid carving on some of the old gateways and cornices, but bits of stone and plaster are falling off, grass is growing between the paving stones of the court-yards, and there is an air of poverty and neglect which is a curious contrast to the prosperous look of the country all around—all the little farms and villages look so thriving. The people are smiling and well fed; their animals, too—horses, cows, donkeys—all in good condition.

I have played my last game of dominoes in this fine old hotel and had my last cup of tea in the stiff, stately garden, with the delicious salt sea-breeze always coming at four o'clock, and the cathedral chimes sounding high and clear over our heads. I leave to-morrow night for London, via Cherbourg and Southampton.

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Drawn by George Harding.

"Ben, with the skipper's help, was climbing over the rail."—Page 703.

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THE BLASPHEMER

By James B. Connolly

Illustration by George Harding

THEY were fitting out the *Julia Haskins* for a salt-fishing trip, and a cask of beef was about to be hoisted aboard. An easy package it should have been for the three lumpers to handle, two on the dock to hoist and one to guide and receive it on the vessel's deck below; but these were careless—one paused midway to look at an incoming Italian bark. "They say she's got twenty thousand tubs of salt in her hold," he observed. "No!" exclaimed his mate, and also turned his head. Down between dock and vessel plopped the cask.

The lumpers, leaning over string-piece and rail, gazed down at where it disappeared in the muddy water, then stood up and eased their souls with three separate strings of oaths; particularly he who was most to blame, whose eyes had been first diverted by the green-painted bark.

The man who should have been most concerned, master and owner of the vessel, he who would have to pay the bill, did not step a foot nearer the scene of the catastrophe; merely looked toward the men at fault and said: "I callate that's gone. You might've been more careful, Charley, but get a move on and go ahead with the rest of the stores. And one of you go up to the office and tell 'em to send down another cask of beef."

Old Peter and the usual staff of assistants up in Crow's Nest had observed the incident of the cask. And now, when they saw that the cask was gone beyond all hope of salvage, they all drew long breaths and began to talk at once. "Did you see that, Peter? And he never let a yip out of him. Why there's some skippers would have skinned those lumpers alive! And swear? Why, just imagine what"—and named, one after the other, a dozen well-known masters of vessels. "Why, they'd been a smell of hot copper blowing up here long afore this. Why is that, Peter, d'y' s'pose?"

Peter turned to them. "Why d'y' s'pose? It's before any of you were old enough to be allowed to loaf around here; but if you won't let that fire die down, I'll tell it. Pity among seven of you you can't put one piece of wood in the fire." He had to stop then to put the glasses on a sail that was lifting above the horizon at Eastern Point. His face had taken on a sudden animation. "It's queer now if it should be *her*—but time enough," and carefully laid down the glasses.

"This man below, Jed Stevens, that never opened his mouth a while ago, where many another man might've considered he had justification, came of a family of swearers. He had an older brother, Lewis, was the awful man at it. I mind there was a partic'lar main boom that the owners sent down to his new vessel one day and Lewis didn't like the looks of it, and swore so hard over it—four lines of rhyme he made of it—that he went home and died. Busted a blood-vessel or something. Well, when Lewis died everybody said that Jed would keep up the reputation of the family as he'd grow older. And he did. For sheer out-and-out capacity to swear I d'know but what he could outdo Lewis. Only he couldn't make poetry of it. However, he was the awful man with the language, and for that reason alone hard to get along with. Good men don't care to have a skipper swearing at 'em day and night. Men used to come and go with him so fast that he rarely carried the same crew two trips in succession. His own brother Mark—the youngest of the three brothers, a fine young fellow, and who didn't have the gift of swearin'—left him that way. And that worried Jed, who thought a lot of Mark—a lot more than ever he let on. He went out of his way to get him to come back, but Mark said: 'No; when you learn to control your tongue, I'll ship with you—not till then.'

"In those times Jed used also to get pretty drunk now and then. One trip he started out that way—kept the jug between his knees all the way to the grounds, and

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never moved to his meals, just sat there and drank—straight from the jug, bothering with no mug or glass on the way. The second night out it came on to blow pretty hard, and the vessel began to groan under it. But luckily not much sea in the beginnin', and also lucky, it bein' winter, that she warn't carryin' her topm'sts; but even with her four lowers it was gettin' too much for her. She was rolling down outrageously, but nobody dared to take any sail off her without the skipper's orders, and he was drunk in his bunk, half comin' to himself, and getting up for another drink every few hours, swearing while he was drinkin', and then rollin' back again.

"Well, the old *Jonathan Edwards* dived along, taking most of it aboard. We could do nothing but batten down everything and let her go, hopin' the skipper would come to himself before 'twas too late. He did come to after a while—sixteen hours on end he'd slept—and rolled out of his bunk and began to notice things. First, he noticed that the companionway was closed tight. 'Open up them hatches and give us some air,' he snarled, and a string of blue oaths with it.

"The boards was no more than slid out of the way when a sea came pouring into the cabin and set everything that was loose adrift. The sight of the water didn't soften his temper any. He swashed around in it in his stockin' feet and swore harder than ever. 'That's what I like to see,' he says —'the old girl givin' herself a bath,' and a second deluge piled up over the lockers and into the lee bunks.

"He thought he'd take a look outside then, but hadn't got his head out the companionway when down upon him tumbled a little mountain of water—it nigh to floated him down the cabin steps. Well he swore and blasphemed worse than ever at that. He'd go on deck, he would, if the entire blasted ocean was to roll over him. And he did, not yet altogether sober, and climbs out on deck and holds on by the wind'ard corner of the house.

"'You blasted, blear-eyed dogfish, how's she behavin'?' he roars to Ben Garland, who had the wheel.

"'She's not behavin',' Ben fires back at him. 'She's got more sail on than any mortal vessel should.'

"'But this is no mortal vessel—she's the devil's own, and I'm the devil's own boy. Did you know that, Bennie? No? Well, that's what—I'm the devil's own boy, and you're one of my crew. And the Old Boy'll stand by his own, never you worry,' and more of that kind of talk, and then, crawling over to the main riggin' and happening to look to wind'ard, he spies for the first time the *Grenada*, a fine new vessel which had come upon us during the afternoon.

"He begins to swear at her and at her skipper. 'There he is, Bob Miller, the dog's whelp, who took my brother away from me,' and then from cursing Miller, began cursin' the sea, and back again to the *Grenada* and Bob. 'But I'll head him off—I'll head him off. I know the little spot he's beating up for, and I'll be there and have a dory over afore him.'

"And the wind kept comin' harder, and everything aboard her under an awful strain. There were queer lights on the water and her sheets were like iron bars. 'Skipper,' calls whoever it was to the wheel, 'if you don't take something off her soon, I'll cut.'

"'You cut and I'll cut you—cut your blasted head off.' But 'twarn't blasted nor no such mild word *he* used, but a word that made my blood run cold. 'Go for'ard, you milk-and-water son of a she-wolf, and let a man take the wheel. Cut, will you? Cut? Not if her trucks was rolling under. Go for'ard.'

"With him in that state of mind we ran into the grounds and alongside the *Grenada*, which being a big sailer, a lot faster than the *Jonathan*, was there hours before us. It was a wicked morning. On the *Grenada* they were hove-to, with only the watch on deck, plainly waiting for it to moderate before they'd put a dory over. The skipper ran the *Jonathan* up under the *Grenada's* quarter and hailed. Everybody came on deck at his voice. Jed's young brother, Mark, I mind was there—a fine-lookin' young fellow he was, too—the pride of all Jed's people.

"Young Mark called out, 'Hello, Jed!' for with all the other's backslidings he couldn't help having a young fellow's affection for an older brother. But Jed didn't notice him, only began to swear and blaspheme at Miller.

"'And so you're afraid to put a dory over? And there's owners that give your kind a vessel, Bob Miller? Well, I'll show

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you up—and right now.' And, 'Wind'ard dory to the rail!' he orders.

"Over on the *Grenada*, as we could see, Miller could hardly believe it; but seein' our dory to the rail, he began to get nervous, for, you see, the partic'lar spot—the Gully 'twas called, new discovered then—was full of halibut, and whatever skipper got their trawls out first would get the fish in the first of their hunger. On the *Grenada* they didn't want to put their dories over, no more than we did on the *Jonathan*, but you know how it is—no crew of men goin' fishin' likes to stand by and let another crew shame 'em. And no skipper is goin' to stand by after bein' dared as Bob Miller was by Jed Stevens. No, sir, he isn't goin' back to Gloucester and have people throw that in his face as he walks down the street. So Bob orders a dory to the rail, too. Through the mist we could barely see him, we havin' drifted away some by then, but bein' to looard we could hear his voice.

"Well, we all felt that no dory could live in that sea, but what could we do? The last thing a man wants to have said of him is that he's afraid to do what other men stand ready to do. We hoisted the dory, and Ben Garland threw in two skates of trawls. Ben's and my dory it was. Over went the dory and with it Ben and myself to the rail, him to the stern and me to the bow falls, waitin' for a chance to leap into it. Ben leaped and I leaped. And then came a roar, and over us like a tidal wave tumbled what I thought was the whole blessed ocean. Up against the side of the vessel went the dory smash! and kindling wood was made of it. Across the rail of the vessel I went close by the main riggin', which I grabbed and clung to till the crew helped me aboard. I was the lucky man. Two of my ribs stove in, but I didn't know that till later. But not so Ben. 'Peter's all right, but Ben's gone!' I heard somebody call out, even while I was still floating around on the break tryin' to find my feet. The next thing I heard the skipper shriekin' like a mad man, 'No, he ain't—I got him!' And sure enough, he had grabbed Ben as he was goin' by the quarter. Even as we looked, Ben, with the skipper's help, was climbing over the rail. 'Didn't I tell you the devil takes care of his own, Bennie?' the skipper was sayin', and began a new blasphemin' to make your blood curdle.

"Suddenly somebody yells, 'Let the main sheet run!' I looked and saw the squall, and, knowin' what was meant—that she'd never stand with the mains'l taking it full, that she'd capsize or else take the spars out of her—with a couple of others I jumped aft, all of us roarin', 'Your main sheet, skipper!'

"The skipper, still blaspheming at Ben, didn't make out what we were so excited about, and when I rushed for the sheet, and he saw what I would be at, he grabbed me. And then we had it, the pair of us wrestlin' for the sheet. His hand was to my throat and my fingers to his windpipe. I mastered him and was about to cast off the end of the sheet when it came—a blast of wind and the followin' sea, and over she went on her beam ends.

"We considered ourselves gone then and rushed up to the wind'ard side of her to hang on to what we could and for as long as we could before she went down. And while we were clingin' there, some in the fore and some in the main rigging, Ben and myself on what part of the wind'ard quarter was out of water, the skipper all at once gripped my arm. I c'n feel the grip to this day. 'Peter, Peter, look there and tell me d' you see it, too! Maybe it isn't so, Peter.' He was crouched over the rail, his body shrinkin', and one hand up to his head as if he was afraid something was going to strike him, and what I could see of his face was the color of one of the gray seas that was hissing around us in the queer light of that wicked morning. And he took his hand down and looked again from the vessel, searching the crests of the nearest seas to wind'ard, and we looked where he was lookin', and there was nothing. And we said, 'Where, skipper, where?' and looked again, and that time we saw what it was—close by the vessel's side now. Driftin' by under her counter, under our feet almost, it was—the dead body of Mark Stevens, the eyes from out of the drenched dead face staring up—God, yes—at his brother, as if reproaching him. 'My judgment!' says Jed, that time not even raising his voice. Man, 'twas awful, and as we looked it drifted off astern of the vessel and sank slowly—slowly—from out of sight—if you can imagine a body sinkin' that way and at the same time bein' buffeted about in the sea. Lookin' farther, we saw what was

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left of a stove-in dory atop of another curvin' sea, and we knew what had happened. They had tried to launch a dory same as we did. And what had happened to Ben, my dory-mate, was what had happened to Mark Stevens, and our vessel bein' to looard of them, his body had been tossed down to us." Peter pressed the lids over his eyes. "Terrible—terrible—but so it was."

The Italian bark had come to anchor, and Peter had to stop to admire her. "A handsome craft that—aye, a noble vessel. Why don't we have fleets of those under our flag? And twenty thousand tubs of salt I hear she has in her. And there!—Jed Stevens'll probably take his salt from her—four hundred tubs he gen'rally takes. And when he's wet four hundred tubs he'll sure have some fish in her hold." Peter paused while he glanced down to the *Julia Haskins*, in whose stern was now her skipper, standing with hat off, gazing seaward.

Peter's eyes shone with pity. "I've seen him stand there and look out like that a hundred times. And always quiet, just like you see him now, and as if wonderin' at something or other out to sea; as if he was fearful of something or other—as I believe he is. And now with that vessel coming in—but maybe you noticed a while ago that he never looked over the side of the vessel after that cask of beef sank almost under his feet? That's because it went down under her port quarter. To this day he can't bear to stand on deck and look under the port quarter of a vessel. At sea he won't even heave the lead from her port quarter—he'll bring her to on the other tack before he'll do that. It was under her port quarter he saw his brother's body drifting. He'll look far away and off from that quarter, but never down and under her counter."

"And he don't blaspheme any more, Peter?"

"Blaspheme! I don't believe he ever even *thinks* of blasphemin' now. No milder-mannered, nor more temperate man sails out of Gloucester to-day. Queer how human nature works, isn't it? I used to think that long before this he'd be back to his old ways, but he never has. But let me see." Peter directed his glasses toward the horizon. "That one standing in—it *is* the old *Grenada*—the sight of her on the horizon brought it all back to me. A dog in her day, the *Grenada*. She sailed five mile to the *Jonathan's* four that passage out, spite of the sail we tried to carry. And took us off—lassoed us off the deck of her afore she sank that morning. Let me see—seven weeks on a halibut trip—*'bout* time she showed up. No, Jed don't even swear any more. But, man, man, what he had to go through afore he came to it!"

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By Alice L. Bunner

While still their feet upon Life's threshold stand,
And low the grape hangs purpling to their hand,
Hope springs eternal, Faith is ever true
And Love emparadises earth anew;
Before the gathered fruits to ashes turn
And Hope, and Faith, and Love to cinders burn,
Before their feet are weary with earth's years,
Before their eyes are blinded with its tears,
Hearing but wailing cries where laughter rung,
Happy are they the Gods love, who die young.

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AN AMERICAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH BIRD LIFE

By Frank M. Chapman

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NEXT to our native birds, there are probably none of more general interest to the average American nature lover than the birds of England. Personally, I confess to a more intense desire to see and hear the nightingale, skylark, blackbird, redbreast, and other characteristic English species in their haunts than that which has led me to the distant homes of tropical birds. I say "in their haunts" with emphasis, for I have at times with difficulty avoided hearing these birds in cages; an unfortunate enough experience in itself, and which, having long in mind a pilgrimage to their home, would have deprived a first impression of half its force.

This longing to meet English birds at home is in part due to the fact that they live in England, in part to the place they occupy in English literature, and in part to a desire to compare them with our own birds.

A meeting with the same birds in France or Germany would not possess half the charm of an initial acquaintance in England. Nearly, if not all, that we know and have read of English birds, leads us to associate them with pastoral England, with copse and hedge-row, down and moor, with thatched roof and gray spire. For these attractive mental pictures we have to thank Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Cowper, and other makers of English literature, to whose influence we must largely attribute the widespread interest in English birds which, until recently, at least, have been better known by name to most Americans than were our commonest native species.

So far as birds are concerned, however, the poets can only stimulate our desires without gratifying them, and comparison of English birds with ours is obviously out of the question until one has seen and heard both. Even then it cannot be fairly made by either an American or Englishman. This is not a matter of prejudice, but of experience. A bird's song is not to be judged as a musical composition. It is an expression of nature and its significance is to be measured by its associations.

No Englishman can read Lowell's

> The bobolink has come, and like the soul
> Of a sweet season vocal in a bird,
> Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
> Save June! dear June! now God be praised for June.

with the appreciation of the American who has grown up with the bobolink. Nor can Wordsworth's lines

> O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
> I hear thee and rejoice.
> O cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird
> Or but a wandering voice?

bring to the American that sense of returning spring which they doubtless convey to the Englishman.

The poets may, however, arouse the longing to see the scenes and hear the birds which have inspired them, and it was with feelings of the keenest anticipation that I steamed up St. George's Channel with the unexpectedly mountainous coast of Ireland breaking the horizon to the west. A house martin which had boarded the steamer in latitude 48°, longitude 29°, when we were still nearly one thousand miles from land, and a pair of wheat-ears and a curlew which came aboard 140 miles from Fastnet Light had given us a surprisingly early glimpse of British birds, and we were now convoyed by a fleet of hungry gulls which had joined us in Queenstown harbor.

As we approached the coast of Wales, we encountered small companies of murres and puffins, which nest in certain small rocky islets or "stacks" off the neighboring shore. To the ornithologist the presence of these boreal birds at this season (May 25th) was convincing evidence of high latitude, and, at the same time, an admirable illustration

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of the faunally composite character of English bird life—types we are accustomed to consider representative of northern and southern life zones finding in England congenial surroundings.

Scarce a week now remained of the nightingale's song season, and a meeting with this most famous of feathered musicians was made the first object of our ornithological pilgrimage. The nightingale is a bird of southern England, and without loss of time we passed through Liverpool into England, the England of the poets and birds, bound for London to meet correspondents with news of the most accessible singing nightingales.

Looking back over many thousands of miles of railway travel, I do not recall a more interesting journey than those four hours between Liverpool and London which gave me my first views of English country, and, incidentally, of many English birds. Pictures, which are generally of exceptional rather than of typical scenes, and descriptions I found (and subsequent experience confirmed the opinion) had alike failed to convey a true impression of rural England.

I had been told that England was like a great park, but I found it a farm, and a farm with a surprisingly large acreage in pasture-land. The hedge-rows, too, contained more large trees, and indeed the whole country was more wooded than I had expected to find it. But grass and grazing herds are assuredly more attractive than the best-kept cabbage or turnip fields, and trees are a glory anywhere. In short, therefore, I found the English country less groomed, and just that much more attractive than I had anticipated.

Rooks, starlings, swallows, swifts, skylarks, blackbirds, thrushes, and lapwing plovers were the common birds seen from the train, the latter furnishing a brand-new sensation in bird life. The bird's size, form, and colors, its grace of carriage on the ground, and dashing, erratic, aërial evolutions give it high rank as an attractive part of any avifauna; while its abundance, in spite of the demand which places thousands of its eggs on the market annually, is inexplicable.

Reaching London, connections were at once established with the correspondents who were to present me at the court of the nightingale. Singing-birds were reported from Surrey, and also from Cambridge, and almost before I realized I was in England I found myself at nightfall in quiet Surrey by-ways listening for the

> Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,

and in time the notes of not only one, but of three birds rang out with silvery clearness against the background of the night. They sang for hours. I heard them when they seemed within reach; and with almost equal distinctness when I had gone to my hedge-enclosed home a quarter of a mile across the valley. They were said to be good singers, and I exulted in the completeness of this long-anticipated experience.

The nightingale's song was, of course, unlike my preconceived idea of it. I had expected a rushing outpouring of music, but I found a more deliberate song of disconnected phrases of three to five seconds length each, followed by pauses of almost equal duration.

> The nightingale, in transport, seemed to fling
> His warble out, and then sit listening.

Occasionally a more prolonged strain was given, but, as a whole, the song lacked the force, crescendo and diminuendo effects of a continuous effort. It is a surprisingly loud song, in tone a decided whistle; a wonderfully voluble, varied, but rather hard performance. At times a measure or two suggested portions of the song of our nocturnal singer, the chat, and again some of the more rapid calls reminded one of certain notes of the Carolina wren, but as a whole we have no bird whose song resembles that of the nightingale.

Two days later, at Cambridge, hearing a nightingale singing in the afternoon, when its voice formed merely a part of the spring-time chorus, I was impressed alike with the part the bird's nocturnal habits have played in establishing its reputation as a songster and with the characteristic ornithologic insight displayed in Shakespeare's lines:

> The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren.

At Cambridge I was the guest of an English ornithologist whose home, with its surrounding acres on the Cam, afforded opportunities for making the acquaintance of

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English birds under exceptionally favorable conditions. Not only could I roam where I pleased unquestioned, but the quiet, pastoral beauty of the meadows, hedge-rows, fens, and winding river combined with perfect weather to make a flawless setting for my initial impressions of English bird life.

Here on May 27–29, beside the nightingale, I met the song and missel thrushes, blackbird, skylark, rook, jackdaw, starling, cuckoo, chaffinch, robin redbreast, linnet, wood-pigeon, turtle-dove, corn-crake, moor-hen—all birds whose names are familiar to every English-speaking person—and other less known species, thirty-six in all.

While the same amount of time at a corresponding season anywhere in the Eastern United States would have yielded possibly from twenty to thirty species more, individually the English birds would outnumber ours by at least two to one.

Judged by the volume of its contribution to the chorus of bird music, the song thrush was at this time the most conspicuous bird. In general habits and economy it may be compared to our robin, which it appears to equal in numbers. Its song, however, is a finer performance than that of the American bird. It suggests that of the brown thrasher, but, while it possesses greater variety and brilliancy, it is without the deliberate rhythmic phrasing and lacks the richness and volume which characterize the song of that bird.

Next to the song thrush, and in some places equalling it in numbers, was the blackbird, a thrush duplicating our robin in size and form, but with jet-black plumage and a golden bill, and more trim and alert in appearance. To my ear the blackbird is the most satisfying of English songsters. Its luscious, full-flavored, mellow fluting has in a measure the tender, spiritual quality so pronounced in the voices of our thrushes, and which I found rare in the songs of English birds. There is, too, something naïve, unformed, quaint, and simple in the blackbird's notes which increases both the attractiveness of the song and of the songster.

The missel-thrush, the third of the trio of common breeding thrushes, was now feeding nearly fledged young and had ceased singing, an indication of how much earlier passerine birds nest in England than in our Middle Eastern States.

In spite of an effort not to use preconceived ideals as a standard for the actual thing, I could not conceal from myself a disappointment in the song of the skylark. While one cannot but be impressed with the passionate energy which carries the bird hundreds of feet into the air, there to sing, without a moment's pause, for sometimes ten to twelve minutes, I felt that the bird would sing better if he did not sing so much. He sings both when exhaling and inhaling, and seems often to be out of breath. The result is a marvellous vocal feat surely, but the bird's brilliant twitterings and long-drawn reelings (I could think of no better word with which to describe a marked character of its song) did not appeal to me.

But one can readily imagine that the song of this exceedingly abundant and widely distributed bird might become

> Better than all measures
> Of delightful sound,
> Better than all treasures
> That in books are found,

and before leaving England I found myself listening to it with increasing pleasure.

The singular charm of the cuckoo's simple, double-noted call, however, I at once acknowledged. Even when one hears it for the first time it seems to voice the deeper joys of the life out of doors.

> Each thing to its own depth was stirred—
> Leaf, flower, and heaven's moving cloud.

There is a certain quality in the bird's call which appeals to the ear much as the peacefulness of pastoral scenery affects the eye. The two-syllabled song of our own bob-white, though quite unlike, and far cheerier than that of the cuckoo, has this same power of expressing the purity and joyous serenity of a life near to nature.

The cuckoo, although it calls when flying, is far more often heard than seen, and I found, as a rule, that English birds were much shyer and more difficult to observe than ours, though I am wholly at a loss to account for this apparent difference. The song thrush and redbreast were, however, exceptions.

As a familiar door-step bird one would expect the redbreast to utter some homely little lay, resembling, for example, that of our chipping sparrow. But, on the contrary, its shrill, winding pipe and detached

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fragments of song seemed to me indicative of the wildness and restlessness which characterize some of the notes of the purple finch. The redbreast sings throughout the greater part of the year, and it is evident that one should hear its song during the comparatively silent winter season if one would understand the place it holds in English literature and in the hearts of English people.

The house, or as we miscall it, the English sparrow, claims with the redbreast the privilege of door-step bounty, but I noted with satisfaction that he is no more a favorite at home than he is in the country of his enforced adoption. The Englishman, however, does not regard the bird with the resentment of the American. It is a natural part of his avifauna and he is not responsible for its presence. We, on the other hand, might have avoided a feathered race problem, which each year becomes more serious; and it is this knowledge of our short-sightedness that increases our irritation.

The abundance of this omnipresent pest does not atone for the comparatively limited number of fringilline birds in England. Where she has eighteen species of regular occurrence, we have, in a much smaller area, over thirty. The decrease in numbers of the bullfinch and goldfinch, due to persistent trapping, leaves the chaffinch as the best dressed, most musical bird among the common members of this family. One cannot wander far along an English hedge-row without hearing the clear, metallic *clink-clink* of this tastefully attired species. Its song is a bright if not highly melodious bit of bird music; a series of rather beady, hurried, loud notes with a wren-like trill included between its slower opening and closing bars.

English swallows are much like ours. Their *Hirundo rustica* is almost the counterpart of our barn swallow, their house martin recalls our tree swallow, though the birds differ widely in nesting habits, while their sand martin is, in fact, our bank swallow, the only breeding British land bird absolutely identical with its American representative.

The English swift, however, is a larger, and more striking bird than ours, its forked tail adding greatly to its appearance in the air; but its loud, squealing notes are no more musical than the chattering twitter of our bird.

England has no icterine birds, no orioles, grackles, or blackbirds, as we term them, but in place of the latter there is the starling, one of the most abundant if not the most abundant British bird. One sees it everywhere, and as early as June 2d small flocks of young and old birds were observed, the nuclei of those enormous gatherings which have been pronounced "one of the finest sights that bird life presents in England."

The descendants of starlings introduced into Central Park, New York City, in 1890, now number thousands, and in view of the bird's increasing abundance, I attempted to learn its economic status in England; but in default of prolonged study of its food-habits at all seasons, no satisfactory, conclusive opinion of its relations to man can be formed.

The surprising abundance of rooks, which were everywhere almost as numerous as are our crows in southern New Jersey in winter, also raised the question of the position they held in regard to the agricultural industries of the country, but again in the absence of data no definite answer could be obtained. But there can be no doubt of the importance of the place starlings and rooks occupy in an English landscape. Both are resident throughout the year and in the winter their conspicuousness is doubtless increased.

While the English turtle-dove may be compared to our mourning-dove, we have nothing, in eastern North America at least, to take the place of the splendid wood-pigeon. To an American the abundance, general distribution, and, in places, tameness of so large and, doubtless, so edible a bird is astonishing.

They were common wherever the country was at all wooded, and in some of the parks of London, and other cities, they were seen walking about on the lawns as much at home as were their dove-cot relatives. It follows, then, that the loud, throaty *coo-er-coo, coo coo* of this species and the purring notes of the turtle-dove were rarely wanting from any chorus of English bird song.

Even more surprising than the abundance of the wood-pigeon was the number of moor-hens observed. The bird is almost a duplicate of our Florida gallinule, and I cannot conceive it possible for the latter species to exist in this country under conditions

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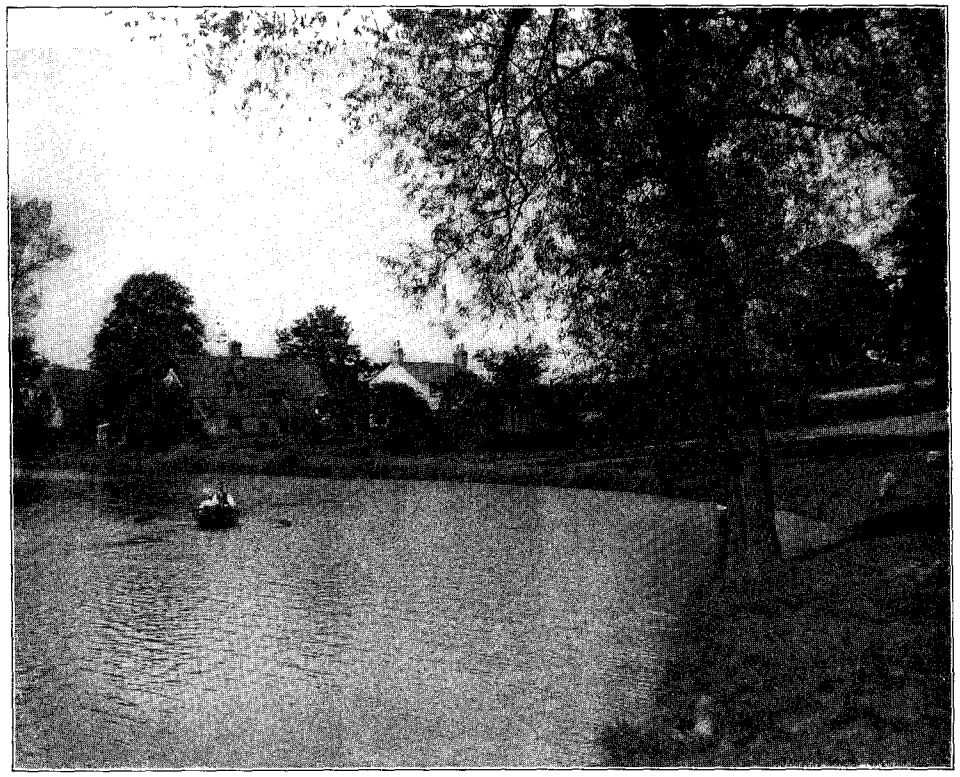

The Cam at Ditton Corner.

which the English bird finds favorable. Every reedy pond and puddle has one or more pairs, they are common in rivers when there is sufficient bordering vegetation to give concealment, and they nest regularly in one of London's most frequented parks.

While it is perhaps natural and desirable that the poets should write of scenes and sounds which circumstances render most characteristic and conspicuous, the result, so far as birds are concerned, is the establishment of misleading standards and undeserved reputations. Thus, either because they were unknown or because they did not fit a theme, some of England's best songsters have been neglected by the poets.

There, for example, is the reed warbler, whose sustained, continued song possesses a variety and volume which makes it to my mind one of the most pleasing of English song birds; or that charming bit of bird music, the easy, flowing, graceful, natural song of the willow warbler. The tree pipit, too, is an exceptionally good singer, while the wild, sweet, rapid, highly lyrical song of the blackcap is a performance of unusual merit, suggesting the song of our orchard oriole.

But whether or not the visiting student of English bird life is fortunate enough to have a friend at Cambridge or some equally favorable locality, he should under no consideration fail to make a pilgrimage to Selborne. To my mind there is no place in England where the characteristic birds of the country can be seen and heard to better advantage.

Five miles from a railway and the nearest town, Selborne does not seem to have changed materially since the days of Gilbert White. Whether as the home of White or as a bit of rural England, Selborne more than satisfies one's preconceived ideals; and they are generally of so composite a nature, so wrought of numberless impressions that usually they are too far from the mark ever to be realized. But he who cannot find in Selborne's lanes and hedge-rows, pastures and cultivated fields, beech woods and gorse, thatched roofs and chimney-pots, sturdy

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A foot-path near Winchester leading to Izaak Walton's haunts in the valley of the Itchen.

horses and plodding teamsters, village and manor home, material with which to construct every picture of English country life he had ever imagined, should control his imagination and develop his constructive abilities.

Birds were abundant at Selborne, as indeed they were everywhere, but the large area and varied topography of public ground near the town affords exceptionally favorable and attractive opportunities for observation to the unintroduced tourist.

But it is primarily because Selborne was the scene of Gilbert White's labors that the nature lover should go there. The experience, too, will go far toward explaining the marvellous vitality of that little volume which has made its author and his home forever famous. He will find it no antiquated, eighteenth-century dissertation of purely bibliographic value, but an exceedingly useful work of reference containing information for which he will search through other English nature books in vain. In short, Gilbert White wrote not only the first but the best book of its class. Need one seek better reasons for its longevity and perennial interest?

From Selborne I went to Winchester for a glimpse of Izaak Walton's haunts in the valley of the Itchen. There is a delightful walk south of the city along a branch of the stream which will lead one to the Itchen itself, flowing peacefully through broad meadows with hedge-streaked downs arising in the distance. Disciples of the good Izaak were diligently casting the fly in waters which evidently still repay the fisherman's wooing; there was always one or more skylarks overhead and below lapwings, stone-chats, wagtails, meadow pipits, and reed buntings.

Winchester brings one within easy reach of the New Forest, one of the places which no naturalist visiting England should fail to see. From the time of William the Conqueror, the New Forest has been a royal preserve and it is to-day one of the few places in England where the tourist may find comparatively primeval conditions. Birds which have become rare or extirpated in other parts of southern England, may

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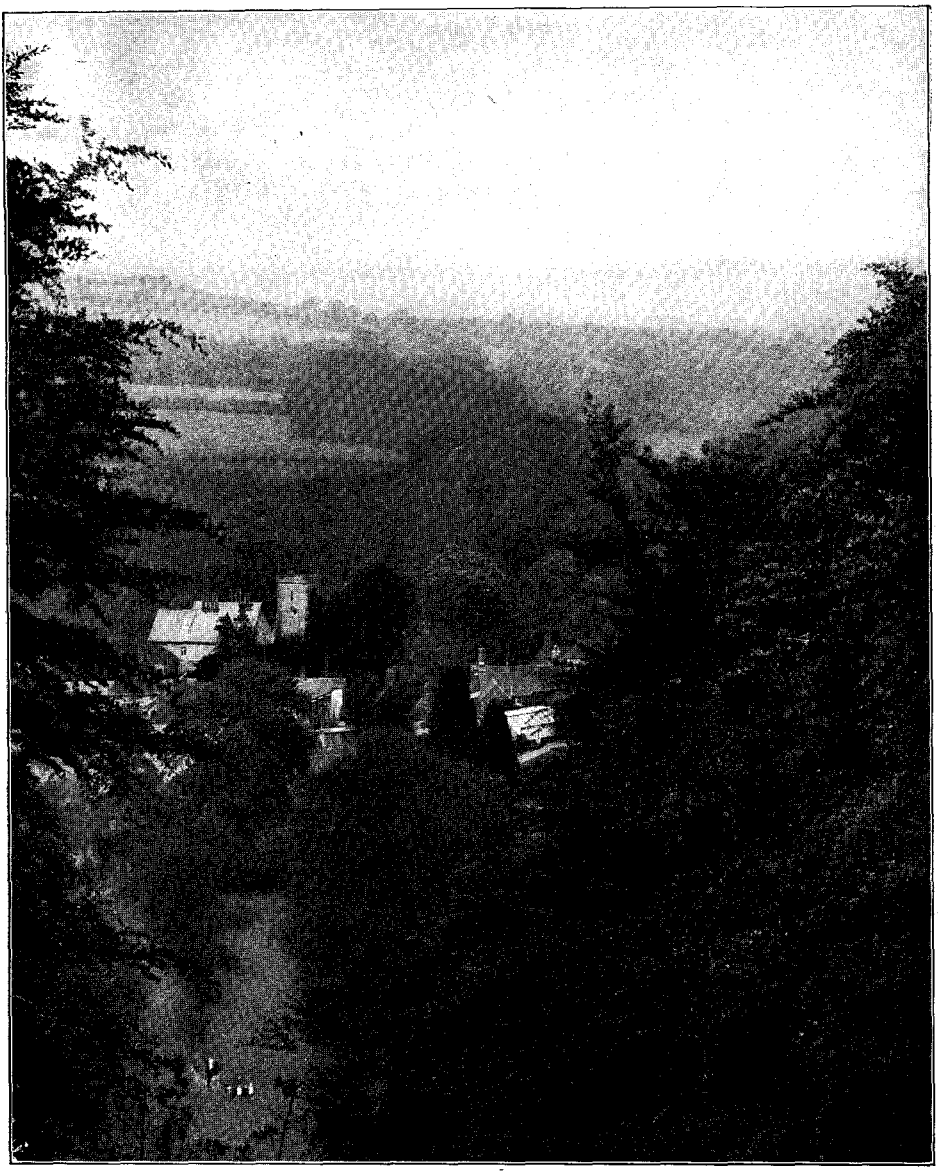

Selborne from the Hanger.

still be found in favorable places in this government reservation.

I went to Holmesley, and drove thence, through Burley, to Picket Post, lodging at an isolated tea-house in the midst of the gorse-covered moors—the home of the Dartford warbler. Near by was a bit of the original forest growth, which doubtless covered a large part of the country at the time of the Norman invasion. Here are magnificent patriarchal beeches, not one, but every tree of exceptional beauty and dignity. The mossy ground beneath, decorated with hyacinth, wood sorrel, and veronica, was as free of undergrowth as a lawn, and stretched away beneath the gray limbs and green leaves into enchanted glades and aisles from which one would not have been surprised to see Robin Hood and his merry men step forth at any moment. Never have I seen a more inviting woodland.

One may drive north through the New

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Beeches in the New Forest.

Forest to Salisbury, where, on the surrounding plains, he will not be out of hearing of skylarks throughout the long English day.

From Salisbury, I went to Oxford, and thence to Stratford and Warwick, and in each place the bird student may pursue his investigations amid charming surroundings. Of the coincident historical and literary associations, it is unnecessary to speak.

At Oxford, Addison's Walk, in the grounds about Magdalene College, give the stranger access to most attractive and secluded retreats, while at Warwick he is permitted a near view of a castle which will show him jackdaws, rooks, starlings, and wood-doves in the setting where literature so frequently places them.

At Stratford he may sit in the churchyard and see the rooks at their nests overhead while the moor-hens disport themselves in rushes of the bordering Avon; and if he will cross the river and follow the north shore about a half a mile, he will come to a fringe of woodland on a bank so steep that the tops of trees growing from the shore below will be on a level with his head. From the narrow, picturesque pathway one therefore has the upper branches within reach of one hand, the lower growth of the other—conditions which bring a rather unusual assemblage of birds within easy range.

Here on a rainy morning (June 11th) I saw in "one look" a nightingale with food for her young, bullfinch, song thrush, willow wren, wren, white-throat, hedge sparrow, chaffinch, blue tit, long-tailed tit, spotted flycatcher, blackcap, blackbird, and chiffchaff. Swallows, house, and bank martins, and swifts were constantly dashing up and down over the river, and from the near-by rolling fields came the song of the skylark—a total of nineteen species seen or heard at virtually the same moment.

Under no circumstances should the bird lover leave England without a visit to some point on the coast or near-by islets frequented by nesting murres, puffins, and razorbills. Doubtless in no part of the world can he so easily reach the haunts of these boreal water-fowl. They may be found in favor-

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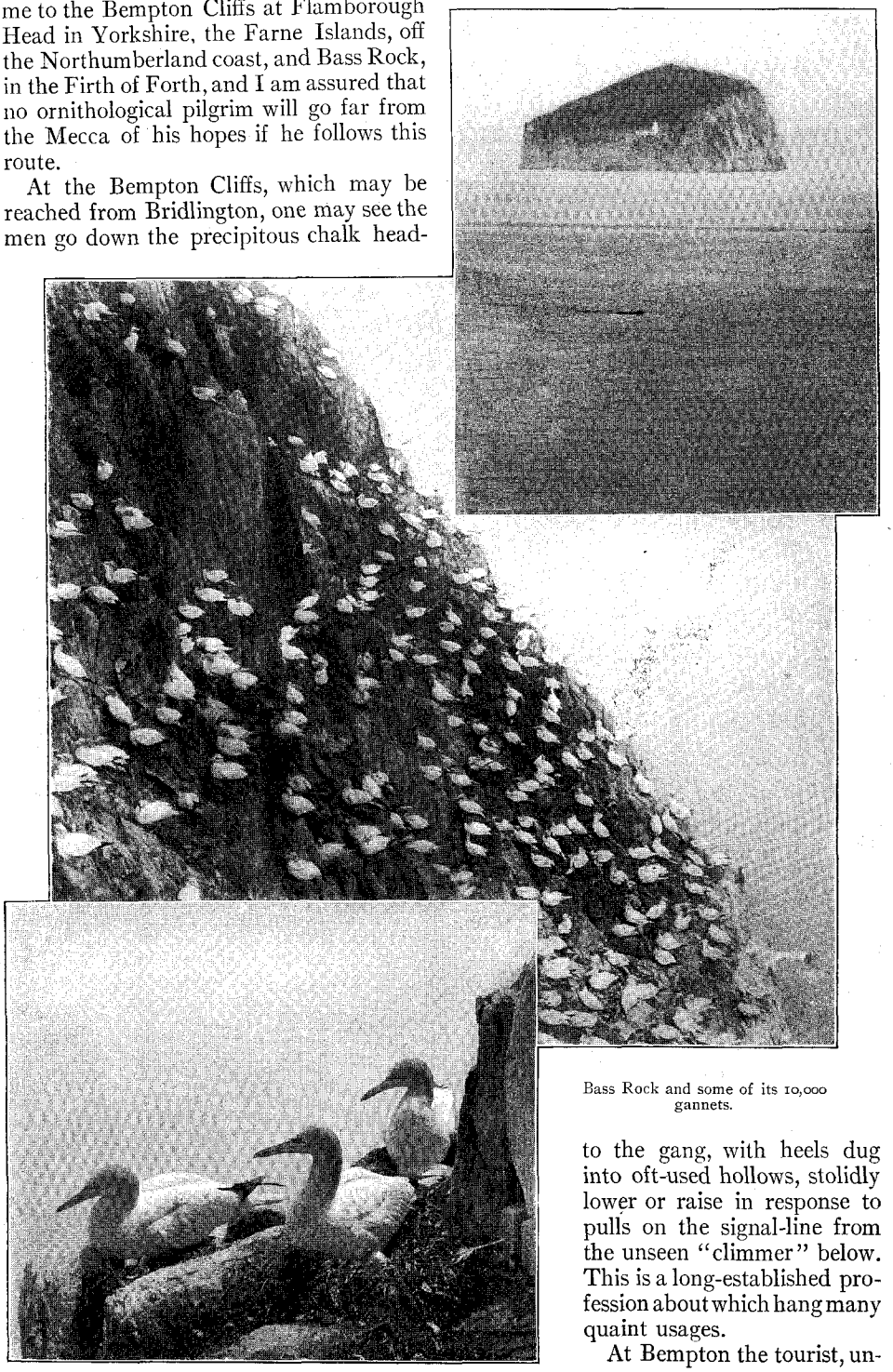
able localities from the Scilly Islands to the Hebrides, but a variety of circumstances led me to the Bempton Cliffs at Flamborough Head in Yorkshire, the Farne Islands, off the Northumberland coast, and Bass Rock, in the Firth of Forth, and I am assured that no ornithological pilgrim will go far from the Mecca of his hopes if he follows this route.

At the Bempton Cliffs, which may be reached from Bridlington, one may see the men go down the precipitous chalk headlands, three to four hundred feet, on a rope, to gather murres' eggs, while their mates, three



Bass Rock and some of its 10,000 gannets.

to the gang, with heels dug into oft-used hollows, stolidly lower or raise in response to pulls on the signal-line from the unseen "climmer" below. This is a long-established profession about which hang many quaint usages.

At Bempton the tourist, un-

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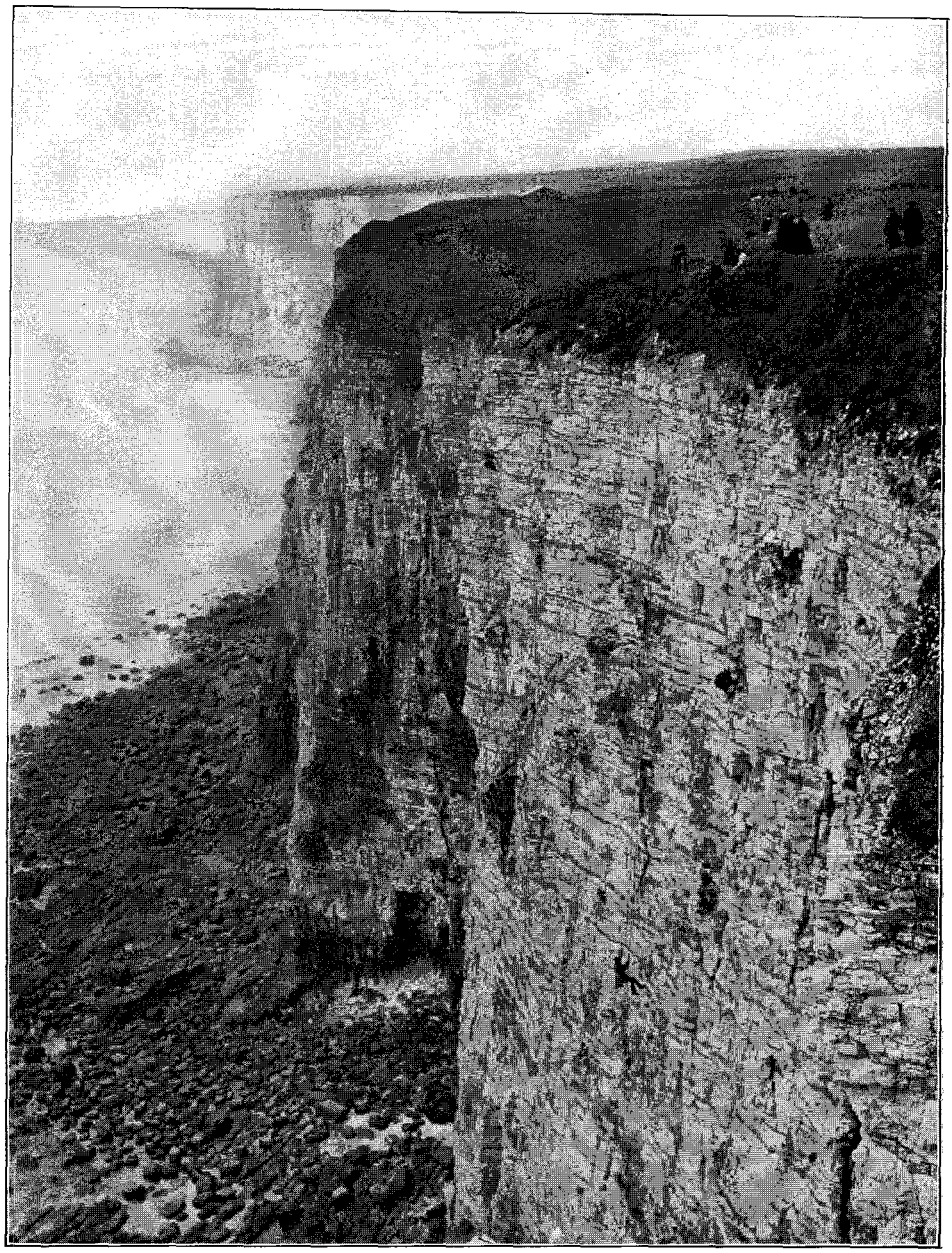

Bird-egging on the Bempton Cliffs.

About 130,000 murres' eggs are gathered here yearly. A "climmer" can be seen on the face of the cliff.

less he be possessed of sufficient nerve to "try the ropes," must content himself with a view of the birds from above, but at the Farnes, if the sea permits, he may land on low islands populated with a myriad of sea-fowl, among whose homes he may walk at ease, while a very little caution will place him on speaking terms with murres, puffins, arctic and sandwich terns, kittiwakes, lesser black-backed gulls, cormorants, and, best of all, eider ducks. The Farnes is the most southern British breeding station of this widely read of but little known bird, and I count as perhaps the most memorable of

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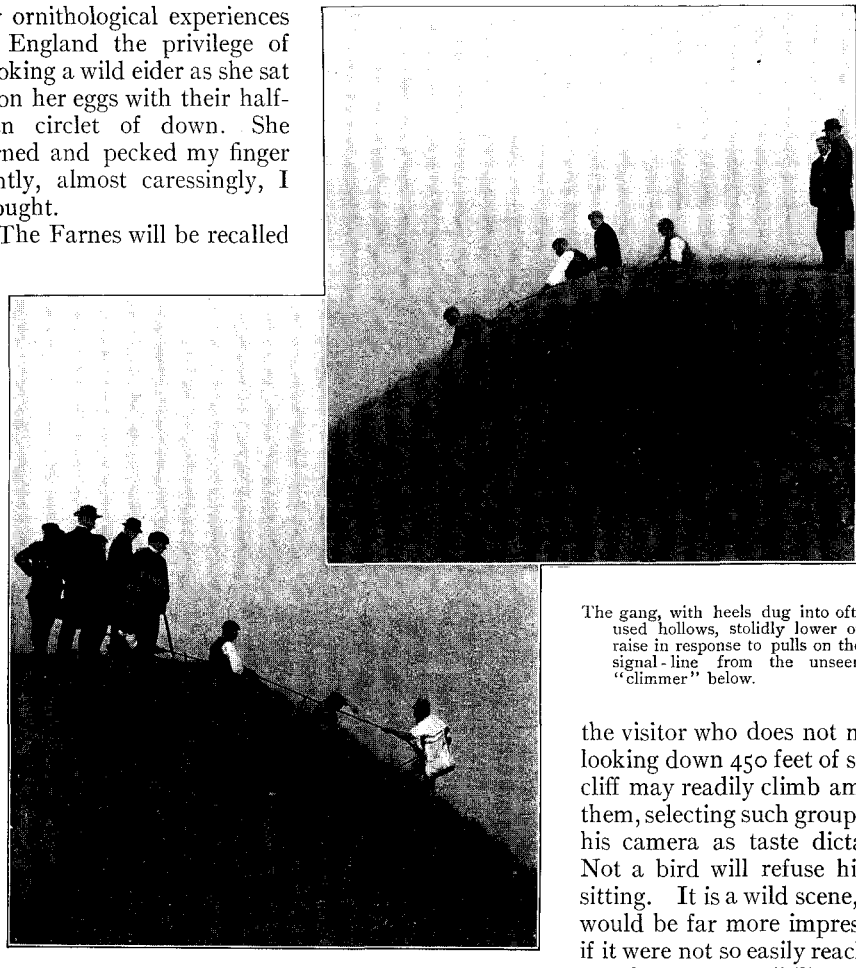
my ornithological experiences in England the privilege of stroking a wild eider as she sat upon her eggs with their half-seen circlet of down. She turned and pecked my finger gently, almost caressingly, I thought.

The Farnes will be recalled as the home of St. Cuthbert and the scene of Grace Darling's heroism, and a connecting historical note is supplied by one of the bird wardens, Jack Darling, a nephew of the light-keeper's famous daughter.



The gang, with heels dug into oft-used hollows, stolidly lower or raise in response to pulls on the signal-line from the unseen "climmer" below.

The "climmer" appears over the edge of the cliff, laden with murres' eggs.

Bass Rock, too, has its history as a prison for dissenters and as the one Scottish stronghold not captured by the Cromwellians, but to the bird student it is known chiefly as the original home, in scientific nomenclature, at any rate, of the gannet or solan goose, which Linnæus named *Sula bassana*, under the impression that this splendid bird inhabited only the Bass. As a matter of fact, it is found on only about a dozen islets in Great Britain, and two in America.

Ten thousand gannets, it is said, nest on the Bass to-day, and so tame are they that the visitor who does not mind looking down 450 feet of sheer cliff may readily climb among them, selecting such groups for his camera as taste dictates. Not a bird will refuse him a sitting. It is a wild scene, but would be far more impressive if it were not so easily reached. But the very accessibility which places the rock (by way of North Berwick and Cantey Bay) within two hours of Edinburgh commends it to the hurried traveller. At the same time one may visit the ruins of Tantallon Castle on the adjoining mainland and in this shattered but noble old stronghold of the Douglasses find again the historical setting which adds so much to the charm of bird study in England; or, to speak more strictly, in Great Britain, for we have crossed the border-line into Scotland and are now within an hour or two of a country differing markedly in topography and, to a lesser degree, in bird life from anything we have seen to the southward.

I must resist, however, the temptation to tell of red grouse, black cock and ptarmigan, wheat-ears, rock thrushes and golden plover, but no bird lover should resist the

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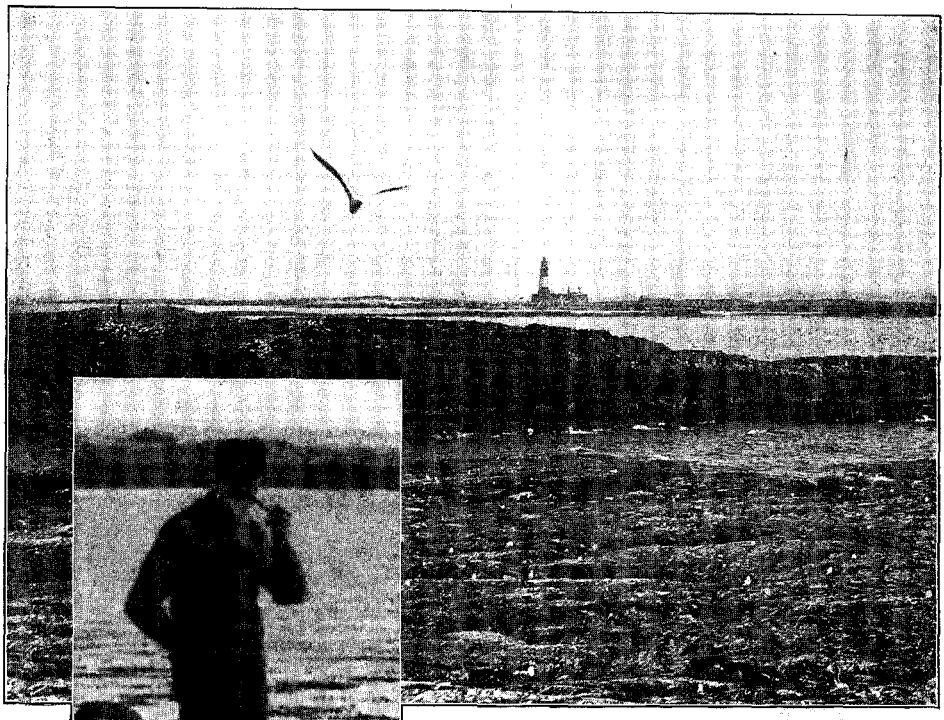

Farne Island Light, the scene of Grace Darling's heroism; and Jack Darling, nephew of the light-keeper's courageous daughter, now employed as a bird warden.

temptation to visit the haunts of these birds amid the lochs and heather-grown moors of the Highlands.

While my very limited experience does not warrant generalization in regard to the attractiveness and musical ability of English birds as compared with ours, there can be no question concerning their greater abundance. Everywhere I was impressed with the truth of this observation, and I cannot conclude this article without some attempt to inquire into the causes underlying this marked numerical difference.

Nest of lesser black-backed gull.

We have, as I have before remarked, a larger number of *species*, and in our northern States birds are more rigidly protected than they are in England, where bird-nesting is universal and bird-trapping locally countenanced.

A variety of factors seem to have operated in producing the results now so noticeable to an American. The most fundamental and far-reaching in its influence appears to be the fact that English birds are less migratory, as a whole, than ours, and are, consequently, not exposed to the dangers which beset birds making extended

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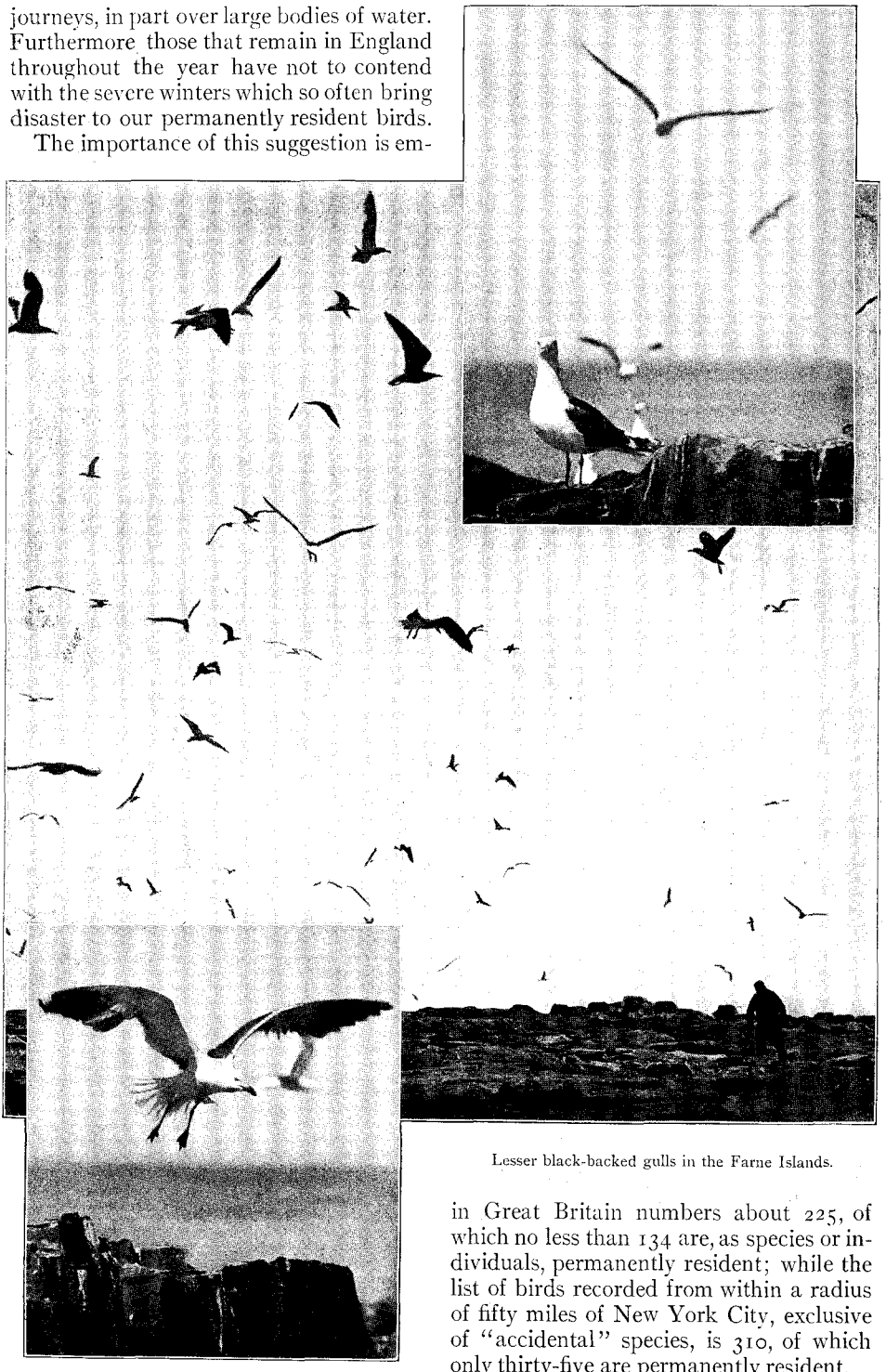
journeys, in part over large bodies of water. Furthermore those that remain in England throughout the year have not to contend with the severe winters which so often bring disaster to our permanently resident birds.

The importance of this suggestion is emphasized when it is expressed in figures. Thus the list of birds of regular occurrence in Great Britain numbers about 225, of which no less than 134 are, as species or individuals, permanently resident; while the list of birds recorded from within a radius of fifty miles of New York City, exclusive of "accidental" species, is 310, of which only thirty-five are permanently resident.



Lesser black-backed gulls in the Farne Islands.

It is also of the first importance to observe that the abundant British birds of to-

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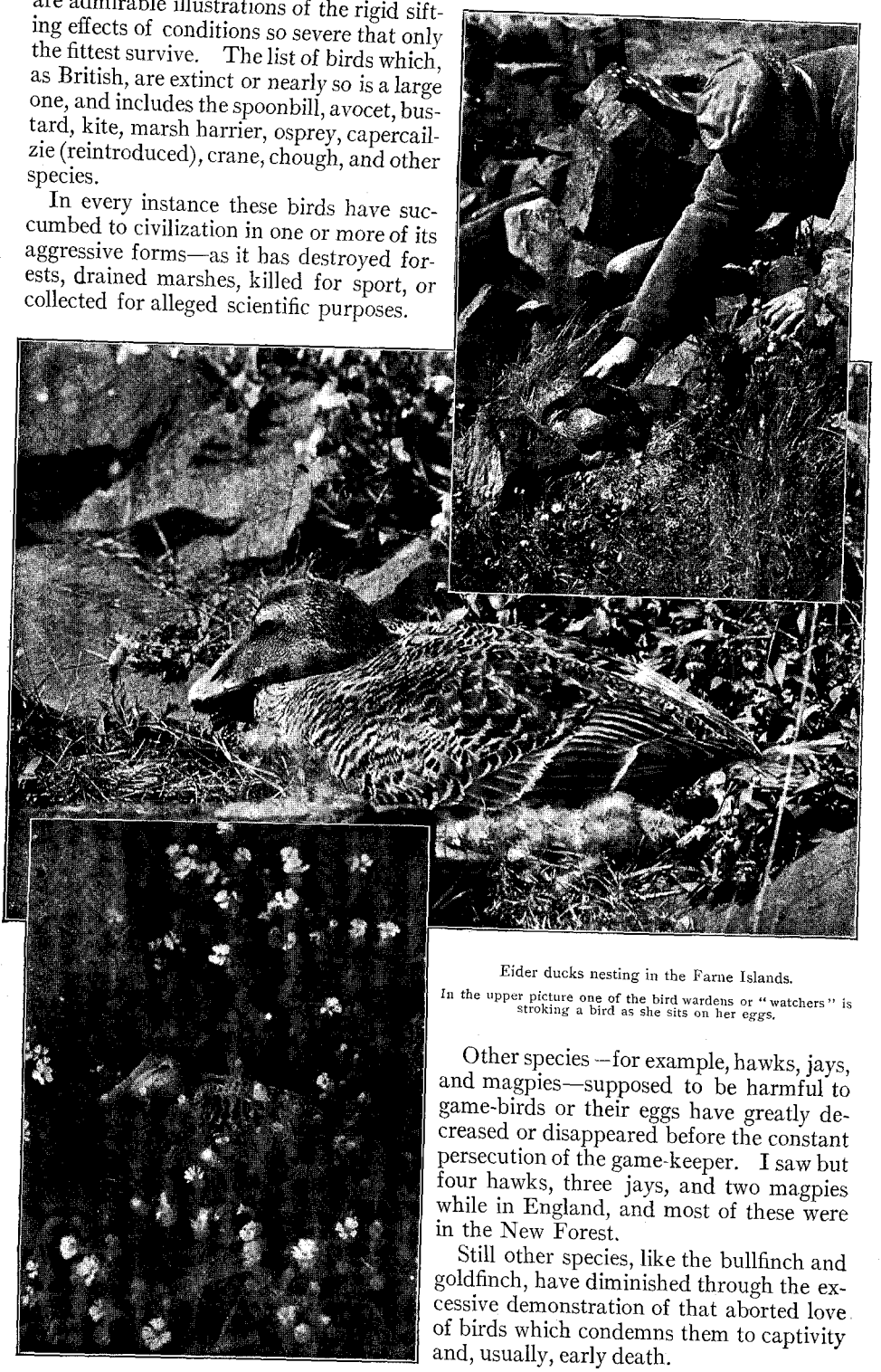
day, the conspicuous successes in bird life, are admirable illustrations of the rigid sifting effects of conditions so severe that only the fittest survive. The list of birds which, as British, are extinct or nearly so is a large one, and includes the spoonbill, avocet, bustard, kite, marsh harrier, osprey, capercailzie (reintroduced), crane, chough, and other species.

In every instance these birds have succumbed to civilization in one or more of its aggressive forms—as it has destroyed forests, drained marshes, killed for sport, or collected for alleged scientific purposes.



Eider ducks nesting in the Farne Islands.
In the upper picture one of the bird wardens or "watchers" is stroking a bird as she sits on her eggs.

Other species—for example, hawks, jays, and magpies—supposed to be harmful to game-birds or their eggs have greatly decreased or disappeared before the constant persecution of the game-keeper. I saw but four hawks, three jays, and two magpies while in England, and most of these were in the New Forest.

Still other species, like the bullfinch and goldfinch, have diminished through the excessive demonstration of that aborted love of birds which condemns them to captivity and, usually, early death.

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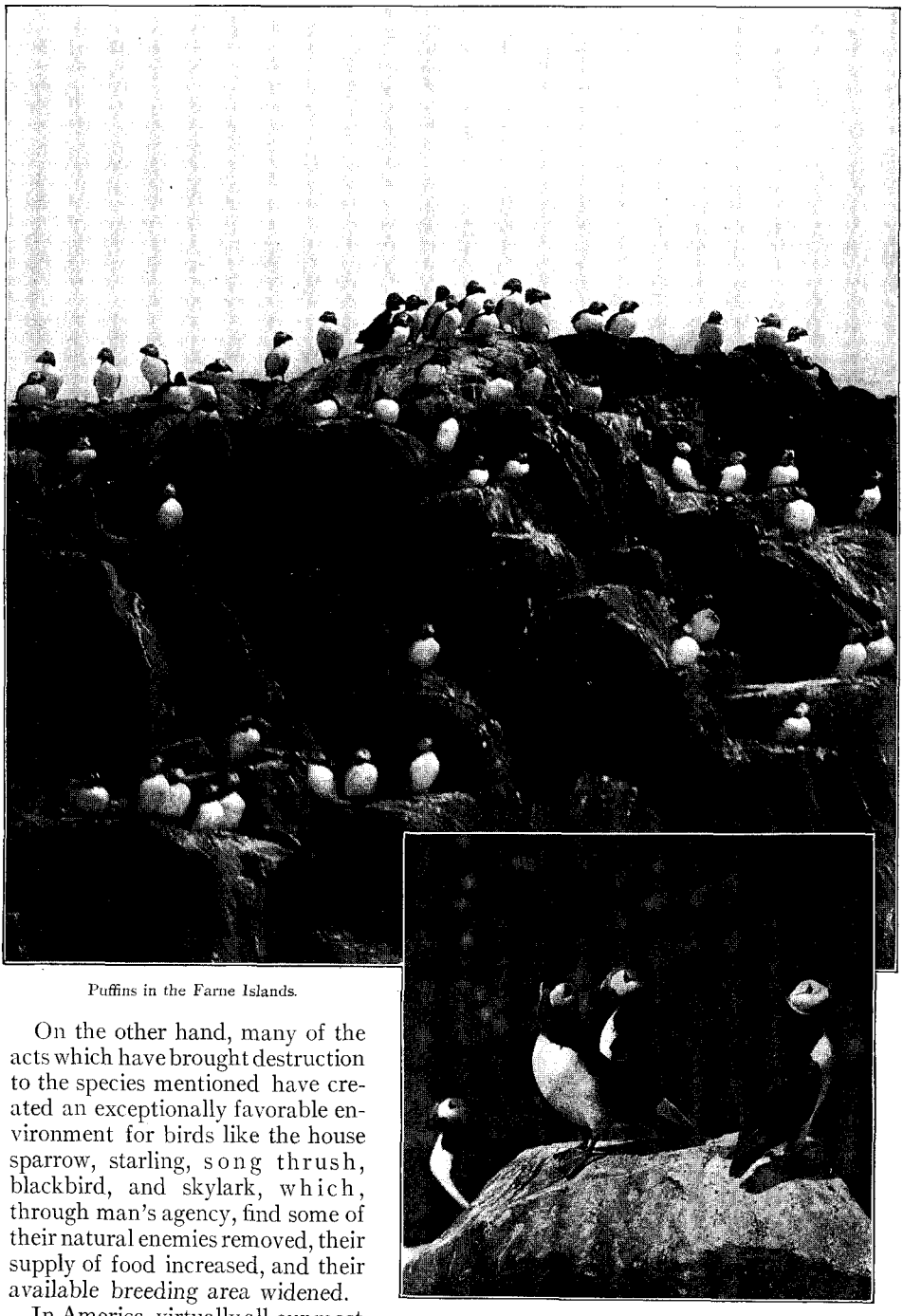

Puffins in the Farne Islands.

On the other hand, many of the acts which have brought destruction to the species mentioned have created an exceptionally favorable environment for birds like the house sparrow, starling, song thrush, blackbird, and skylark, which, through man's agency, find some of their natural enemies removed, their supply of food increased, and their available breeding area widened.

In America, virtually all our most abundant, widely distributed species winter in the United States, and hence are not exposed to those destructive agencies which beset birds migrating over seas. However, leaving out of consideration this cause of high mortality and that occasioned by winter storms, environmental conditions in America are too unsettled, or, at least, are too recently settled, for us to have witnessed that essentially final adjustment between

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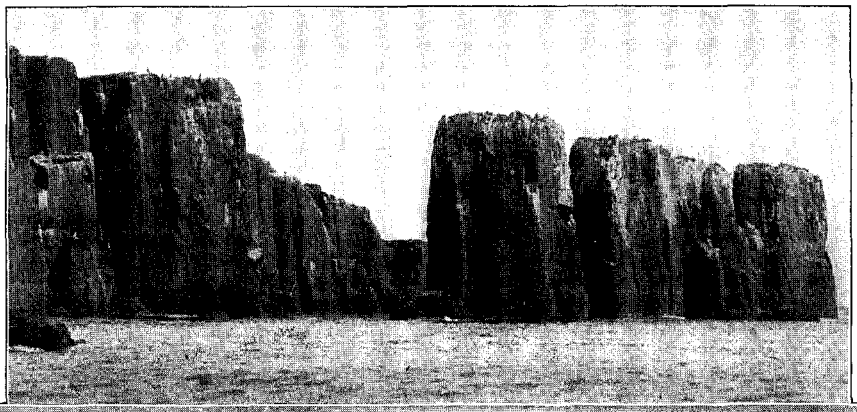

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1. The Pinnacles in the Farnes. 2. The murre-covered top of one of the Pinnacles *a*, photographed from the adjoining cliff *b*. 3. Kittiwake on nest.

the bird and the sum total of its surroundings, such as we observe in England.

Our robin, or migratory thrush, as our English cousins call it, appears, however, to have established satisfactory relations with the world as it finds it and is as pre-eminently a success in bird life as its English representative, the song thrush.

Let us hope that with other species, also, we may be able so to control the selective and determining processes which are now shaping the America of succeeding generations that those who come after us will lose no part of their rich heritage in bird life.

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PLURIBUS JONES AND HOW HE CAME INTO HIS OWN

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

I

LOGICALLY, there should have been nothing in common between Pinkey Barstow and Pluribus Jones. They were as unlike as an apple-dumpling and a soda-cracker. Physically, socially, and mentally they were different, from their various attitudes toward life as a whole to their respective tastes for tobacco. Barstow indulged moderately in cigarettes, Jones was incessantly whittling a black plug to fill his cutty-pipe. Pinkey, to return to the simile, was the apple-dumpling, Pluribus the soda-cracker.

It was through their relations to the Pan-American Construction Company that they were discovered to each other. Mr. Barstow happened to be vice-president of the concern. Not that he was a captain of industry, or anything of the sort. His natural talents fitted him better to be a brigadier of leisure.

At one and thirty, by which time a man is supposed to have given some indication of the sort of thing which may be expected of him, Pinkey Barstow could point to but one instance when he had achieved distinction. During his senior term he had coached an unpromising crew of 'varsity oarsmen into such shape that they won an unexpected victory, and for five years thereafter he had done nothing more, save live in the manner which his somewhat luxurious tastes dictated.

Incidentally he had been persuaded by an old friend of his father to invest the remainder of his fortune in purchasing a one-third interest in the Pan-American Construction Company, accepting the complimentary office of vice-president under protest. Occasionally after that, chiefly because it seemed rather a humorous thing to do, he would appear at his desk in the company's offices and ask absurd questions as to the concern's complicated interests. One day, however, to the astonishment of all interested, he announced that he had secured some business for the company.

"Met a chap at dinner last night and fixed up a deal," he observed. "I have the papers, all drawn up and clinched with signatures, too. There they are," and he tossed a fat envelope on the directors' table.

An examination of the documents produced consternation and dismay. Mr. Barstow, in his capacity as vice-president, had not only undertaken a contract to furnish the city of Guanica with a complete water works system within five months from date, but had agreed to give forfeit bonds to a scandalous amount binding the company to finish the job at the specified time.

"Great Scott!" gasped the gray-haired, keen-eyed president of the Pan-American Construction Company. "Why didn't you ask us about this thing before you signed it?"

"Never thought of that," responded Pinkey blandly. "Just where is this Guanica, anyway?"

Guanica, he was informed, was the capital of one of those tempestuous little republics bordering the Caribbean, a state in which revolution was the chief industry and from which yellow fever was the principal export.

"The señor said it would be a good thing for us," protested Pinkey. "Isn't the price right?"

"Oh, yes, the price is all right; too good to be true, in fact. It's the five months forfeit clause that's all wrong. Suppose we should slip up and had to pay that? Why, it would wipe us out."

"Then we'd better not slip up," sagely commented Mr. Barstow, and with that he dismissed the matter.

Luckily they were able to sublet the machinery and building contracts, but no one

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wanted the job of delivering and laying the pipes—not at any price. The reason was soon apparent. Iron water-pipes were just then very difficult of purchase anywhere in the country. The Pittsburg puddlers, whoever or whatever they might be, were on strike. In other places where water-pipes were made the stock on hand had been ordered months in advance.

"I'm afraid it's all day with us," groaned the president, after these facts had been ascertained. "Barstow, it's up to you."

"To do what?" asked Barstow blankly.

"To get those water-pipes, take them to Guanica, and lay 'em."

"You can't?"

The heads of the Pan-American Construction Company assured him that they could not.

"Then I'll do it," said Pinkey complacently.

It was then that he sent for Pluribus Jones.

II

THAT was not his christening name, to be sure, but it was the name which had been carried on the pay-roll of the Pan-American Construction Company for more than a dozen years. Originally it had been E Pluribus Unum Jones, and whoever first made this application of the national motto had a nice sense of fitness, if not of reverence. For truly he was a Jones out of many. He was not as other Joneses. He was original, unique.

Among the few amusing traditions which the company had accumulated during its existence most of them had to do with Pluribus Jones. Being sent with a wrecking gang to pull down a condemned tenement block, he was found attacking with crowbars and screwjacks a brand new flat building, in calm defiance of the frantic owner and panic-stricken tenants. It required a court injunction and a squad of police reserves to stop him. Someone had sent him to the wrong street.

He had other unusual traits, such as a fondness for wearing bizarre clothes, a passion for raising cabbages during his leisure summer hours, and a habit of throwing up his job about once in six months—always being persuaded to return to it next day. But mainly his distinguishing characteristic was a lack of self-confidence, an absence of initiative, an absolute dependence on the letter of his instructions.

Of most of these things Pinkey Barstow had heard, and he had chuckled over them. He had even hunted up Jones at his work and watched him with silent enjoyment. Now he was gazing at him with the enthusiasm of a discoverer as Mr. Jones sat on the edge of a chair in the vice-president's private office, hesitating whether to put his hat on the rug or hold it in his lap.

Mr. Jones was not a handsome man, nor a big one. He was lean and undersized and of uncertain age, probably somewhere in the forties. Also he was amazingly plain featured, with a bristly, undecorative sandy mustache, a peculiar scar bisecting his left jaw, and one useless eye which stared, stonily, sternly, and unseeingly straight ahead, while the other shifted uncertainly this way and that.

This lack of personal attractiveness, however, rather increased than impaired his value to the Pan-American Construction Company. Under the baleful glare of that sightless eye a gang of Italian laborers would do more work in a day than any foreman could get out of them in three. And no wonder. Judging him by that bristly mustache, that bisected chin, that one bad eye, you might believe him capable of committing almost any atrocity, from plain assault and battery to multiple homicide.

Yet at heart Pluribus was a mild, peace-loving person. His ordinary speaking voice was a low-pitched, apologetic monotone, although when he was deeply stirred it had in it a few squeakily harsh notes. He was almost a timid man, too, and had not chance bestowed on him a deceptive exterior he would have been generally bullied.

Such was the lieutenant whom Pinkey Barstow had chosen in this crisis of his affairs.

"Jones," said Barstow, beaming genially upon him, "you and I have got to get 150 tons of water-pipe delivered in New York within fifteen days. The foundry people say we can't have 'em. But we must. I want you to find a way to make those fellows loosen up. How soon can you start for Pittsburg?"

Pluribus Jones gasped. He could have been no more astonished had he been asked to take a wheelbarrow and dam the Hudson.

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"Me, Mr. Barstow! You don't want me, do you?"

"Of course I want you. Why not?"

"But—but— Why, Mr. Barstow, I—I couldn't——"

"Oh, yes, you could," interrupted Barstow soothingly. "You're the only man connected with this concern who can do it. I know you, because I've had an eye on you for the last few months. I've seen what's in you. Now don't bother me with details, for I don't know 'em; and don't fuss about expense. Go where you like, spend what you please, but get—that—pipe." Whereupon Pinkey Barstow put his heels on the closed cover of his roll-top desk and opened his morning paper to the sporting page.

Mopping the perspiration from his forehead, Pluribus Jones retreated to the outer office, slumped into a chair, and remained in a dazed condition for fully half an hour. Then he roused and tiptoed to the door of Mr. Barstow's room. Pinkey beamed once at him over his newspaper, and gave him no more attention. Twice this performance was repeated. At 12.30 Mr. Barstow departed for luncheon, patting Mr. Jones on the back as he passed.

Then arose Pluribus Jones, demanding facts, figures, time-tables, and a check-book. The six-o'clock express bore him west. He was absent ten days. When he reappeared there were lines about his mouth corners, his forehead was wrinkled, his eyes were sunken. He announced that the water-pipes were on their way east.

III

With the vicissitudes attending the further progress of those water-pipes toward Guanica this narrative is not chiefly concerned. Doubtless the details would be interesting from an industrial or a technical standpoint. For there were vicissitudes. They began with a scarcity of South American bound steamers. How the half-owner and captain of the Norwegian banana-carrying tramp, *King Olaf*, was induced to accept cargo for a port two days' sail beyond his legitimate destination, how the voyage started with a bump from an East River car float, and was further enlivened by encountering a tropic-born hurricane off the island of Jamaica—these items must be accepted in a lump.

The eccentric behavior of a propeller blade during the storm, however, is of more or less importance. The blade had been cracked by contact with a piece of wreckage. Ultimately it was "raced off" the shaft, but instead of dropping quietly and decently to the bottom of the sea, it elected to be hurled violently through the stern plates, leaving a jagged hole exactly at the *King Olaf's* water-line. You could have thrown a cat through that hole. Promptly the Caribbean began pouring in faster than two steam-pumps could lift it out. To lighten the stern it was found necessary to shift part of the water-pipes to the forward deck, where they were piled hastily and promiscuously.

Thus it happened that when the rusty-funnelled banana steamer, after some fifteen days of unquiet navigation, finally limped within sight of Guanica she was wofully down by the head, steering like a mud-scow and looking like a floating foundry. Then, with the coveted port nearly gained, with a much-needed dry-dock almost within hail, the final blow fell.

Pluribus Jones had come below to make report of it. Leaning against a cabin stanchion, he gazed dolefully at Mr. Barstow.

That gentleman, although the hour was only eight in the evening, was reclining in his berth. This was because he spent most of his time there, not by reason of illness, but from choice. He was attired, as usual, in striped pajamas of baby blue and white. He had clasped his hands behind his head, revealing two bare forearms, dimpled at the elbow and of that fair softness of tint which made his nickname appropriate. Mr. Barstow was not posing. He had assumed that position in order to avoid being spilled out on the cabin floor, for the *King Olaf* was still wallowing most ungracefully over the perturbed surface of the Caribbean.

"Well, Pluribus," observed Pinkey Barstow, "I see that the old tub is still afloat. But why have they stopped her? Engines broken down?"

"It's worse than that, sir," gloomily responded Mr. Jones. "The engines are all right, but we can't go into port. We've just been warned to stay out."

A revolution, it seemed, was then in progress. The rebels had seized the Guanican navy, one second-class gunboat, and were about to try conclusions with the antiquated old fort which was supposed to guard the

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city. An outgoing coast-liner had just hailed the *King Olaf*, bringing news of the state of affairs.

"That's interesting, eh?" commented Mr. Barstow. "And what does Captain Andersen say?"

"Say!" ejaculated Jones. "He says a lot. First he ups and cusses us and them water-pipes most outrageous. Then he says he's going to pitch 'em all overboard and steam back to Jamaica after repairs and bananas."

"Throw our pipes overboard!" Mr. Barstow lifted himself on a dimpled elbow. His mild blue eyes livened with interest. "The deuce he is! Pluribus, you go up and tell that pie-faced old viking not to touch one of those pipes—not a single one."

"That's just what I've been a-doing, Mr. Barstow."

"Yes; and then?"

"Then he jumps for me with an iron belaying-pin and I guesses he means for me to go below—so I came."

Pinkey Barstow grinned appreciatively. "Pluribus, you're a mind-reader. Have you any idea what you're going to do next?"

"No, sir."

For a moment Mr. Barstow fixed on him those mild blue eyes. Then he spoke, calmly and without passion. "Well, you're going back on deck to see that those pipes are not thrown overboard and that Captain Nudd Andersen takes this leaky old kettle straight into Guanica and ties her up at the nearest wharf."

The one good eye of Pluribus Jones stared in astonishment at the pajama-clad person in the berth.

"But, Mr. Barstow, the—the revolution. They'll be shooting cannon-balls all over the harbor. They'll——"

"See here, Jones; what have we come all the way down here for? To bring these water-pipes and lay 'em in the streets of Guanica, haven't we? And now that we're here, do you suppose we're going to be stopped by one of their dinky little revolutions? We are on a civil business. Those chaps will not dare shoot at us—couldn't hit us if they did. So you go on up and tell that fool captain to steam ahead. You seem to know how to tame him."

"But—but——" The complexion of Pluribus Jones had become a light pea-green under the pale rays of the swinging lamp. His lean fingers clasped and unclasped nervously.

Not to make a mystery of these symptoms, Mr. Jones was frightened. He had less fear of the angry Norwegian captain, however, than of the responsibility involved. His face had not blanched during the hurricane. The management of the steamer had rested on other shoulders. He had smoked his pipe and watched the fury of the storm with an impersonal interest, like a spectator at a play. Nor had he been frightened when he had been chased below. No, Jones was not that kind of a coward. It was this being thrown on his own resources which made him quail.

But now, as previously, he began to feel the influence of those calm, confident eyes of Mr. Barstow. They were regarding him once more in a way that suggested a wonderful faith in him. Gradually the unhealthy hue faded from the cheeks of Pluribus Jones.

"Perhaps, Jones, you'll need that artillery of yours that we've lugged along. Better get it out."

Mr. Barstow spoke with careless ease, just as if all obstacles had already been met and overcome. Reaching under his pillow, he brought forth his cigarette materials and proceeded to manufacture one of those paper-clad abominations. As he fitted a leaf of rice-paper between the fingers of his left hand he glanced up at Pluribus and smiled. It was a most engaging smile, conveying as it did a hint of unbounded confidence in the object of it.

Jones hesitated no longer. Going to his own berth opposite, he pulled from a locker two long-barrelled revolvers of big bore—blued-steel, business-like appearing engines of sudden death. Then, buckling around his waist a leather belt bristling with cartridges, he started up the companion-way stairs.

On deck the preparations for jettisoning those objectionable pipes were under way. A derrick-boom had been rigged above the main hatch and the blocks were beginning to creak under the weight of a dozen six-inch pipes. Captain Nudd Andersen, wide-eyed, beetle-browed, bull-throated, looked up to see Mr. Jones coming forward. He had anticipated further argument, for he still gripped the iron belaying-pin.

This Jones, however, seemed a very different personage from the one who had so recently been chased below. Nor was the

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difference wholly due to the big revolvers and the cartridge belt. His whole bearing was formidable. There was a menacing look in those unmated eyes of his.

Mr. Jones wasted no time. Elevating one of his weapons to an angle of forty-five degrees directly above the captain's head, he pulled the trigger. The revolver spoke roaringly, and a forty-eight calibre bullet flattened itself with a vicious spat against the steamer's funnel.

The ensuing panic was immediate and comprehensive. The derrick tackle ceased creaking. The crew took to cover. Captain Andersen scrambled behind a water-butt and lay down with his face to the deck. Again Jones fired, the bullet zipping through the forward rigging. There was no response. The *King Olaf's* crew contained no impromptu heroes. It was composed entirely of Norwegian sailormen, hired at a ridiculously low monthly wage, and not one of them had a desire to be shot at. Pluribus was master of the situation.

Announced that he had secured some business.—Page 721.

So, after a quarter of an hour's powwow between Mr. Jones and Captain Andersen, the latter emerged cautiously from behind the water-butt and gave the order to go ahead. Lumberingly the *King Olaf* got under way and made for the black mouth of the inner harbor that was outlined on either side by winking range lights. As she poked her junk-piled nose past the first of these lights those aft could make out a gunboat at anchor abreast the frowning walls of the distant fort. It was true, then. There were lights on the gunboat, and from her decks came the rattle of ammunition hoists and the shrill call of a bo'sun's whistle. She was clearing for action.

On the banana steamer terror, or a good imitation of it, reigned. Amidships were gathered most of the crew, pointing nervously at the war-ship and casting glances of appeal astern. Just forward of the after-cabin stood Captain Andersen and his mates, exchanging gruff whispers. Against the taffrail leaned Pluribus Jones, one of his big revolvers in either hand, and his good eye fixed sternly on the man at the wheel. Mr. Jones was getting nervous, too.

At this critical moment a high-pitched shout of warning arose from the gunboat. The next instant the white finger of a search-light was stretched out across the dark water and touched tentatively the *King Olaf's* quarter-deck. As Mr. Jones turned his dazzled eyes away from the blinding light his gaze fell upon Pinkey Barstow, who, immaculate in white ducks, had just emerged from the companion-way. Then a gun boomed on the war-ship, and off to leeward was heard a sousing splash. The knot of Norwegian sailors in the waist ducked as one man.

"The beggars meant that for us, didn't they, Jones?" observed Mr. Barstow.

"I—I guess they did," admitted Jones faintly.

"Well, they mustn't do it again. We'll run in a little nearer, Jones, and then you take a boat and go over and tell 'em to stop. Tell 'em you'll send for the whole United States navy if they don't."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell 'em. I'll get ready right away." There was a note of relief in the voice of Pluribus Jones. Once more his responsibility had been shifted. All that remained now was to obey orders and, compared to acting for himself, that was easy.

Eagerly he darted down into the cabin. When he reappeared he was wonderfully garbed. About his spare form hung in loose folds a long-skirted policeman's coat with

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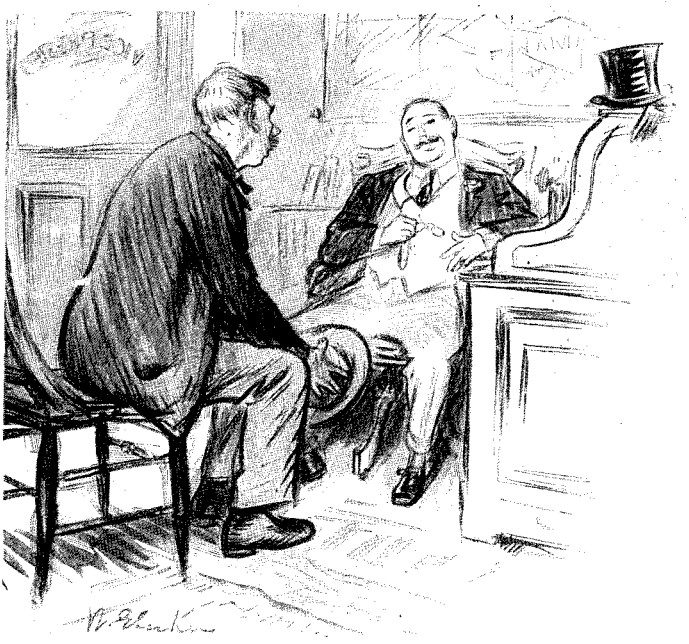
two rows of brass buttons up and down the front. On his head was a huge fireman's helmet, one of those varnished leather affairs, with a shield in front and an eagle's head on top.

"I see you have your visiting clothes on, Jones," suggested Mr. Barstow. "Are you all ready?"

"Yes, sir, all ready."

The *King Olaf* was stopped. Jones ordered a boat lowered, and when it was in the water, singled out a sailor to accompany him. Sullenly the man dropped into the boat and took up the oars. Off into the uncertain haze of cloud-filtered moonlight went Pluribus Jones on his audacious errand.



Hesitating whether to put his hat on the rug or to hold it in his lap.—Page 722.

IV

Really it was more than audacity. To most of those on the *King Olaf's* deck it looked like sheer folly. Why Pinkey Barstow should send Jones on such a foolhardy enterprise no one will ever know. Mr. Barstow himself did not know at the time, as he has since confessed. Perhaps it was merely an impulse born of utter desperation, perhaps it was prompted by a reckless desire to discover just how strong was his control over the pliable Pluribus. To those who knew him best Pinkey Barstow could be accounted for only in algebraic terms: Let x equal the unknown quantity, which was Pinkey. That Mr. Barstow had no definite plan beyond sending Jones off to the insurgent gunboat the subsequent events clearly showed.

The noise of the oars grew fainter and fainter, and died away. Five minutes passed—ten. Over the darkened harbor of Guanica settled an ominous silence. There lay the gunboat, her lights still shining, but no more cannon-shot boomed across the water. Off to port, nearly two miles away, loomed the black bulk of the silent fort; beyond that, rising tier on tier as the streets climbed the hills, glimmered the capital of Guanica.

Half an hour elapsed without word or sign from the gunboat. What did they mean to do? Did they intend to fire on the steamer again, or would they begin their duel with the fort? And what was happening to Jones?

Finally, coming faintly but distinctly, was heard a hail:

"Oh, Bar-stow!"

It was the voice of Pluribus Jones.

"What—do—you—want?" roared Pinkey through his hands.

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"Come—over—here; I've—got—the—gunboat," responded the invisible Jones.

Incredible as the import of the words might be, there could be no mistaking it, for the shrill voice of Pluribus had good carrying qualities.

"Got the gunboat!" echoed Pinky Barstow, staring blankly at the bull-throated Captain Andersen. "What the deuce do you suppose he means by that?"

"I dank he go looney by himself," growled the sailor.

"Well, you're mistaken, captain. If Jones says he's got the gunboat, then he has. We'd best run over and see. Get under way."

The *King Olaf's* commander grumbled some, but gave the order, and within a few minutes the banana steamer was laid alongside the war-ship, and Mr. Barstow had transferred himself to her deck. He was greeted by Pluribus Jones, who, unharmed, unfettered, the fire helmet cocked rakishly over one ear, swaggered forward with the air of a conqueror.

"I've got a war-ship here, Mr. Barstow, and I'd like to know what to do with it," was his salutation.

"Pluribus, what the devil do you mean by saying that you've got the gunboat? Where's the crew?"

"Blessed if I know, Mr. Barstow. There wasn't a soul aboard when I got here. I could hear them rowing off down the harbor, and when I got to the ship there wasn't one of 'em left. I couldn't tell 'em what you said, of course, so I just climbed up and took possession."

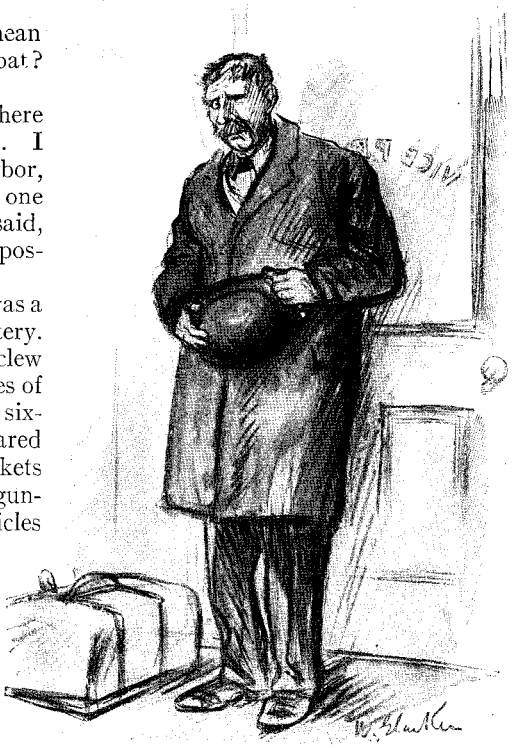
And that was all there was to it. It was a mystery—a full-fledged, life-size mystery. Search as they might they could find no clew to it. On the decks were certain traces of confusion and hasty departure. The six-pounders had been cast loose and prepared for action. There were the swab-buckets and the piles of solid shot, just as the gunners had left them. In the cabin articles of uniforms were scattered about, while rummaged lockers spoke of a sudden leave-taking.

But what had been the cause? Why should the Guanican rebels abandon their prize just at the moment when they were about to train her guns on the old fort? Mr. Barstow gave it up.

As for Jones, he was not interested in the conundrum. The one important fact to him was that, unaided, single-handed, and of his own motion, he had captured a war-ship. No one had told him to do it. The feat had not even been suggested. But he had done it. Here was substantial evidence of his achievement. Moment by moment he straightened and stiffened. He held his chin well up. He wagged his head when he talked. His stride became a strut. With a delicious air of proprietorship he conducted Pinkey Barstow about the gunboat, finally leading him up to the bridge.

"I'm going to have a look at that fort," he declared, swinging the search-light around and fumbling with the switch keys.

Presently he found the proper combination, and a broad white ray leaped over the water. Out of the distant darkness jumped the crumbling bastions and mouldy casements of Guanica's century-old *moro*. As the circle of light swung up the walls the central tower was revealed, and they saw that from a staff a flag was floating.



He announced that the water-pipes were on their way east. —Page 723.

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"Jones, isn't that a white flag?" demanded Mr. Barstow.

"I should say it was white."

"Then the fort must have surrendered."

"Yes," observed Mr. Jones complacently, "I expect that I've captured that, too."

Never did Roman general thundering down the Via Appia with his victorious legions at his heels enjoy a keener satisfaction than was granted to Pluribus Jones there on the deck of Guanica's only gunboat. His pose was superb. Thrusting one hand between the brass buttons of the police coat's capacious breast, squaring his shoulders anew, he gazed at the white rag that waved dejectedly above the old tower.

"Do you know, Mr. Barstow, this is the first war-ship I ever took, and that's the only fort I ever captured? It's a funny feeling, ain't it?"

With never a smile on his bland features Pinkey Barstow turned and held out his hand.

"Mr. Jones, allow me to congratulate you. But you were bound to do it sooner or later. I knew that long ago."

"Honest, Mr. Barstow? Did you think I could?"

The crew took to cover.—Page 725.

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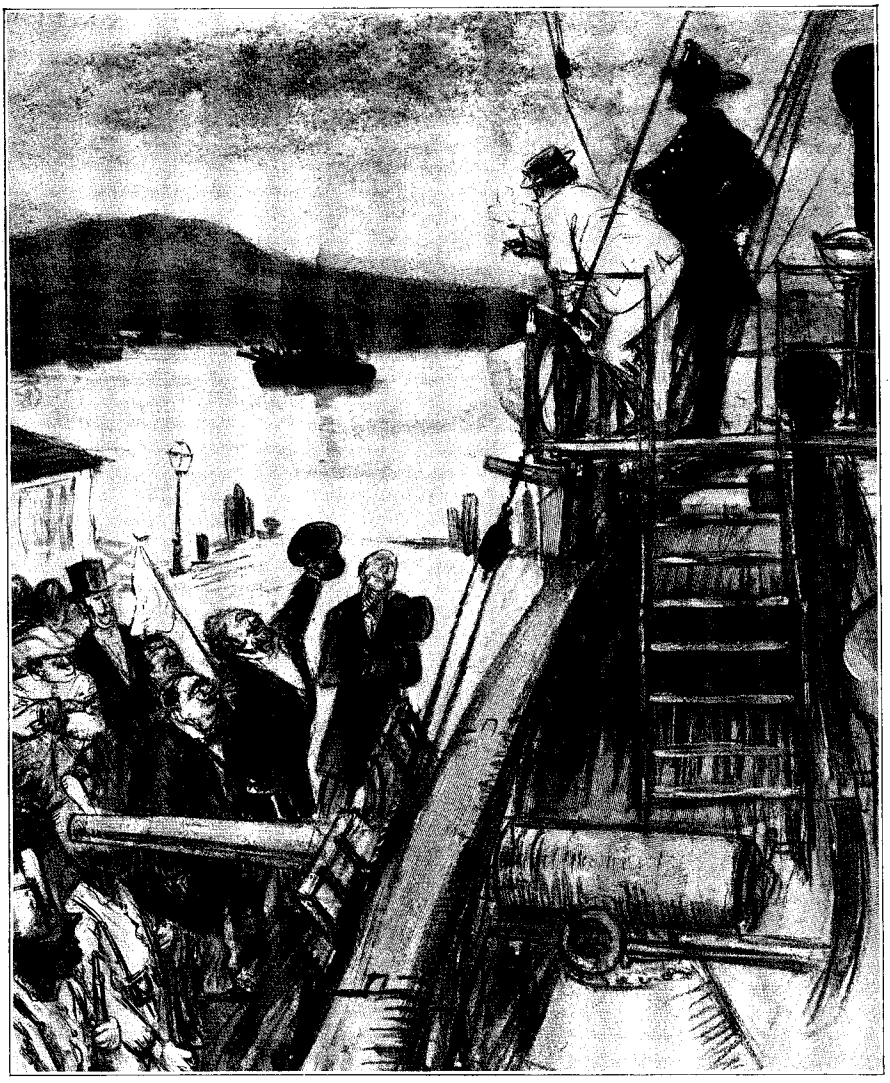

"You will not destroy our beautiful city with your dread *Vesuvius?*"—Page 730.

"Think! Why, I was certain of it from the first."

A long, deeply breathed sigh of content escaped from Mr. Jones. With it he breathed out the last of his unreliance on self. From then on he was captain of his soul.

V

It was not until the gray, uncertain dawn of the next morning that the mystery was solved. Mr. Jones had borrowed the *King Olaf's* engineer and second mate, and had run his war-ship in beside Guanica's biggest pier for purposes of reconnoitre, when there approached from the shore a little band led by an imposing personage who wore a frock-coat and held above his shiny silk hat a cane on which had been tied a white handkerchief.

"Ah, a truce party," observed Barstow, lighting a fresh cigarette and peering over the rail. "Now, perhaps, we'll learn what some of this means. You talk to them, Jones, you're the doctor."

The imposing personage spoke first in

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Spanish, eloquently and at some length, but Jones only shook his head. French was tried next, with no better result.

"Can't any of you talk English?" demanded Jones autocratically.

"Bueno! Los Americanos!" exclaimed the frock-coated personage delightedly. "That is excellent, señors, excellent! You will understand, therefore, that we come to protest against a barbarity. His Excellency *el Presidente* and his councillors have fled to the mountains. The army has fled, also. Surely you will not for hire hurl your dynamite among innocent women and children and peaceful citizens? You will not destroy our beautiful city with your dread *Vesuvius?*"

"Dynamite! Vesuvius!" Mr. Jones was more puzzled by the English words than he had been by those of a foreign tongue.

Not so Pinkey Barstow. Following with his eyes the direction in which the silk-hatted personage had waved his hand, Mr. Barstow's gaze had been turned to the *King Olaf*, which still swung at anchor out in the harbor. Never did banana steamer look her character less. Projecting from either side of her bow was an eighteen-inch water-main, giving to her, from that distance and in that light, a most formidable and warlike appearance.

And what war-ship was it which looked like that? Why, the U. S. S. *Vesuvius*, to be sure; the far-famed dynamite thrower, of which, once upon a time, we had expected great things, but which had failed, somehow or other, to come up to specifications. Now he remembered. The *Vesuvius* had torpedo tubes projecting from her bow, and they had been about equal in size and destructiveness to those water-mains on the *King Olaf*.

A few queries put to the leader of the

They embraced each other, after the manner of the Latins.
—Page 732.

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Drawn by W. Glackens.

They hailed him as a hero and the savior of Guanica.—Page 732.

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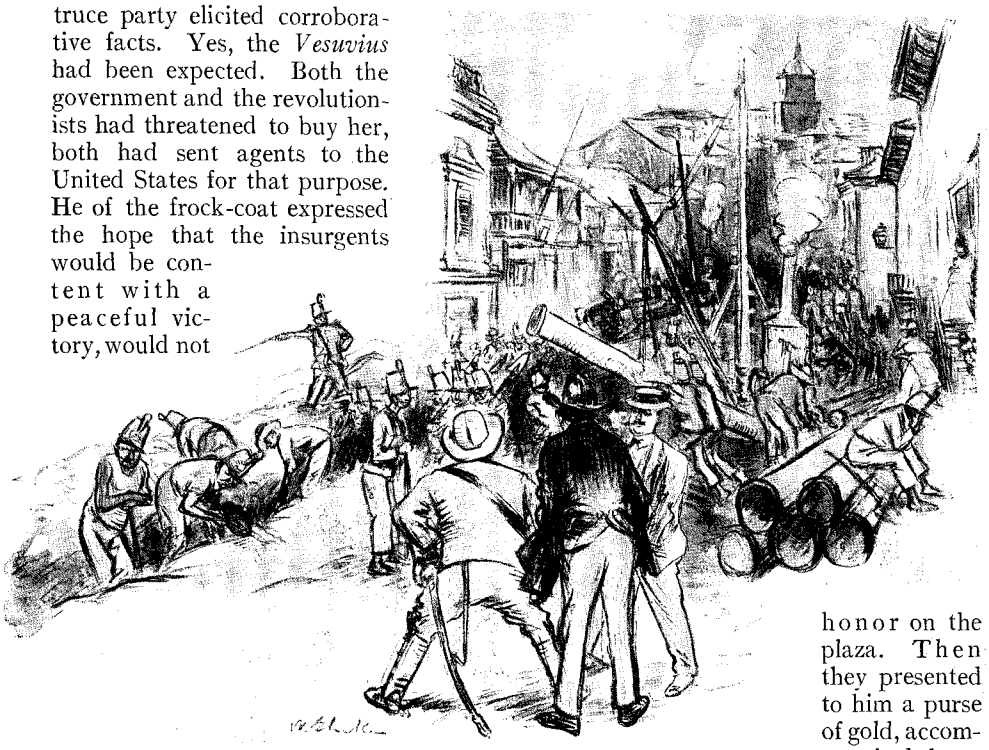
truce party elicited corroborative facts. Yes, the *Vesuvius* had been expected. Both the government and the revolutionists had threatened to buy her, both had sent agents to the United States for that purpose. He of the frock-coat expressed the hope that the insurgents would be content with a peaceful victory, would not test the dynamite-throwing qualities of their destroyer on the town.



Put a regiment at his disposal.

Mr. Barstow grinned and took Pluribus Jones to one side.

When the honorable President of Guanica, with his honorable councillors and his breathless army, was summoned back from the mountains, when all those valiant gentlemen learned that they had been scared out of their capitol by a storm-battered banana steamer laden with iron water-pipes, they were more or less chagrined. But when they discovered that the victorious insurgents had been scared just as badly, if not worse, and had lost their stolen gunboat in the bargain, then they felt better.

First of all they laughed, loud and long. They embraced each other, after the manner of the Latins. Lastly they looked upon the unhandsome features of Pluribus Jones, observed the self-confidence with which he bore himself, the air of authority with which he spoke, and marvelling much, they hailed him as a hero and the savior of Guanica. Jones did not deny it.

They began by holding a reception in his honor on the plaza. Then they presented to him a purse of gold, accompanied by a Latin-inscribed parchment on which were set forth the details of his heroism and the country's gratitude. A few enthusiasts clamored for a bronze monument of him to be erected opposite that of the great Bolivar, but this enterprise Jones discouraged. All that he desired, he said, was a gang of workmen to lay his water-pipes through the streets of Guanica, as per contract. The minister of war promptly put a regiment at his disposal and lodged him luxuriously in the government palace while the work progressed. Also his friend, the Honorable Barstow, was similarly favored.

And when the job was completed, more than a month inside the forfeit limit, the high officials accompanied the departing Jones and his friend to the harbor mouth on the restored gunboat, with the government's best band playing American coon songs and salute guns banging at the rate of two a minute.

At last "the tumult and the shoutings died." The two had retired to the after-deck of the coast-liner, away from the curious eyes of the other passengers.

"There was a time," observed Mr. Jones

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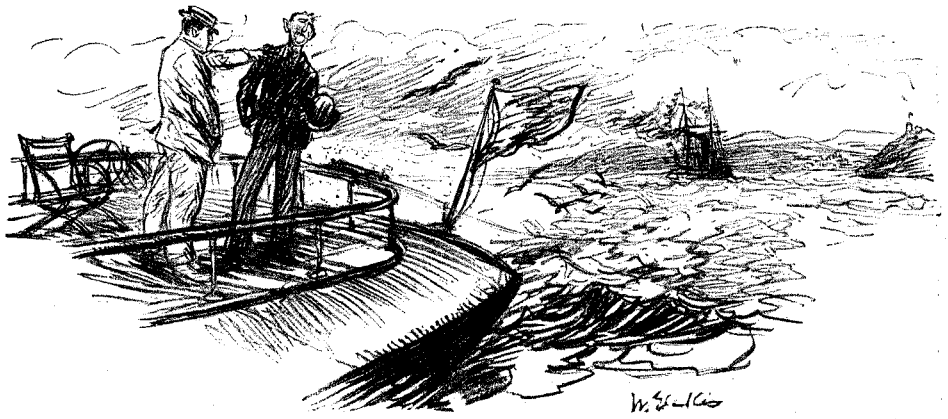
reflectively, as he gazed back at the disappearing harbor mouth, "when I wouldn't have believed I could do the things I've done since I first sighted that place—capturing a war-ship, and all that."

Mr. Barstow laid a fraternal hand on his shoulder and spoke as one who voices an old conviction.

"But you were bound to do something of the kind sometime, Jones; it was in you."

"Yes, I suppose that's right," assented Pluribus Jones.



THE E M I B LOWESTOFT

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

AT five o'clock of a summer afternoon Mr. Peter Wyckoff found himself in Union Square. It was the hour dedicated to tea, or to other soothing liquids, and Peter had kept his seat in the open trolley-car as far uptown as Fourteenth Street, with a crystallizing idea of betaking himself to a certain club where the back piazza, overlooking a little green garden hidden among the old houses and new office-buildings, offered a shaded seat, a gentle breeze, good talk and an excellent choice of what Mr. Swiveller used to call "modest quenchers." Peter's day in the newspaper office where he earned his bread and butter and occasional pot of jam had been shorter than usual, so here he was. And since his wife had told him that morning that she had agreed to spend the afternoon in the frosty airs of Columbia Heights with her oldest friend, Peter knew that going home now would be but a waste of good time.

So he was loitering through the Square toward the inviting shadows of the Craftsmen's Club, when a bright beam of sunshine slanted through Fifteenth Street and smote a great brass pot in front of the antiquity shop of Dirck Amstel. Glancing off, the sunbeam brought its message to the receptive Peter, whose feet turned instinctively westward.

Dirck Amstel was a chubby, rubicund Dutchman who bore the pleasant reputation of being the only honest dealer in old furniture and bric-a-brac in New York. Perhaps this phrase implied a slander upon many worthy members of the guild of *antiquaires*, but such was the speech of people. So Amstel continued to tell the truth, so far as he knew it, about his wares, and to shame Beelzebub if not his brethren-in-trade; and as he stood with his fat legs spread well apart among his chairs and tables and tall clocks, the blue heaven of ancient Delft chargers which he had constructed upon his ceiling smiled down upon him graciously.

As Peter descended the steps worn by

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faithful feet into the basement shop, Amstel flung open the door and bowed with the cordiality of a welcoming head porter in a Swiss hotel out of season.

"Mr. Wyckoff, I hoped you would come in to-day," he beamed. "I've just got the sweetest little bit of old Wedgewood you ever saw—a sugar bowl—and they broke the creamer and teapot for me in the devil custom-house!" concluded the good Amstel in a very fierce tone, and with the mildest expression in his gentle blue eyes. "They will ruin me—your devil customs examiners. They break for me something each time."

"This is a dangerous time for me to come in here," remarked Peter. "I firmly intend not to buy a single thing, and that's always a bad sign, for me. Where did you get that case?" indicating a shallow cupboard with a high, curving top, the edges of its narrow shelves carved and colored with the clumsy skill of the Dutch cabinet-maker.

"It came in with all these last things," said Amstel placidly.

"This come in the same lot?" asked Peter, standing with a thick, shallow, round dish in his two hands, his eyes searching the surface.

"No," said Amstel quickly. "A man brought that in to me last week. There are eight of them. Aren't they magnificent?" He waved his hand toward a cabinet, where Peter's eyes were dazzled.

"I give you my word, Mr. Wyckoff," said the dealer, "that I have never seen more magnificent decoration in old Lowestoft. Look at it! And the cipher in the centre—ah, why was it not a coat-of-arms! But it would have been too gorgeous, perhaps. As it is, I have never seen finer."

Gorgeous it was, certainly. The dish Peter held was a hot-water plate about nine inches in diameter, made hollow, in the late eighteenth-century fashion. The paste was hard as glass, clear bluish white in color, and with the familiar "orange-peel" surface under the glaze. The hollow edge was quite half an inch thick, and its face was entirely covered with an elaborate pattern of reddish-brown berries with heavy gold stems and leaves, interspersed with little points in deep, vivid blue, which "threw up" the whole design into a border of great brilliancy. In the centre of the plate an oval band of the same pattern, but smaller in size, enclosed the four gold letters E M I B, in a flowing script.

Peter weighed it, up and down, in his hands. This ware, classified as "Lowestoft" by one army of collectors, and as "Chinese" by equally fervent devotees, was his special delight. And here was the finest specimen he had ever seen, and the four initials were those of his wife's maiden name—Edith MacIntosh Burton. And eight—eight—such treasures! How she would gloat over them! And how he wanted them himself! How they would shine on the wall of his dining-room, or in his china-closet, already well filled with the spoils of that gentle chase in which he and his young wife were generous rivals.

"But it looks so perfectly fresh and new," he hesitated, noting every detail of form and color and decoration. "It can't be original. It must be a fake."

Amstel's shoulders touched his ears.

"Who can tell?" he said. "Not I. And yet I would swear they are old. They may look to be a modern reproduction, yet something tells me they are really old."

They laid out the eight plates on a table and scrutinized each piece. On two of them the gilding was considerably worn, though the enamels were bright, and a long, thin crack marked another. "But they could fake up all that," sniffed Peter, assuming a doubt he did not feel. "What do you want for them?"

Amstel spread out both hands. "To you to-day—if you want them—almost your own price. I bought them very cheap from a man who said he got them at an auction. I don't know anything about them except that they look to be as fine old Lowestoft as I ever had in my shop. I have marked them ten dollars each. But that doesn't count—make me an offer. I am strapped—I have paid out all my money to your devil customs to get my last invoice, and now I have nothing for my butcher. Make me an offer."

Peter's head buzzed. The brilliant colors of the enamelled border flashed in his eyes; the hypnotism which binds the devoted china-hunter gripped him fast. Steady, Peter! Remember your own butcher's bill!

He laid down the plate with such renunciation as the long-pursed collector never knows.

"I'll bet they're all right," he said, "but I guess they're not for me. I can't afford 'em."

"Make me an offer, Mr. Wyckoff," in-

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sisted Amstel, strong in the desire to sell something before the sun went down.

"Oh, well, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for the whole lot," laughed Peter.

Amstel drew the last deep whiff of his cigarette, and through the great cloud of smoke that veiled his face his words came slowly:

"They are yours. I gave just twenty for them. If I should keep them for a while I would get three times that—no doubt of it. But to-day I'll take twenty-five."

When Peter's wife arrived from Columbia Heights, a little later, she found a card-table opened in the middle of the little drawing-room, and spread out upon it were eight wonderful Lowestoft plates marked with her maiden initials. Peter stood erect beside them in the attitude of a showman.

"Priceless heirlooms of the Burton family, rivalling the famous Garland collection, now the property of Mr. J. P. Morgan, and to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum—" he began, and then—"aren't they wonders, Edith? Wasn't it luck that took me to Amstel's instead of to the club?"

She gave one enraptured look and forgave him on the spot, even to the extent of a big hug, for having bought china when she was not present as counsellor.

"My great-aunt's name was Edith MacIntosh Burton, and I've heard she had a lot of wonderful china," was Mrs. Peter's last waking speech that night. "I wonder if they could have belonged to her."

In the blaze of the morning sun the Lowestoft plates looked as though they had just come from the kiln. "Oh, *do* you suppose they are new?" faltered Mrs. Peter, in the reaction from her rapture of the night before.

"No, I don't," said Peter bluntly. "But I'll tell you what I'm going to do, just for fun. I'm going to take two of 'em down to Grimsby, and ask him to look at 'em. But I'm sure, anyhow. I can *feel* 'em old, in my hands."

Mr. Grimsby, with whom Peter had a friendly acquaintance, was the expert authority on old china in the great house of Lungeon & Co., jewellers, goldsmiths and dealers in works of art, ancient and modern. He was a sober Scot, whose native shrewdness had been whetted by attrition with every variety of antique vessel, from Moabite shards to the cunning masterpieces of Delatour, of Paris.

"They look fine," said Grimsby, as Peter laid the two plates on his table. "Aye, fine. But you leave 'em wi' me for a few days. I'll have another look at 'em to-night."

Meantime, heedless of such important matters as old porcelain, a happy-jack prime minister in South America rallied his friends to a revolution and fired on the American flag in his capital. All this brought work to the newspaper offices in New York, and in the absorption of work Peter almost forgot his china, except when he and Mrs. Peter worshipped it together, at night.

"Mr. Wyckoff," said the managing editor one afternoon, "I wish you'd go over to Boston to-night and see Senator Russell—you'll find him at the Commonweal. Ask him about the chances of the Patagonian treaty being signed before they knock off, down in Washington. Afraid he won't say anything. If he should, send it down by wire, of course; if he won't, then get something about the Patagonian trade for a Sunday story."

Senator Russell was non-committal about the treaty, when Peter found him, the next day. He couldn't say anything; didn't believe in anything, apparently. Perhaps it was the drenching rain, snapping like sleet against the big window-pane in the whistling east wind, that chilled his usual bland volubility. So Peter was obliged to content himself with extracting certain trade statistics from the reluctant statesman, together with a few general reflections upon the climate of New England, and retired from the senatorial presence to write his "story."

His duties ended, Peter stretched his arms and walked to the window. Nearly three hours to dispose of before his train left. The rain had slackened, and Boston was once more afoot, in numbers. Peter drifted out into the gentle current, and "following some fine instinct in his feet," he strolled along a street skirting the Common. But the stroll ended abruptly scarcely ten minutes after it began. It ended in front of a shop window over which ran the legend "Thomas Harrigan, Antiques." He never saw the beautiful *chaise-longue* with the curves of Lalonde in its slender frame, nor the lovely vases of cobalt Sèvres, nor the ivory clock, nor the silver teapot of Georgian form. But he did see—and he rubbed his eyes—a great round tureen of Lowes-

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toft with an unmistakable border of berries and gold leaves, and on the side the letters E M I B!

The amateur china-hunter stalks his prey with a childlike craft which every dealer understands and humors with suitable gravity. Accordingly, with the tureen hidden in his heart, Peter's interest in a pair of Sheffield candlesticks with great glass bell shades, which stood on a table near the door, was profound, and they chaffered for ten minutes over them before Peter shifted to the silver teapot made when George was King.

A row of Sèvres plates, exquisite with portraits after Isabey, caught Peter's eye as they looked down superciliously from the narrow shelves of a tall cabinet of buhl.

"Ay, sir, they be fine, but for me, the old English china is grander," said Harrigan's Yorkshire shopman.

Peter assented. And then, "What's that round dish in the window?" he asked. Thus he pounced upon his quarry, after twenty minutes of circling about.

"Oh, ay, sir, there's your English china. That's fine old Lowestoft. He has a whole great dinner sairvice of it."

Peter's heart thumped hard. His voice forsook him for a moment. Then he said coolly:

"In good condition? Where is it?"

"It's in back, sir. Oh, here's himself, to show ye."

Himself, the Harrigan, came toward them, a spare, brown old man peering over his steel-rimmed spectacles. Those sharp gray eyes saw everything, and that leather mask of a face told nothing. He led the way back into the old shop, where, under a skylight, two great extension tables held a burden that made Peter tremble from head to foot.

A whole dinner service of the E M I B Lowestoft! Piles of dinner plates, piles of soup plates, piles of dessert plates, piles of platters of graduated sizes, some oval, some oblong, with double-notched corners, salad bowls and vegetable dishes round and square, tureens large and small, shallow fruit baskets with latticed sides, taller compotes, and standing guard over the whole shining array, three urns some fifteen inches high, whether flower vases or wine-coolers Peter's whirling head could not decide.

"A fine lot, sir," said Harrigan quietly.

Peter stood very still, pulling himself together. When a man loves old china better than anything else in the world save the wife of his bosom, he recognizes the fact that among all the china worthy to be coveted, certain pieces are for him his very heart's desire, and he knows them when he sees them before his eyes, and he cleaves to them with a mighty yearning that will not be gainsaid. As Peter looked upon the E M I B Lowestoft he knew that he must have it; there was no question except how he was going to get it.

"Looks good," he said at length, "but are you sure about it? It's as fresh as though it had been made last week."

Harrigan did not condescend to reply categorically. "'Tis fine," he said; "and thim that owned it kep' it well. In th' old days a sarvice like that was a fam'ly treasure."

"Do you want to sell any of the platters separately?" suggested Peter.

"No, I'll not break it up," answered the dealer. "It shall go in a lump. I got it in a lump, and it shall go that way."

A dash of the returning rain upon the skylight overhead spurred Peter's wits. He must have it; for what sum would this gray cool Celt surrender it to him? He had a few hundred dollars in the bank, but he needed to keep something on call. He remembered a bond for a thousand dollars which he had bought several months before—— Steady, Peter! The attendant spirit of Mrs. Peter stood at his elbow, as she always did, but somehow he realized that she did not forbid him; he could feel her anxiety running abreast of his own. Steady, Peter!

"How much do you want for it?" he asked, and through the beating of the rain he listened for the dealer's reply.

"There's near a hundher pieces of it, and it's dog cheap at six hundher," answered Harrigan.

Peter shook his head, though he knew the old man's price was not exorbitant.

"What do you know about it?" he said. "What family did it come from? How can I be sure it isn't a fake? That's a lot of money. I'd like it, but not for that."

"Are ye in th' business?" shot back Harrigan, fixing Peter with a shrewd glance of his gray eyes.

Peter laughed. "Oh, no," he said, "I'm not a dealer—I wish I were. I should make more money."

"Excuse me, sir," said the old man

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politely. "But ye've an eye for th' best in me shop, and I've not had the pleesure o' seein' ye here before."

"No, I don't live in Boston," said Peter, "and I should hardly know where to put so much china in my house. But I like it, and I wish I could come to terms with you."

"Mak' me an offer," said Harrigan promptly. "'Tis a slow lot, till th' right man comes along. I didn't pay too much for it, and I'd like to find a customer on a rainy day. Ye know well ye don't see a sarvice like that twice in your life. Tell me, sir, did ye iver in all your life before see near six dozen old Lowestoft plates o' th' same lot? And 'most all the big pieces; there was little of it smashed, ye can see, in all th' years since it was made. And all in perrfect condition. I don't look to find another sarvice like it. I'd like to hear your offer."

Peter walked about the tables, scrutinizing, handling, counting; while the attendant Yorkshire dusted off the china and laid one of the urns tenderly in his arms. No more beautiful picture of maternal love could be conceived than Peter with the big Lowestoft vase folded to his bosom. Ninety-four pieces in all. Peter drew his pencil, for his head was not as steady as he could wish, and multiplied ninety-four by—four. Result, three hundred and seventy-six. He turned to Harrigan with his sweetest smile.

"I want 'em," he said, "and I know exactly what I can afford to spend for china just now. I couldn't spend more if the stuff had belonged to Brian Boru. I'll give you three hundred and seventy-five dollars for the lot."

Harrigan stood impassive for a full minute. Then, "Ye can have 'em," he said. "Bide here a moment, sir," and he went into a dusty cave of tapestries, where he rummaged in his old desk.

"Lady Eliza!" ejaculated Yorkshire under his breath. "I believe he paid more money for 'em. It's fair wonderful what he'll do on a rainy day in the summer. Ye coom to him just right, sir."

As Harrigan came back Peter remarked: "It's a little queer, since you wouldn't sell any of that china separately, that I should have bought some of it the other day in New York."

"Ay?" said Harrigan placidly. "What sort was it? Hot-water plates?"

"Yes, eight of 'em," said Peter.

"Ah, well," said Harrigan, "china's strange stuff. I've had that sarvice for a year, and I couldn't sell it. I don't know why—it's just one o' th' quare things about this business. I'm perrfectly sure they're old, and kem from a great house, and as for th' beautee o' th' decoration, ye can see for yourself. But they stuck with me, and a few weeks ago I sent th' hot-water plates to an auction-room to see what 'ud happen. Holy Mother! they was near stealin' 'em from me. They got knocked down for a dollar 'n' a half apiece, just as I got in th' dure. I'd no chance to bid 'em up. But ye can see how aisy a big sarvice'll be scattered. I'm glad you've got the lot, sir. It sh'd go into a gintleman's house and not be kickin' about th' auction rooms."

Peter drew a check and handed it to the old man, with his address written on his card.

"Now, you pack those so carefully they could go to Australia," he said, "for if they should get smashed by the express company, I'd never forgive you."

"No fear, sir," said Harrigan. "Ye'll have them all safe in your dinin'-room in a coople o' days. So ye're from New York, sir? Eh, well; I know they get big prices in New York, but I kape on here; maybe I get in me bills just as well as they do—maybe a little better. And it's true, what Saxon, your big auctioneer in New York, told me once. He said America was no market for old china. London's th' place."

Peter glanced at his watch. He must go now to catch his train. But as his eye fell on his glittering treasures he could scarcely turn his back upon them.

"Here," he said, taking up one of the urns; "give me a piece of paper around that and I'll take it with me; I want something to show to my wife to-night."

"O Peter," groaned Mrs. Peter, a few hours later, as they lived over again together the exciting hour in Harrigan's shop while the Lowestoft urn shone upon the pier-table, very ocular proof of the fairy story. "O *Peter*—how much did you have to pay for all that lovely china?"

But the young man was tired, after the long day, and a sudden whim of secrecy possessed him.

"I'm not going to tell you," he laughed. "I paid so much I'm afraid to tell you, but even at the price, it was dirt cheap."

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"Oh, dear!" she lamented. "I know it was more than we can afford. But it's so lovely, I'm glad you got it. But I can't really believe it's all our very own. And do you suppose it did belong to my Great-aunt Burton? And won't burglars come in and steal it? But isn't it *gorgeous*, even if it did cost such a lot? And where did you get the money, all at once?"

Peter's perverse imp whispered in his ear.

"Don't you remember that trolley-car bond I got last winter?" he said.

"But that was a thousand dollars!" gasped Mrs. Peter in consternation. "You didn't give all that for it, did you?"

"Not quite all," returned the wicked Peter. "And you know this china is all your own—I got it for you. It has your maiden initials on it, and you oughtn't to look gift Lowestoft in the mouth. But never mind—let's go to bed. I'm dead tired. And to-morrow on my way to the office I'm going to take this urn down for Grimsby to look at. Maybe it will give him some hint of the date of the whole lot."

The china arrived from Harrigan in two big cases packed with almost Japanese care. When the last piece was set out, the modest little apartment on the third floor of the old house which sheltered the lares of the Wyckoffs seemed to blaze with an eighteenth-century splendor.

"O Peter," cried Mrs. Peter, clasping her hands, "we shall have to begin life all over again, on another plane! We are quite a different sort of people, now, with a whole set of such china. I shall feel different as I walk down the street, just remembering that I've got such things at home!"

They played with their treasures till they were tired, and at last they rearranged all their china-closets and hung platters on the walls; and when they had finished the whole dining-room glittered with the repetition of the golden E M I B and the two urns stood upon the mantel in the little drawing-room.

Two days afterward, Patagonian politics remaining still turbulent, the managing editor sent Peter to Washington for a few days. In his absence Mrs. Peter perceived opportunity for general wardrobe repairs, and she was doing her wifely duty by Peter's stockings one morning in the big, sunny bedroom, when a card was brought to her.

"Mr. A. Burleigh-Jacks," she read, "The Willows, Steets Purling, Surrey.—I don't know this gentleman, Mary."

"No, ma'am; he says he's a stranger who is calling on important business. He hasn't any sign of a book about him, ma'am, and he doesn't look just like an agent."

"O Mary, you can't be sure about strangers," said Mrs. Peter warningly. "But tell him I'll be in directly."

As she entered the drawing-room Mr. A. Burleigh-Jacks rose from a chair which commanded a view of the little dining-room from whose every corner streamed the golden radiance of the E M I B Lowestoft, and made a profound bow. He was a fat, florid little man, nearly bald, with a soft, pointed yellow beard and mustache, irregular teeth, solemn blue eyes, and a manner in which instinctive deference seemed to be smothered in careful dignity. His frock-coat was unbuttoned, and a bright crimson cravat played hide-and-seek between a fawn-colored waistcoat and the point of his yellow beard.

"I have to ask a thousand pardons for this intrusion, madam," he began, with a broad accent. "Do I address Mrs. Wyckoff? I have ventured to call in the hope of seeing Mr. Peter Wyckoff and begging his—er—co-operation in righting a grievous wrong."

Mrs. Peter's distrust rose instantly. What an extraordinary man, and what a queer speech! Could he be a gentleman-burglar who had learned that Peter was out of town, and was he meditating a dash for her silver and china? She must head him off.

"Oh, Mr. Wyckoff will not be in before dinner," she faltered. Mrs. Peter was not good at evasions. "And we are going out this evening. Could you not call to-morrow night?"

"Oh, quite so, if necessary," returned Mr. Burleigh-Jacks. "But may I not explain the nature of my business now, since I fancy it may be of interest to you, as well?"

"Why—if you wish; please sit down," said Edith, seating herself near the button which would summon Mary.

Mr. Burleigh-Jacks waved his hand toward the mantel, where the two Lowestoft urns stood in splendid dignity. He sighed, and closed his eyes for a moment.

"Ah, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said softly, "what memories are aroused by the sight of my great-grandfather's china!"

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Mrs. Peter sat up very straight. What did the man mean? As she hunted for a suitable rejoinder he went on:

"I assure you, madam, I appreciate to the full the delicacy of the—er—situation. But I have only recently learned that a service of Lowestoft china which belonged to my great-grandfather Burleigh had been sold to a bric-a-brac dealer in Boston through the dishonesty of a servant. I came to this country at once, and traced it to a shop kept by an old man called Harrigan. But the china had disappeared—had been sold a few days before. The dealer refused me all information on the subject, but I managed to prevail on his shopman, a very honest fellow from Yorkshire, to give me the name and address of the gentleman who had bought it. And I have come to make an appeal to Mr. Wyckoff to allow the service to go back to its old place in my family."

"But this is a very singular story," began Mrs. Peter, when she could find her voice.

Mr. Burleigh-Jacks's round blue eyes looked at her keenly, as though he were feeling his way.

"I have all the documents necessary to establish my identity," he said, pulling out a large letter-case stuffed with papers; "do you care to examine them?"

"Oh, no, thank you!" faltered Mrs. Peter. Doubtful and distressed, she shrank even from taking the man's letter-case in her hand, to say nothing of making an inspection of the thick bundle of papers which she knew she should not readily understand, and which she dreaded as the evidence of another's claim upon her china. As she wavered, Mr. Burleigh-Jacks seemed to draw a long breath, in his yellow beard.

"But I don't understand," she went on. "I had an idea the china might have belonged in my own family. My great-aunt's name was Edith MacIntosh Burton, the same as my own maiden name, and I know she had some beautiful old china, and I thought——"

"Oh, no," insisted Mr. Burleigh-Jacks, promptly voluble. "The letters in the cipher will not be E M I B, but E M J B, the older form of the script J, with the tail above the line, and they will stand for the name of my grandfather, Sir Evelyn Mount-Judah Burleigh. I have water-color drawings at home—unfortunately I neglected to bring them with me—of those very urns on your chimney-piece. I assure you, madam, that Mr. Wyckoff, in permitting me to reimburse him for his outlay—and a little more—will be simply restoring a beautiful heirloom to its rightful owner."

Mrs. Peter's guileless soul was racked with sorrow and remorse. So, this was no gentleman-burglar, but, as Pomona would have said, the rightful heir. If what he said were true, it belonged to him, and all her dream of her own great-aunt was blown to bits. And at the bottom of her innocent heart Mrs. Peter did not doubt the truth of what her queer visitor had said, though she gave up her dream by no means without a struggle. But oh, the bitterness of giving it up! For even in the few days of its possession she had recovered from the first shock of acquiring so much beautiful china all at once, and she felt it her own heirloom, just now reclaimed from alien hands. And in the strength of her own desire to keep it she felt all the force of the Englishman's claim; she seemed to realize just how he felt, and her very dread of losing it made his bold claim seem just to her.

"But the china is my own," she rejoined, after the pause in which all this had flashed through her mind. "Mr. Wyckoff gave it to me because he thought it had my initials on it. And I—I must beg your pardon for having allowed a misapprehension to arise—Mr. Wyckoff is out of town for a few days. I expect him back on Friday. Can you not come to see him then?"

Mr. Burleigh-Jacks's mild face seemed to contract a little; he would have looked shrewd if such a great gentleman could have worn so commercial an expression.

"Unfortunately, madam, it would be most inconvenient," he said. "Family matters require my presence in England, and I am sailing for home on Friday morning early; my passage is booked and I must go. I wish it were possible for me to conclude an arrangement with yourself. For you say you consider the china to be your own property?"

"Certainly it is my own, and I can understand perfectly your anxiety to have it, as you say it was your great-grandfather's. But the whole thing comes so suddenly to me, you see; I don't think I ought to do anything in Mr. Wyckoff's absence."

Mr. Burleigh-Jacks pressed his advantage.

"You will pardon me, madam, if I re-

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mind you that I have an undoubted legal claim to the china, which could be established in the courts. You, of course, were entirely innocent in buying it, but still the courts would unquestionably give it to me should I go the length of proceeding legally against you, as I shall certainly do if my proposal is not accepted. But I have no wish to press this aspect of the matter; there would be tedious litigation, expensive to both sides, and I much prefer to beg you to accept my offer for it. In that way, you would not lose any money, and the china would be restored to its proper owner."

Mrs. Peter felt herself being forced closer into a corner, but she stood her ground. "Well, but just what is your proposal?" she said.

"I shall be willing to give more than Mr. Wyckoff paid for it," returned Mr. Burleigh-Jacks tentatively. "Have you—er—any idea as to how much he paid?"

"Oh, it isn't that!" said Mrs. Peter, so decidedly that her visitor's mild eyes winked. "If the china really belongs in your family, and was stolen from you, I should feel a moral claim on me—but——"

"I was confident you would look at it in that way, my dear madam," broke in Mr. Burleigh-Jacks with fervor. "And I do not present the case to you as a matter of business, but as an appeal to your—er—nobility and generosity. Since you have valued the china as a family possession for a short time yourself, you will understand perfectly my own eagerness to get it back among my own family treasures."

"But how can I do anything about it until Mr. Wyckoff returns?" she asked. "I don't even know how much he gave for it—I only know it was nearly a thousand dollars."

Mr. Burleigh-Jacks perceived the hot iron, and he delayed not, but smote with a strong arm.

"Madam, I will give you a thousand dollars in gold for the service, if you will allow me to take it with me." He watched her narrowly.

"But I don't know you, at all," she hesitated. "I wish Mr. Wyckoff were here, for really, I scarcely feel justified in disposing of the china in his absence, since he gave it to me. But because you are leaving so soon, I will think of it. If you will come to-morrow morning at ten o'clock I will give you my decision."

She touched the bell and Mary appeared in the doorway. Mrs. Peter rose and Mr. Burleigh-Jacks bowed low. It was his turn to wait now, and he knew it.

"Thank you viryviry much for your consideration in receiving me to-day, madam," he said. "Thank you; I shall be here at ten in the morning."

So Mrs. Peter thrashed it out during the rest of the day and all through the long, lonely night. It did not occur to her to doubt the truth of Mr. Burleigh-Jacks's romance. The whole matter of the big dinner service, Peter's discovery of it in the shop and its coming into her own possession, had seemed so like a fairy story that she found Mr. Burleigh-Jacks and the story of his journey in search of his lost heirloom quite a natural sequence to the wonderful tale.

She wondered how much Peter had paid for it, but this point did not seem important to her, as she searched her Puritan soul for an excuse to keep it in her own china-closet. The man offered more than Peter had given; that was enough. If Peter were only at home! But he was not, and it would not be fair to let the rightful owner of the china go away without it. He would have to make the journey all over again, there would be disputes and bad feeling, and he would get it, in the end, just the same.

She remembered what he had said about his legal claim to the china with that blind dread of the law native to gentle minds. But after all, the moral aspect of the case overshadowed all the rest. And as she faced that, it became inevitable; the china belonged to the Englishman, and he must have it. And in a way, there was a certain sense of relief in the fact that Peter was not there. For the Englishman's demand would rouse Peter's fighting blood, and there would be a wrangle, and she would find herself in the absurd position of urging Mr. Burleigh-Jacks's claim against her own. And so, as the excellent Pepys would have said, to sleep on a pillow wet with regretful tears.

In the morning she called Mary.

When Mr. Burleigh-Jacks appeared the next morning, promptly at ten o'clock, he carried a small parcel, which he unwrapped, disclosing a white canvas bag tied with a bit of pink tape. The bag seemed to be heavy, and he kept it in his hand as he bowed to Mrs. Peter, who came in dressed for the street.

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"Good-morning, Mr. Burleigh-Jacks," she began in a voice that struggled to be business-like, but almost quavered now and then. "I have considered the matter very carefully, and I feel that I ought not to refuse your offer, since you have the right on your side. So, if you are ready to fulfil your share of the bargain, I will do my part."

The pursy figure of Mr. Burleigh-Jacks swelled with satisfaction; his blue eyes beamed.

"I was confident that I could rely upon your sense of honor, madam," he purred. "I was—er—I may say, I was so confident that I have come to-day prepared to complete the transaction."

He held out the canvas bag and chinked it softly. Unfastening the pink tape, he drew out a handful of broad gold pieces. "I have brought you American money instead of sovereigns, madam. I think you will find the amount correct." He made five little piles of the gold upon the edge of Mrs. Peter's pier-table. Ten pieces in each pile, and each piece a double eagle. "Is this form of payment satisfactory?" he asked blandly.

"Perfectly, I think," said Mrs. Peter, lifting some of the shining coins in her little gloved hand.

"I am viryviry glad," returned the rightful heir, glancing out of the window as a wagon drove up to the door in the street below. "And I—er—took the liberty of ordering my men to come here this morning to pack the china. Will that be equally satisfactory to you?"

"Oh, yes, of course," assented Mrs. Peter hastily. "The china is here in the dining-room, and my maid will oversee the work with you, for I am going out now, if you will excuse me. Thank you, yes," she went on, as Mr. Burleigh-Jacks glanced at the little piles of gold. "There are fifty twenty-dollar pieces here; that is quite right, and I will take them with me." She dropped them into the canvas bag, and with a little bow off she whisked—straight to the bank.

And then, when she found the deed was done and the money actually good and deposited in the bank, she wanted to cry. "Gracious! I'm glad I didn't try to wait at the house. I'll stay with Kitty till dinner-time." And so she was off again to Columbia Heights, to tell her adventures to her oldest friend and weep upon her breast.

Peter returned to a tumultuous and tearful confession.

"Well, that's a lovely yarn," he laughed, when she had finished. "If I had ever gone out from the office to find the rights of any such story as that, I should have known there was a fish in it somewhere."

"Why, Peter," she cried, "do you think there was anything wrong about him, or that I did wrong in letting it go?"

"Well," reflected Peter, "I suppose I should have been just fool enough to keep it. But there," he added with a chuckle, "I never told you how much I paid for that china, did I?"

"O Peter, it wasn't more than I sold it for, was it?" And at that moment Mrs. Peter felt as limp as a moral heroine is ever permitted to feel.

"I paid Harrigan exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars for all I got from him," said Peter, "and twenty-five dollars to Amstel for the hot-water plates. That's a clean profit of six hundred dollars. You really ought to go into the business, Edith."

Half a dozen different expressions flitted across her face as she felt herself divided between joy and remorse.

"But I told him a lie, Peter!" she groaned. "I told him it cost nearly a thousand dollars."

Peter's philosophy rose superior to this qualm.

"Cheer up," he said. "That was my lie, not yours. You told him the truth just as nearly as you knew it."

"Yes, I did," acknowledged Mrs. Peter, taking heart. "And I know I suffered enough, giving it up, to earn that six hundred dollars; and I know another thing," she went on with righteous dignity, "if he should ever dare to make a claim on us, I hope you wouldn't give him a cent! But oh," she mourned in a momentary vista of regret, "just to think that we shall never see any of that lovely set of china again! And you did get it so cheap, after all."

Peter's eyes danced suddenly.

"Oh, yes, we shall," he said consolingly. "Did you forget that one of the urns and two of the hot-water plates are down in Grimsby's office this very minute?"

"Peter! I never thought of them!"

"Of course not, and your Johnny doesn't know those pieces exist. He saw what you had here, and offered you a thousand dol-

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lars for it, and you took his price, and that's all there is about it. That urn will make a ripping centre-piece for the dinner table. But there's something queer about this whole thing, by Jingo! It's a wonder he didn't give you a bad check. Anyhow, I'm going to ask Harrigan about it the next time I go to Boston. You say it was the Yorkshireman who told where the china was? Well, he had no business to do that. I suppose his countryman bought him."

And so it fell that a few weeks later, when Peter found himself again in Boston, his entrance through Harrigan's front door seemed to be the signal for a certain honest fellow from Yorkshire to make a flying leap out of the back door of the shop.

"That's a fine assistant you've got," said Peter in greeting, as Harrigan came forward. "I mean your Yorkshireman; where is he?"

"Oh, hereabouts," said the old man calmly. "What's wrong with him?"

Whereupon Peter recounted the adventure of Mr. Burleigh-Jacks into his wife's drawing-room, and his sudden departure for England with the treasure of his ancestors. Harrigan melted into a long laugh.

"What did he give for it, sir?" he asked, the first instinct of the dealer asserting itself.

Peter grinned. "A thousand dollars in gold," he said. "I told my wife she ought to go into the business."

"'Tis better than I c'u'd have done," said Harrigan, in prompt admiration. "I know th' man well. I've bought from him and sold him, manny times. His name's Jacks—I never heard the Burleigh part of it before. He's one o' th' big dealers in London, and he kem in here not an hour after you'd left, th' day, by seein' th' tureen in th' window, th' same as you did. Ah, he was hot for th' whole sarvice, after lookin' at every piece of it, careful. Ye may be cerrtain he knew well where he c'u'd place it for double what he paid. And 'twas a fine lot, as I knew well. I do belave it might have been stolen from somebody, in th' first place, by th' lad that sold it to me in England last year. He seemed to want money more than th' sarvice, and I didn't pay a big price for it. And Jacks tried harrd to find out how much ye paid for it, but Tom w'u'd'nt tell him; he'd never give away a price."

"Then the whole story about his ancestors was a fake, was it? I knew it was fishy. If I'd been there he wouldn't have got it."

"And you'd have been about six hundher dollars poorer than ye are to-day, Mr. Wyckoff."

Again Peter grinned, this time very cheerfully.

"Ah, well, what did I tell ye th' day ye bought it?" rejoined Harrigan. "I told ye what Saxon always said, that America's no market for old china. To make money ye must go to London."

THE WOOD OF DREAMS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

HERE in the Wood of Dreams, be still, be still!
I weary of your passion and your sighing,
For I would hear the silent, joyous laugh
That mocks all anxious men afraid of dying.

There is a knowledge hid among the trees;
Philosophy amid the grasses glistens:
I think I hear, "There's no such thing as death"—
Be silent—silent! All my spirit listens.

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XVII

THE SWEDE'S STORY

CAPTAIN HOLT had selected his crew—picked surfmen, every one of them—and the chief of the bureau had endorsed the list without comment or inquiry. The captain's own appointment as keeper of the new Life Saving Station was due as much to his knowledge of men as to his skill as a seaman, and so when his list was sent in—men he said he could "vouch for"—it took but a moment for the chief to write "Approved" across its face.

Isaac Polhemus came first: Sixty years of age, silent, gray, thick-set; face scarred and seamed by many weathers, but fresh as a baby's; two china-blue eyes—peep-holes through which you looked into his open heart; shoulders hard and tough as cord-wood; hands a bunch of knots; legs like snubbing-posts; body quick-moving; brain quick-thinking; alert as a dog when on duty, calm as a sleepy cat beside a stove when his time was his own. Sixty only in years, this man; forty in strength and in skill, twenty in suppleness, and a one-year-old toddling infant in all that made for guile. "Uncle Ike" some of the younger men once called him, wondering behind their hands whether he was not too old and believing all the time that he was. "Uncle Ike" they still called him, but it was a title of affection and pride; affection for the man underneath the blue woollen shirt and pride because they were deemed worthy to pull an oar beside him.

The change took place the winter before when he was serving at Manasquan and when he pulled four men single-handed from out of a surf that would have staggered the bravest. There was no life-boat within reach and no hand to help. It was at night—a snow-storm raging and the sea a corral of hungry beasts fighting the length of the beach. The shipwrecked crew had left their schooner pounding on the outer bar, and finding their cries drowned by the roar of the waters, had taken to their boat. She came bow on, the sea-drenched sailors clinging to her sides. Uncle Isaac Polhemus caught sight of her just as a savage pursuing roller dived under her stern, lifted the frail shell on its broad back, and whirled it bottom side up and stern foremost on to the beach. Dashing into the suds, he jerked two of the crew on to their feet before they knew what had struck them, sprang back for the others clinging to the seats and slowly drowning in the smother. Twice he plunged headlong after them, bracing himself against the back-suck, then with the help of his steel-like grip all four were dragged clear of the souse. Ever after it was "Uncle Isaac" or "that old hang-on," but always with a lifting of the chin in pride.

Samuel Green came next: Forty-five, long, Lincoln-bodied, and bony; coal-black hair, coal-black eyes, and charcoal-black mustache; neck like a loop in standing rigging; arms long as cant-hooks, with the steel grips for fingers; sluggish in movement and slow in action until the supreme moment of danger tautened his nerves to breaking point; then came an instantaneous spring, quick as the recoil of a parted hawser. All his life a fisherman except the five years he spent in the Arctic and the year he served at Squan; later he had helped in the volunteer crew along-shore. Loving the service, he had sent word over to Captain Holt that he'd like "to be put on," to which the captain had sent back word by the same messenger "tell him he *is* put on." And he *was*, as soon as the papers were returned from Washington. Captain Nat had no record to look up or inquiries to make as to the character or fitness of Sam Green. He was the man who the winter before had slipped a rope about his body, plunged into the surf and swam out to the brig *Gorgus* and brought back three out

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of the five men lashed to the rigging, all too benumbed to make fast the shot-line fired across her deck.

Charles Morgan's name followed in regular order, and then Parks—men who had sailed with Captain Holt, and whose word and pluck he could depend upon; and Mulligan from Barnegat, who could pull a boat with the best of them; and last, and least in years, those two slim, tightly knit, lithe young tiger-cats, Tod and Archie.

Captain Nat had overhauled each man and had inspected him as closely as he would have done the timber for a new mast or the manila to make its rigging. Here was a service that required cool heads, honest hearts, and the highest technical skill, and the men under him must be sound to the core. He intended to do his duty, and so should every man subject to his orders. The Government had trusted him and he held himself responsible. This would probably be his last duty, and it would be well done. He was childless, sixty-five years old, and had been idle for years. Now he would show his neighbors something of his skill and his power to command. He did not need the pay; he needed the occupation and the being in touch with the things about him. For the last fifteen or more years he had nursed a sorrow and lived the life almost of a recluse. It was time he threw it off.

During the first week of service, with his crew about him, he explained to them in minute detail their several duties. Each day in the week would have its special work: Monday would be beach drill, practising with the firing gun and line and the safety car. Tuesday was boat drill; running the boat on its wagon to the edge of the sea, unloading it, and pushing it into the surf, each man in his place, oars poised, the others springing in and taking their seats beside their mates. On Wednesday flag drill; practising with the international code of signals, so as to communicate with stranded vessels. Thursday, beach apparatus again. Friday, resuscitation of drowning men. Saturday, scrub-day; every man except himself and the cook (each man was cook in turn for a week) on his knees with bucket and brush, and every floor, chair, table, and window scoured clean. Sunday, a day of rest except for the beach patrol, which at night never ceased, and which by day only ceased when the sky was clear of snow and fog.

This night patrol would be divided into watches of four hours each—at eight, twelve, and four. Two of the crew were to make the tramp of the beach, separating opposite the Station, one going south two and a half miles to meet the surfman from the next Station, and the other going north to the inlet; exchanging their brass checks, each with the other, as a record of their faithfulness.

In addition to these brass checks each patrol would carry three Coston signal cartridges in a water-proof box, and a holder into which they were fitted, the handle having an igniter working on a spring to explode the cartridge, which burned a red light. These will-o'-the-wisps, flashed suddenly from out a desolate coast, have sent a thrill of hope through the heart of many a man clinging to frozen rigging or lashed to some piece of wreckage that the hungry surf, lying in wait, would pounce upon and chew to shreds.

The men listened gravely to the captain's words and took up their duties. Most of them knew them before, and no minute explanations were necessary. Skilled men understand the value of discipline and prefer it to any milder form of government. Archie was the only member who raised his eyes in astonishment when the captain, looking his way, mentioned the scrubbing and washing, each man to take his turn, but he made no reply except to nudge Tod and say under his breath:

"Wouldn't you like to see Aunt Lucy's face when she comes some Saturday morning? She'll be pleased, won't she?" As to the cooking, that did not bother him; he and Tod had cooked many a meal on Fogarty's stove, and mother Fogarty had always said Archie could beat her any day making biscuit and doughnuts and frying ham.

Before the second week was out the Station had fallen into its regular routine. The casual visitor during the sunny hours of the soft September days when practice drill was over might see only a lonely house built on the sand; and upon entering, a few men leaning back in their chairs against the wall of the living-room reading the papers or smoking their pipes, and perhaps a few others leisurely overhauling the apparatus, making minor repairs, or polishing up some

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detail the weather had dulled. At night, too, with the radiance of the moon making a pathway of silver across the gentle swell of the sleepy surf, he would doubtless wonder at their continued idle life as he watched the two surfmen separate and begin their walk up and down the beach radiant in the moonlight. But he would change his mind should he chance upon a north-easterly gale, the sea a froth in which no boat could live, the slant of a sou'wester the only protection against the cruel lash of the wind. If this glimpse was not convincing, let him stand in the door of their house in the stillness of a winter's night, and catch the shout and rush of the crew tumbling from their bunks at the cry of "Wreck ashore!" from the lips of some breathless patrol who had stumbled over sand-dunes or plunged through snow-drifts up to his waist to give warning. It will take less than a minute to swing wide the doors, grapple the life-boat and apparatus and whirl them over the dunes to the beach; and but a moment more to send a solid shot flying through the air on its mission of mercy. And there is no time lost. Ten men have been landed in forty-five minutes through or over a surf that could be heard for miles; rescuers and rescued half dead. But no man let go his grip nor did any heart quail. Their duty was in front of them; that was what the Government paid for, and that was what they would earn—every penny of it.

The Station house in order, the captain was ready for visitors—those he wanted. Those he did not want—the riffraff of the ship-yard and the loungers about the taverns—he told politely to stay away; and as the land was Government property and his will supreme, he was obeyed.

Little Ellen had been the first guest, and by special invitation.

"All ready, Miss Jane, for you and the doctor and the Pond Lily; bring her down any time. That's what kind o' makes it lonely lyin' shut up with the men. We ain't got no flowers bloomin' 'round and the sand gits purty white and blank-lookin' sometimes. Bring her down; she's better'n a pot full o' daisies."

The doctor, thus commanded, brought her over in his gig, Jane, beside him, holding the child in her lap. And Archie helped them out, lifting his good mother in his arms clear of the wheel, skirts and all—the crew standing about looking on. Some of them knew Jane and came in for a hearty hand-shake, and all of them knew the doctor. There was hardly a man among them whose cabin he had not visited—not once, but dozens of times.

Archie had Ellen in his arms and had started in to show her the cot where he slept, the kitchen where he was to cook, and the peg in the hall where he hung his sou'wester and tarpaulins—every surfman had his peg, order being imperative with Captain Nat—when that old sea-dog caught the child out of the young fellow's arms and placed her feet on the sand.

"No, Cobden"—that was another peculiarity of the captain's—every man went by his last name, and he had begun with Archie to show the men he meant it. "No, that little posy is mine for to-day. Come along, you rosebud; I'm goin' to show you the biggest boat you ever saw, and a gun on wheels; and I've got a lot o' shells the men has been pickin' up for ye. Oh, but you're goin' to have a beautiful time, lassie!"

The child looked up in the captain's face, and her wee hand tightened around his rough stubs of fingers. Archie then turned to Jane and with Tod's help the three made a tour of the house, the doctor following, inspecting the captain's own room with its desk and papers, the kitchen with all its appointments, the out-house for wood and coal, the staircase leading to the sleeping-rooms above, and at the very top the small ladder leading to the cupola on the roof, where the lookout kept watch on clear days for incoming steamers. On their return Mulligan spread a white oil-cloth on the pine table and put out a china plate filled with some cake that he had baked the night before, and which Green supplemented by a pitcher of water from the cistern.

The child, with her fair cheeks, golden curls, and spotless frock, among these big men, some in their long hip boots and rough reefing jackets, looked like some fairy that had come in with the morning mist and who might be off on the next breeze. Each one did something to please her. Archie handed her the biggest piece of cake on the dish, and Uncle Isaac left the room in a hurry and stumbling upstairs went through his locker and hauled out the head of a wooden doll which he had picked up on the beach in one of his day patrols and which he had been keeping for one of his grandchildren—

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all blighted with the sun and scarred with salt water, but still showing a full set of features, much to Ellen's delight; and Sam Green told her of his own little girl, just her age, who lived up in the village and whom he saw every two weeks, and whose hair was just the color of hers. Meanwhile the doctor chatted with the men, and Jane, with her arm locked in Archie's, so proud and so tender over him, inspected each appointment and comfort of the house with ever-increasing wonder.

And so with the visit over, the gig was loaded up, and with Ellen waving her hand to the men and kissing her finger-tips in true French style to the captain and Archie, and the crew responding in a hearty cheer, the party drove past the old House of Refuge, and so on back to Warehold and Yardley.

One August afternoon, some days after this visit, Tod stood in the door of the Station looking out to sea. The glass had been falling all day and a dog-day haze had settled down over the horizon. This, as the afternoon advanced, had become so thick that the captain had ordered out the patrols, and Archie and Green were already tramping the beach, Green to the inlet and Archie to meet the surfman of the Station below. Park, who was cook this week, had gone to the village for supplies, and so the captain and Tod were alone in the house, the others, with the exception of Morgan, who was at his home in the village with a sprained ankle, being at work some distance away on a cross-head over which the life-line was always fired in gun practice.

Suddenly Tod, who was leaning against the jamb of the door speculating over what kind of weather the night would bring, and wondering whether the worst of it would fall in his watch, jerked his neck out of his woollen shirt and strained his eyes in the direction of the beach until they rested upon the figure of a man slowly making his way over the dunes. As he passed the old House of Refuge, some hundreds of yards below, he stopped for a moment as if undecided on his course, looked ahead again at the larger house of the Station, and then, as if reassured, came stumbling on, his gait showing his want of experience in avoiding the holes and tufts of grass cresting the dunes. His movements were so awkward and his walk so unusual in that neighborhood that Tod stepped out on the low porch of the Station to get a better view of him.

From the man's dress, and from his manner of looking about him, as if feeling his way, Tod concluded that he was a stranger and had tramped the beach for the first time. At the sight of the surfman the man left the dune, struck the boat path, and walked straight toward the porch.

"Kind o' foggy, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied Tod, scrutinizing the man's face and figure, particularly his clothes, which were queerly cut and with a foreign air about them. He saw, too, that he was strong and well built, and not over thirty years of age.

"You work here?" continued the stranger, mounting the steps and coming closer, his eyes taking in Tod, the porch, and the view of the sitting-room through the open window.

"I do," answered Tod in the same tone, his eyes still on the man's face.

"Good job, is it?" he asked, unbuttoning his coat.

"I get enough to eat," answered Tod curtly, "and enough to do." He had resumed his position against the jamb of the door and stood perfectly impassive, without offering any courtesy of any kind. Strangers who asked questions were never very welcome. Then again, the inquiry about his private life nettled him.

The man, without noticing the slight rebuff, looked about for a seat, settled down on the top step of the porch, pulled his cap from his head, and wrung the sweat from his forehead with the back of one hand. Then he said slowly, as if to himself:

"I took the wrong road and got consid'-able het up."

Tod watched him while he mopped his head with a red cotton handkerchief, but made no reply. Curiosity is not the leading characteristic of men who follow the sea.

"Is the head man around? His name's Holt, ain't it?" continued the stranger, replacing his cap and stuffing his handkerchief into the side-pocket of his coat.

As the words fell from his lips Tod's quick eye caught a sudden gleam like that of a search-light flashed from beneath the heavy eyebrows of the speaker.

"That's his name," answered Tod. "Want

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to see him? He's inside." The surfman had not yet changed his position nor moved a muscle of his body. Tiger cats are often like this.

Captain Holt's burly form stepped from the door. He had overheard the conversation, and not recognizing the voice had come to find out what the man wanted.

"You lookin' for me? I'm Captain Holt. What kin I do for ye?" asked the captain in his quick, imperious way.

"That's what he said, sir," rejoined Tod, bringing himself to an erect position in deference to his chief.

The stranger rose from his seat and took his cap from his head.

"I'm out o' work, sir, and want a job, and I thought you might take me on."

Tod was now convinced that the stranger was a foreigner. No man of Tod's class ever took his hat off to his superior officer. They had other ways of showing their respect for his authority—instant obedience, before and behind his back, for instance.

The captain's eyes absorbed the man from his thick shoes to his perspiring hair.

"Norwegian, ain't ye?"

"No, sir; Swede."

"Not much difference. When did ye leave Sweden? You talk purty good."

"When I was a boy."

"What kin ye do?"

"I'm a good derrick man and been four years with a coaler."

"You want steady work, I suppose."

The stranger nodded.

"Well, I ain't got it. Gov'ment app'ints our men. This is a Life Saving Station."

The stranger stood twisting his cap. The first statement seemed to make but little impression on him; the second aroused a keener interest.

"Yes, I know. Just new built, ain't it? and you just put in charge? Captain Nathaniel Holt's your name—am I right?"

"Yes, you're dead right——" and the captain, dismissing the man and the incident from his mind, turned on his heel, walked the length of the narrow porch, and stood scanning the sky and the blurred horizon line. The twilight was now deepening and a red glow shimmered through the settling fog.

"Fogarty!" cried the captain, beckoning over his shoulder with his head.

Tod stepped up and stood at attention; as quick in reply as if two steel springs were fastened to his heels.

"Looks rather soapy, Fogarty. May come on thick. Better take a turn to the inlet and see if that yawl is in order. We might have to cross it to-night. We can't count on this weather. When you meet Green send him back here. That shot-line wants overhaulin'." Here the captain hesitated and looked intently at the stranger. "And here, you Swede," he called in a louder tone of command, "you go 'long and lend a hand, and when you come back I'll have some supper for ye."

One of Tod's springs must have slid under the Swede's shoes. Either the prospect of a meal or of having a companion to whom he could lend a hand—nothing so desolate as a man out of work—a stranger at that—had put new life into his hitherto lethargic body.

"This way," said Tod, striding out toward the surf.

The Swede hurried to his side and the two crossed the boat runway, ploughed through the soft drift of the dune, and striking the hard wet sand of the beach, headed for the inlet. Tod having his high waterproof boots on, tramped along the edge of the incoming surf, the half-circles of suds swashing past his feet and spreading themselves up the slope. The sand was wet here, and harder on that account, and the walking better. The Swede took the inside course nearer the shore. Soon Tod began to realize that the interest the captain had shown in the unknown man and the brief order admitting him for a time to membership in the crew placed the stranger on a different footing. He was, so to speak, a comrade and, therefore, entitled to a little more courtesy. This clear in his mind, he allowed his tongue more freedom; not that he had any additional interest in the man—he only meant to be polite.

"What you been workin' at?" he asked, kicking an empty tin can that the tide had rolled within his reach. Work is the universal topic; the weather is too serious a subject to chatter about lightly.

"Last year or two?" asked the Swede, quickening his pace to keep up. Tod's steel springs always kept their original temper while the captain's orders were being executed and never lost their buoyancy until these orders were entirely carried out.

"Yes," replied Tod.

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"Been a-minin'; runnin' the ore derricks and the shaft h'isters. What you been doin'?" And the man glanced at Tod from under his cap.

"Fishin'. See them poles out there? You kin just git sight o' them in the smoke. Them's my father's. He's out there now, I guess, if he ain't come in."

"You live 'round here?" The man's legs were shorter than Tod's, and he was taking two steps to Tod's one.

"Yes, you passed the House o' Refuge, didn't ye, comin' up? I was watchin' ye. Well, you saw that cabin with the fence 'round it?"

"Yes; the woman told me where I'd find the cap'n. You know her, I s'pose?" asked the Swede.

"Yes, she's my mother, and that's my home. I was born there." Tod's words were addressed to the perspective of the beach and to the way the haze blurred the horizon; surfmen rarely see anything else when walking the beach, whether on or off duty.

"You know everybody 'round here, don't yer?" remarked the Swede in a casual tone. The same quick, inquiring glance shot out of the man's eyes.

"Yes, guess so," answered Tod with a kick. Here the remains of an old straw hat shared the fate of the can.

"You ever heard tell of a woman named Lucy Cobden lives 'round here somewheres?"

Tod came to a halt as suddenly as if he had run into a derelict.

"I don't know no *woman*," he answered slowly, accentuating the last word. "I know a *lady* named Miss Jane Cobden. Why?" and he scrutinized the man's face.

"One I mean's got a child—big now—must be fifteen or twenty years old—girl, ain't it?"

"No, it's a boy. He's one of the crew here; his name's Archie Cobden. Me and him's been brothers since we was babies. What do you know about him?" Tod had resumed his walk, but at a slower pace.

"Nothin'; that's why I ask." The man had also become interested in the flotsam of the beach, and had stopped to pick up a clam-shell which he shied into the surf. Then he added slowly, but as if not to make a point of the inquiry, "Is she alive?"

"Yes. Here this week. Lives up in Warehold in that big house with the brick gate-posts."

The man walked on for some time in silence and then asked:

"You're sure the child is livin' and that the mother's name is Jane?"

"Sure? Don't I tell ye Cobden's in the crew and Miss Jane was here this week? He's up the beach on patrol or you'd 'a' seen him when you fust struck the Station."

The stranger quickened his steps. The information seemed to have put new life into him again.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Bart Holt," he asked, "who used to be 'round here?" Neither man was looking at the other as they talked. The conversation was merely to pass the time of day.

"Yes; he's the captain's son. Been dead for years. Died some'er's out in Brazil, so I've heard my father say. Had fever or something."

The Swede walked on in silence for some minutes. Then he stopped, faced Tod, took hold of the lapel of his coat, and said slowly, as he peered into his eyes:

"He ain't dead, no more'n you and I be. I worked for him for two years. He run the mines on a percentage. I got here last week, and he sent me down here to find out how the land lay. If the woman was dead I was to say nothing and come back. If she was alive I was to tell the captain, his father, where a letter could reach him. They had some bad blood 'twixt 'em, but he didn't tell me what it was about. He may come home here to live, or he may go back to the mines; it's just how the old man takes it. That's what I've got to say to him. How do you think he'll take it?"

For a moment Tod made no reply. He was trying to make up his mind what part of the story was true and what part was skilfully put together to provide, perhaps, additional suppers. The improbability of the whole affair struck him with unusual force. Raising hopes of a long-lost son in the breast of a father was an old dodge and often meant the raising of money.

"Well, I can't say," Tod answered carelessly; he had his own opinion now of the stranger. "You'll have to see the captain about that. If the man's alive it's rather funny he ain't showed up all these years."

"Well, keep mum 'bout it, will ye, till I talk to him? Here comes one o' your men."

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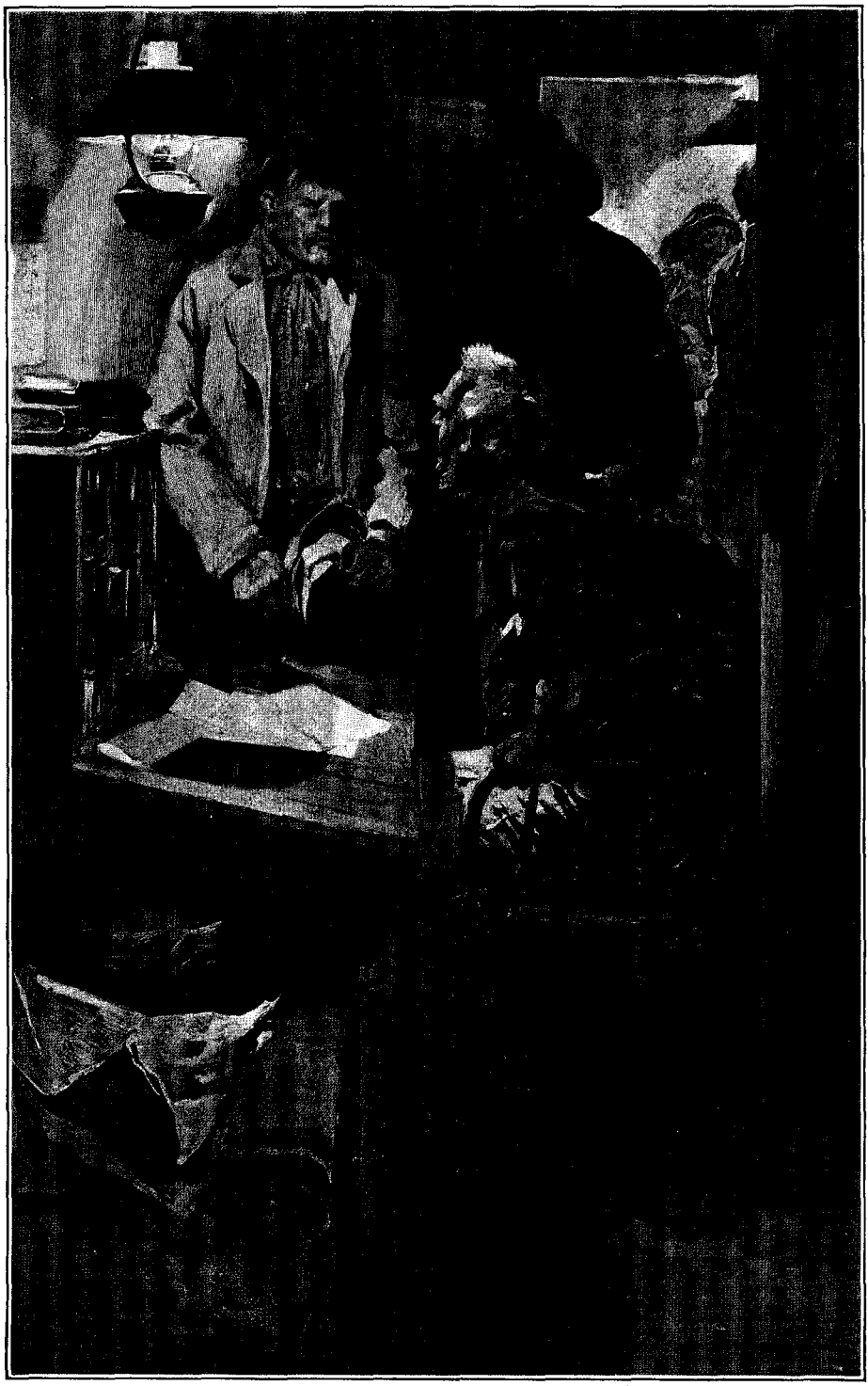

Drawn by George Wright.

"You know my son, you say?"

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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Green's figure now loomed up out of the mist.

"Where away, Tod?" the approaching surfman cried when he joined the two.

"Captain wants me to look after the yawl," answered Tod.

"It's all right," cried Green; "I just left it. Went down a-purpose. Who's yer friend?"

"A man the cap'n sent along to lend a hand. This is Sam Green," and he turned to the Swede and nodded to his brother surfman.

The two shook hands. The stranger had not volunteered his name and Tod had not asked for it. Names go for little among men who obey orders; they serve merely as labels and are useful in a pay-roll, but they do not add to the value of the owner or help his standing in any way. "Shorty" or "Fatty" or "Big Mike" is all sufficient. What the man can *do* and *how* he does it, is more important.

"No use goin' to the inlet," continued Green. "I'll report to the captain. Come along back. I tell ye it's gettin' thick," and he looked out across the breakers, only the froth line showing in the dim twilight.

The three turned and retraced their steps.

Tod quickened his pace and stepped into the house ahead of the others. Not only did he intend to tell the captain of what he had heard, but he intended to tell him at once.

Captain Holt was in his private room, sitting at his desk, busy over his monthly report. A swinging kerosene lamp hanging from the ceiling threw a light full on his ruddy face framed in a fringe of gray whiskers. Tod stepped in and closed the door behind him.

"I didn't go to the inlet, sir. Green had thought of the yawl and had looked after it; he'll report to you about it. I just heard a strange yarn from that fellow you sent with me and I want to tell ye what it is."

The captain laid down his pen, pushed his glasses from his eyes, and looked squarely into Tod's face.

"He's been askin' 'bout Miss Jane Cobden and Archie, and says your son Bart is alive and sent him down here to find out how the land lay. It's a cock-and-bull story, but I give it to you just as I got it."

Once in the South Seas the captain awoke to look into the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot-gun held in the hand of the leader of a mutiny. The next instant the man was on the floor, the captain's fingers twisted in his throat.

Tod's eyes were now the barrels of that gun. No cat-like spring followed; only a cold, stony stare, as if he were awaking from a concussion that had knocked the breath out of him.

"He says Bart's *alive!*" he gasped. "Who? That feller I sent with ye?"

"Yes."

The captain's face grew livid and then flamed up, every vein standing clear, his eyes blazing.

"He's a liar!" he burst out. "A dirty liar! Bring him in!" Each word hissed from his lips like an explosive.

Tod opened the door of the sitting-room and the Swede stepped in. The captain whirled his chair suddenly and faced him. Anger, doubt, and the flicker of a faint hope were crossing his face with the movement of heat lightning.

"You know my son, you say?"

"I do." The answer was direct and the tone positive.

"What's his name?"

"Barton Holt. He signs it different, but that's his name."

"How old is he?" The pitch of the captain's voice had altered. He intended to riddle the man's statement with a cross-fire of examination.

"'Bout forty, maybe forty-five. He never told me."

"What kind of eyes?"

"Brown, like yours."

"What kind of hair?"

"Curly. It's gray now; he had fever, and it turned."

"Where—when?" Hope and fear were now struggling for the mastery.

"Two years ago—when I first knew him; we were in hospital together."

"What's he been doin'?" The tone was softer. Hope seemed to be stronger now.

"Mining out in Brazil."

The captain took his eyes from the face of the man and asked in something of his natural tone of voice:

"Where is he now?"

The Swede put his hand in his inside pocket and took out a small time-book tied around with a piece of faded tape. This he slowly unwound, Tod's and the captain's eyes following every turn of his fingers.

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Opening the book, he glanced over the leaves, found the one he was looking for, tore it carefully from the book, and handed it to the captain.

"That's his writing. If you want to see him send him a line to that address. It'll reach him all right. If you don't want to see him he'll go back with me to Rio. I don't want your supper and I don't want yer job. I done what I promised and that's all there is to it. Good-night," and he opened the door and disappeared in the darkness.

Captain Holt sat with his head on his chest looking at the floor in front of him. The light of the hanging lamp made dark shadows under his eyebrows and under his chin whiskers. There was a firm set to his clean-shaven lips, but the eyes burned with a gentle light; a certain hope, positive now, seemed to be looming up in them."

Tod watched him for an instant, and said:

"What do ye think of it, cap'n?"

"I ain't made up my mind."

"Is he lyin'?"

"I don't know. Seems too good to be true. He's got some things right; some things he ain't. Keep your mouth shut till I tell ye to open it—to Cobden, mind ye, and everybody else. Better help Green overhaul that line. That'll do, Fogarty."

Tod dipped his head—his sign of courteous assent—and backed out of the room. The captain continued motionless, his eyes fixed on space. Once he turned, picked up the paper, scrutinized the handwriting word for word, and tossed it back on the desk. Then he rose from his seat and began pacing the floor, stopping to gaze at a chart on the wall, at the top of the stove, at the pendulum of the clock, surveying them leisurely. Once he looked out of the window at the flare of light from his swinging lamp stencilled on the white sand and the gray line of the dunes beyond. At each of these resting-places his face assumed a different expression; hope, fear, and anger again swept across it as his judgment struggled with his heart. In one of his turns up and down the small room he laid his hand on a brick lying on the window-sill—one that had been sent by the builders of the Station as a sample. This he turned over carefully, examining the edges and color as if he had seen it for the first time and had to pass judgment upon its defects or merits. Laying it back in its place, he threw himself into his chair again, exclaiming aloud, as if talking to someone:

"It ain't true. He'd wrote before if he were alive. He was wild and keerless, but he never was dirt-mean, and he wouldn't a-treated me so all these years. The Swede's a liar, I tell ye!"

Wheeling the chair around to face the desk, he picked up a pen, dipped it into the ink, laid it back on the desk, picked it up again, opened a drawer on his right, took from it a sheet of official paper, and wrote a letter of five lines to the address. This he enclosed in the envelope, directed to the name on the slip of paper. Then he opened the door.

"Fogarty."

"Yes, cap'n."

"Take this to the village and drop it in the post yourself. The weather's clearin', and you won't be wanted for a while," and he strode out and joined his men.

XVIII

THE BREAKING OF THE DAWN

SEPTEMBER weather on Barnegat Beach! Fine gowns and fine hats on the wide piazzas of Beach Haven! Too cool for bathing, but not too cool to sit on the sand and throw pebbles and loll under kindly umbrellas; air fresh and bracing, with a touch of June in it; skies full of mares'-tails—slips of a painter's brush dragged flat across the film of blue; sea gone to rest; not a ripple, no long break of the surf, only a gentle lift and fall like the breathing of a child asleep.

Uncle Isaac shook his head when he swept his eye round at all this loveliness; then he turned on his heel and took a look at the aneroid fastened to the wall of the sitting-room of the Life Saving Station. The arrow showed a steady shrinkage. The barometer had fallen six points.

"What do ye think, Captain Holt?" asked the old surfman.

"I ain't thinkin', Polhemus; can't tell nothin' 'bout the weather this month till the moon changes; may go on this way for a

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week or two, or it may let loose and come out to the sou'-east. I've seen these dog-days last till October."

Again Uncle Isaac shook his head, and this time kept his peace; now that his superior officer had spoken he had no further opinion to express.

Sam Green dropped his feet to the floor, swung himself over to the barometer, gazed at it for a moment, passed out of the door, swept his eye around, and resumed his seat —tilted back against the wall. What his opinion might be was not for publication—not in the captain's hearing.

Captain Holt now consulted the glass, picked up his cap bearing the insignia of his rank, and went out through the kitchen to the land side of the house. The sky and sea, feathery clouds and still oily flatness, did not interest him this September morning. It was the rolling dune that caught his eye, and the straggly path that threaded its way along the marshes and around and beyond the clump of scrub pines and bushes until it was lost in the haze that hid the village. This land inspection had been going on for a month, and always when Tod was returning from the post-office with the morning mail. The men had noticed it, but no one had given vent to his thoughts.

Tod, of course, knew the cause of the captain's impatience, but no one of the others did, not even Archie; time enough for that when the Swede's story was proved true. If the fellow had lied that was an end to it; if he had told the truth Bart would answer, and the mystery be cleared up. This same silence had been maintained toward Jane and the doctor; better not raise hopes he could not verify—certainly not in Jane's breast.

Not that he had much hope himself; he dared not hope. Hope meant a prop to his old age; hope meant joy to Jane, who would welcome the prodigal; hope meant relief to the doctor, who could then claim his own; hope meant redemption for Lucy, a clean name for Archie, and honor to himself and his only son.

No wonder, then, that he watched for an answer to his letter with feverish impatience. His own missive had been blunt and to the point, asking the direct question: "Are you alive or dead, and if alive, why did you fool me with that lie about your dying of fever and keep me waiting all these years?" Anything more would have been superfluous in the captain's judgment—certainly until he received some more definite information as to whether the man was his son.

Half a dozen times this lovely September morning the captain had strolled leisurely out of the back door and had mounted the low hillock for a better view. Suddenly a light flashed in his face, followed by an expression unknown to it for weeks—not since the Swede left. The light came when his eye fell upon Tod's lithe figure swinging along the road; the expression developed when he saw Tod stop and wave his hand triumphantly over his head.

The letter had arrived!

With a movement as quick as that of a horse touched by a whip, he started across the sand to meet the surfman.

"Guess we got it all right this time, captain," cried Tod. "It's got the Nassau postmark, anyhow. There warn't nothin' else in the box but the newspapers," and he handed the package to his chief.

The two walked to the house and entered the captain's office. Tod hung back, but the captain laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Come in with me, Fogarty. Shut the door. I'll send these papers in to the men soon's I open this."

Tod obeyed mechanically. There was a tone in the captain's voice that was new to him. It sounded as if he were reluctant to be left alone with the letter.

"Now hand me them spectacles."

Tod reached over and laid the glasses in his chief's hand. The captain settled himself deliberately in his revolving chair, adjusted his spectacles, and slit the envelope with his thumb-nail. Out came a sheet of foolscap closely written on both sides. This he read to the end, turning the page as carefully as if it had been a set of official instructions, his face growing paler and paler, his mouth tight shut. Tod stood beside him watching the lights and shadows playing across his face. The letter was as follows:

"NASSAU, No. 4 Calle Valenzuela,
"Aug. 29, 18—.

"FATHER: Your letter was not what I expected, although it is, perhaps, all I deserve. I am not going into that part of it, now I know that Lucy and my child are alive. What has been done in the past I can't undo, and maybe I wouldn't if I

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could, for if I am worth anything to-day it comes from what I have suffered; that's over now, and I won't rake it up, but I think you would have written me some word of kindness if you had known what I have gone through since I left you. I don't blame you for what you did—I don't blame anybody; all I want now is to get back home among the people who knew me when I was a boy, and try and make up for the misery I have caused you and the Cobdens. I would have done this before, but it has only been for the last two years that I have had any money. I have got an interest in the mine now and am considerably ahead, and I can do what I have always determined to do if I ever had the chance and means—come home to Lucy and the child; it must be big now—and take them back with me to Bolivia, where I have a good home and where, in a few years, I shall be able to give them everything they need. That's due to her and to the child, and it's due to you; and if she'll come I'll do my best to make her happy while she lives. I heard about five years ago from a man who worked for a short time in Farguson's ship-yard how she was suffering, and what names the people called the child, and my one thought ever since has been to do the decent thing by both. I couldn't then, for I was living in a hut back in the mountains a thousand miles from the coast, or tramping from place to place; so I kept still. He told me, too, how you felt toward me, and I didn't want to come and have bad blood between us, and so I stayed on. When Olssen Strom, my foreman, sailed for Perth Amboy, where they are making some machinery for the company, I thought I'd try again, so I sent him to find out. One thing in your letter is wrong. I never went to the hospital with yellow fever; some of the men had it aboard ship, and I took one of them to the ward the night I ran away. The doctor at the hospital wanted my name, and I gave it, and this may have been how they thought it was me, but I did not intend to deceive you or anybody else, nor cover up any tracks. Yes, father, I'm coming home. If you'll hold out your hand to me I'll take it gladly. I've had a hard time since I left you; you'd forgive me if you knew how hard it has been. I haven't had anybody out here to care whether I lived or died, and I would like to see how it feels. But if you don't I can't help it. My hope is that Lucy and the boy will feel differently. There is a steamer sailing from here next Wednesday; she goes direct to Amboy, and you may expect me on her.

"Your son,

"BART."

"It's him, Tod," cried the captain, shaking the letter over his head; "it's him!" The tears stood in his eyes now, his voice trembled; his iron nerve was giving way. "Alive, and comin' home! Be here next week! Keep the door shut, boy, till I pull myself together. Oh, my God, Tod, think of it! I haven't had a day's peace since I druv him out nigh on to twenty year ago. He hurt me here"—and he pointed to his breast—"where I couldn't forgive him. But it's all over now. He's come to himself like a man, and he's square and honest, and he's goin' to stay home till everything is straightened out. O God! it can't be true! it *can't* be true!"

He was sobbing now, his face hidden by his wrist and the cuff of his coat, the hot tears striking his pea-jacket and bounding off. It had been many years since these springs had yielded a drop—not when anybody could see. They must have scalded his rugged cheeks as molten metal scalds a sand-pit.

Tod stood amazed. The outburst was a revelation. He had known the captain ever since he could remember, but always as an austere, exacting man.

"I'm glad, captain," Tod said simply; "the men'll be glad, too. Shall I tell 'em?"

The captain raised his head.

"Wait a minute, son." His heart was very tender, all discipline was forgotten now; and then he had known Tod from his boyhood. "I'll go myself and tell 'em," and he drew his hand across his eyes as if to dry them. "Yes, tell 'em. Come, I'll go 'long with ye and tell 'em myself. I ain't 'shamed of the way I feel, and the men won't be 'shamed neither."

The sitting-room was full when he entered. Dinner had been announced by Morgan, who was cook that week, by shouting the glad tidings from his place beside the stove, and the men were sitting about in their chairs. Two fishermen who had come for their papers occupied seats against the wall.

The captain walked to the corner of the table, stood behind his own chair and rested

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the knuckles of one hand on the white oilcloth. The look on his face attracted every eye. Pausing for a moment, he turned to Polhemus and spoke to him for the others:

"Isaac, I got a letter just now. Fogarty brought it over. You knew my boy Bart, didn't ye, the one that's been dead nigh on to twenty years?"

The old surfman nodded, his eyes still fastened on the captain. This calling him "Isaac" was evidence that something personal and unusual was coming. The men, too, leaned forward in attention; the story of Bart's disappearance and death had been discussed up and down the coast for years.

"Well, he's alive," rejoined the captain with a triumphant tone in his voice, "and he'll be here in a week—comin' to Amboy on a steamer. There ain't no mistake about it; here's his letter."

The announcement was received in dead silence. To be surprised was not characteristic of these men, especially over a matter of this kind. Death was a part of their daily experience, and a resurrection neither extraordinary nor uncommon. They were glad for the captain, if the captain was glad—and he evidently was. But what did Bart's turning up at this late day mean? Had his money given out, or was he figuring to get something out of his father—something he couldn't get as long as he remained dead?

The captain continued, his voice stronger and with a more positive ring in it:

"He's part owner in a mine now, and he's comin' home to see me and to straighten out some things he's interested in." It was the first time in nearly twenty years that he had ever been able to speak of his son with pride.

A ripple of pleasure went through the room. If the prodigal was bringing some money with him and was not to be a drag on the captain, that put a new aspect on the situation. In that case the father was to be congratulated.

"Well, that's a comfort to you, captain," cried Uncle Isaac in a cheery tone. "A good son is a good thing. I never had one, dead or alive, but I'd 'a' loved him if I had had. I'm glad for you, Captain Nat, and I know the men are." (Polhemus's age and long friendship gave him this privilege. Then, of course, the occasion was more personal than official.)

"Been at the mines, did ye say, captain?" remarked Green. Not that it was of any interest to him; merely to show his appreciation of the captain's confidence. This could best be done by prolonging the conversation.

"Yes, up in the mountains of Brazil some'er's, I guess, though he don't say," answered the captain in a tone that showed that the subject was still open for discussion.

Mulligan now caught the friendly ball and tossed it back with:

"I knowed a feller once who was in Brazil—so he said. Purty hot down there, ain't it, captain?"

"Yes, 'tis on the coast. I ain't never been back in the interior."

Tod kept silence. It was not his time to speak, nor would it be proper for him, nor necessary. His chief knew his opinion and sympathies and no word of his could add to their sincerity.

Archie was the only man in the room, except Uncle Isaac, who looked upon the announcement as being in any way personal to the captain. Boys without fathers and fathers without boys had been topics which had occupied his mind ever since he could remember. That this old man had found one of his own and loved him and wanted to get his arm around him was an inspiring thought to Archie.

"There's no one happier than I am, captain," he burst out enthusiastically. "I've often heard of your son, and of his going away and of your giving him up for dead. I'm mighty glad for you," and he grasped his chief's hand and shook it heartily.

As the lad's fingers closed around the rough hand of the captain a furtive look flashed from out Morgan's eyes. It was directed to Parks—they were both Barnegat men—and was answered by that surfman with a slow-falling wink. Tod saw it, and his face flushed. Certain stories connected with Archie rose in his mind; some out of his childhood, others since he had joined the crew.

The captain's eyes filled as he shook the boy's hand, but he made no reply to Archie's outburst. Pausing for a moment, as if willing to listen to any further comments, and finding that no one else had any word for him, he turned on his heel and re-entered his office.

Once inside, he strode to the window and

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looked out on the dunes, his big hands hooked behind his back, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"It won't be long, now, Archie, not long, my son," he said in a low voice, speaking aloud to himself. "I kin say you're my grandson out loud when Bart comes, and nothin' kin or will stop me! Now I kin tell Miss Jane."

Thrusting the letter into his inside pocket, he picked up his cap, and strode across the dune in the direction of the new hospital.

Jane was in one of the wards when the captain sent word to her to come to the visiting-room. She had been helping the doctor in an important operation. The building was but half-way between the Station and Warehold, which made it easier for the captain to keep his eye on the sea should there be any change in the weather.

Jane listened to the captain's outburst covering the announcement that Bart was alive without a comment. Her face paled and her breathing came short, but she showed no signs of either joy or sorrow. She had faced too many surprises in her life to be startled at anything. Then again Bart alive or dead could make no difference now in either her own or Lucy's future.

The captain continued, his face brightening, his voice full of hope:

"But your troubles are all over now, Miss Jane; your name will be cleared up, and so will Archie's, and the doctor'll git his own, and Lucy kin look everybody in the face. See what Bart says," and he handed her the open letter.

Jane read it word by word to the end and handed it back to the captain. Once in the reading she had tightened her grasp on her chair as if to steady herself, but she did not flinch; she even read some sentences twice, so that she might be sure of their meaning.

In his eagerness the captain had not caught the expression of agony that crossed her face as her mind, grasping the purport of the letter, began to measure the misery that would follow if Bart's plan was carried out.

"I knew how ye'd feel," he went on, "and I've been huggin' myself ever since it come when I thought how happy ye'd be when I told ye; but I ain't so sure 'bout Lucy. What do you think? Will she do it?"

"No," said Jane in a quiet, restrained voice; "she will not do it."

"Why?" said the captain in a surprised tone. He was not accustomed to be thwarted in anything he had fixed his mind upon, and he saw from Jane's expression that her own was in opposition.

"Because I won't permit it."

The captain leaned forward and looked at Jane in astonishment.

"You won't permit it!"

"No, I won't permit it."

"Why?" The word came from the captain as if it had been shot from a gun.

"Because it would not be right," Jane answered, her eyes still fixed on the captain's.

"Well, ain't it right that he should make some amends for what he's done?" he retorted with increasing anger. "When he said he wouldn't marry her I drove him out; now he says he's sorry and wants to do squarely by her and my hand's out to him. She ain't got nothin' in her life that's doin' her any good. And that boy's got to be baptized right and take his father's name, Archie Holt, out loud, so everybody kin hear."

Jane made no answer except to shake her head. Her eyes were still on the captain's but her mind was neither on him nor on what fell from his lips. She was again confronting that spectre which for years had lain buried and which the man before her was exorcising back to life.

The captain sprang from his seat and stood before her; the words now poured from his lips in a torrent.

"And you'll git out from this death blanket you been sleepin' under, bearin' her sin; breakin' the doctor's heart and your own; and Archie kin hold his head up then and say he's got a father. You ain't heard how the boys talk 'bout him behind his back. Tod Fogarty's stuck to him, but who else is there 'round here? We all make mistakes; that's what half the folks that's livin' do. Everything's been a lie—nothin' but lies—for near twenty years. You've lived a lie motherin' this boy and breakin' your heart over the whitest man that ever stepped in shoe leather. Doctor John's lived a lie, tellin' folks he wanted to devote himself to his hospital when he'd rather live in the sound o' your voice and die a pauper than run a college anywhere else. Lucy has lived a lie, and is livin' it yet—and *likes it, too*, that's the worst of it. And I been muzzled all these years; mad

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one minute and wantin' to twist his neck, and the next with my eyes runnin' tears that the only boy I got was lyin' out among strangers. The only one that's honest is the little Pond Lily. She ain't got nothin' to hide and you see it in her face. Her father was square and her mother's with her and nothin' can't touch her and don't. Let's have this out. I'm tired of it——"

The captain was out of breath now, his emotions still controlling him, his astonishment at the unexpected opposition from the woman of all others on whose assistance he most relied unabated.

Jane rose from her chair and stood facing him, a great light in her eyes:

"*No!* NO! NO! A thousand times, no! You don't know Lucy; I do. What you want done now should have been done when Archie was born. It was my fault. I couldn't see her suffer. I loved her too much. I thought to save her, I didn't care how. It would have been better for her if she had faced her sin then and taken the consequences; better for all of us. I didn't think so then, and it has taken me years to find it out. I began to be conscious of it first in her marriage, then when she kept on living her lie with her husband, and last when she deserted Ellen and went off to Beach Haven alone—that broke my heart, and my mistake rose up before me, and I *knew!*"

The captain opened his eyes in astonishment. He could hardly credit his ears.

"Yes, better, if she'd faced it. She would have lived here then under my care, and she might have loved her child as I have done. Now she has no tie, no care, no responsibility, no thought of anything but the pleasures of the moment. I have tried to save her, and I have only helped to ruin her."

"Make her settle down, then, and face the fact!" blurted out the captain, resuming his seat. "Bart warn't all bad; he was only young and foolish. He'll take care of her. It ain't never too late to begin to turn honest. Bart wants to begin; make her begin, too. He's got money now to do it; and she kin live in South America same's she kin here. She's got no home anywhere. She don't like it here, and never did; you kin see that from the way she swings 'round from place to place. *Make* her face it, I tell ye. You been too easy with her all your life; pull her down now and keep her nose p'inted close to the compass."

"You do not know of what you talk," Jane answered, her eyes blazing. "She hates the past; hates everything connected with it; hates the very name of Barton Holt. Never once has she mentioned it since her return. She never loved Archie; she cared no more for him than a bird that had dropped its young out of its nest. Besides, your plan is impossible. Marriage does not condone a sin. The power to rise and rectify the wrong lies in the woman. Lucy has not got it in her, and she never will have it. Part of it is her fault; a large part of it is mine. She has lived this lie all these years, and I have only myself to blame. I have taught her to live it. I began it when I carried her away from here; I should have kept her at home and had her face the consequences of her sin then. I ought to have laid Archie in her arms and kept him there. I was a coward and could not, and in my fear I destroyed the only thing that could have saved her—the mother-love. Now she will run her course. She's her own mistress; no one can compel her to do anything."

The captain raised his clenched hand and said with a tone in his voice that was almost a threat:

"Bart will, when he comes."

"How?"

"By claimin' the boy and shamin' her before the world, if she don't. She liked him well enough when he was a disgrace to himself and to me, without a dollar to his name. What ails him now, when he comes back and owns up like a man and wants to do the square thing, and has got money enough to see it through? She's nothin' but a *thing*, if she knew it, till this disgrace's wiped off'n her. By God, Miss Jane, I tell you this has got to be put through just's Bart wants it, and quick, too!"

Jane moved her chair closer and laid her hand on the captain's arm. The look in her eyes, the low, incisive, fearless ring in her voice, overawed him. Her courage astounded him. This side of her character was a revelation. Under their influence he became silent and humbled—as a boisterous advocate is humbled by the measured tones of a just judge.

"It is not my friend, Captain Nat, who is talking now," she said. "It is the father who is speaking. Think for a moment.

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Who has borne the weight of this, you or I? You had a wayward son whom the people here think you drove out of your home for gambling on Sunday. No other taint attaches to him or to you. Dozens of other sons and fathers have done the same. He returns a reformed man and lives out his life in the home he left.

"I had a wayward sister who forgot her mother, me, her womanhood, and herself, and yet at whose door no suspicion of fault has been laid. I stepped in and took the brunt and still do. I did this for my father's name and for my promise to him and for my love of her. To her child I have given my life. To him I am his mother and will always be—always, because I will stand by my fault. That is a redemption in itself, and that is the only thing that saves me from remorse. You and I, outside of his father and mother, are the only ones living that know of his parentage. The world has long since forgotten the little they suspected. Let it rest; no good could come—only suffering and misery. To stir it now would only open old wounds and, worst of all it would make a new one."

"In you?"

"No, worse than that. My heart is already scarred all over; no fresh wound would hurt."

"In the doctor?"

"Yes and no. He has never asked the truth and I have never told him."

"Who, then?"

"In little Ellen. Let us keep that one flower untouched."

The captain rested his head in his hand, and for some minutes made no answer, Ellen was the apple of his eye.

"But if Bart insists?"

"He won't insist when he sees Lucy. She is no more the woman that he loved and wronged than I am. He would not know her if he met her outside this house."

"What shall I do?"

"Nothing. Let matters take their course. If he is the man you think he is he will never break the silence."

"And you will suffer on—and the doctor?"

Jane bowed her head and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Yes, always; there is nothing else to do."

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT

By Frank Dempster Sherman

THE sunset fades, and once again the hills
Against the sky, majestic and supreme,
Loom spectrally and half unreal seem,
And mystery the misty valley fills.
Melodiously now the mountain rills,
Unheard by day, take up their lyric theme
Of ecstasy, like voices heard in dream,—
An obligato to the whippoorwills.

Invisible, the spirits of the dusk
Ply the swift shuttles on their shadow loom
And weave the wonder-fabric of the night:
The wind is but a whisper, sweet with musk
Exhaled from fragrant lips of bud and bloom,—
A whisper—and the one word is Delight!

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ENGLISH RESERVE

By Louise Imogen Guiney

IT is like the philosopher's stone, Hyperborea, the Greek Kalends, and Mrs. Harris:—let us say, and be done with it, that except in domestic drama, there is no English reserve. It is a fiction, a superstition, a sawdust dolly. As in every age of the world school-girls are fond of remarking impressively: "I have a sad face, when I am not smiling!" and get believed on little or no evidence, so some primeval Briton must have slapped his brawny chest, announcing that bottomless depths of unparaded passion lay within; and he has had all society, all rumor, and all legendry take him at his word.

Let us beware lest what we call reserve be only an ignorance of the science of expression. It is to be noted that though expression is an accident, it has great reflex power. Personality waxes or wanes according to the measure of free play self-accorded or self-denied. Until you learn some expression in speech, in art, in conduct, you can accumulate but very little to express. Neglect of expression means atrophy for any human qualities in question. The person who never "gushes," if commended as such, and worth her salt, or his salt, should be a person capable of the most rank redundance of emotional language. Then only does that abstinent tongue become worthy of our golden negative praise. The authentic exponent of "the quiet life" should be one who, if he chose, could revel with native gusto all day long in spangled purple, and all night in a spectacular lime-light. It is a minor treason, however, of the common people, to attribute "governance of blood" to many characters wholly devoid of strong feelings or of masterful energies. The average Englishman, certainly, is still; and he is so not because he is a paragon of restraint, but because spiritual inertness is the basis of his being. He is like some mountain tarn, remote, kindly, calm, and clean. You value it as a tarn, and haunt its placid evening margins; but your blood is up against it as soon as it pretends to be really a torrent, brought consciously to a standstill.

Now, so far as we can judge by the written record and by tradition, the English of old time lived in quite a fury of demonstrativeness. They were not only an artistic people well along into the latter end of the seventeenth century, but they were a gay and strenuous people—a people of immense verve and wit and initiative, chivalrous and extravagant, damasked in every pattern with large vices and virtues, as well as with the grotesque peccadilloes and the thousand graces of life. They have outgrown that engaging violence and variety; a Jacobite Recusant might say that they had lost all that for Protestantism and Geordie. Nullity has overtaken them. They have centred and thickened and frozen. They have bartered spontaneity for genteel after-thoughts, and

> Such a liquor as no brain
> That is mortal can sustain

for Bass's ale, extra. Activity is now, to them, a note of excess. Much fancy is eccentricity. Humor is a discouraged emigrant, and meekness a suspension of the laws of nature. The utter negation of manners is "good form" and the dried-up reservoir of the expression of life is "reserve." To this, women and men, are they come.

We Americans startle them, whether our contact with them be diplomatic, social, or commercial. Our presence, in its aroma of supposed lawlessness, is an uneasy reminder of all which they were, and are no longer. We are not "Anglo-Saxons" (Professor Freeman's chimerical folk) but as mixed as the mediæval English themselves. May it be suggested, neither as a brag nor an indictment, but as a simple fact, that we are yet more like the mediæval English than like any other people under heaven? The first strain which trickled over to the Colonies seems to have brought with it, intact, abiding, and un-

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diminished, an almost Latin ductility; yes, all the fickleness and unrest which the landed heirs "seated" at home have long forsworn. While we composite Americans are running our career, is it not a true statement that they are forever seated?

No lover of both national types can watch them in juxtaposition without seeing that if they are contrasts, they are so only because they are correlatives. The real traditional Englishman is the bareheaded Virginian or New Englander, talking and sparkling in a London gallery full of sepulchral hats and monocles. A good judge of character will yet detect in him the most "reserved" nature present. He is commonly a sentient man who has learned control, but whose game is to seem in non-essentials to ignore it; a man of imagination who says far less (and, by way of ironic *cadenza*, even far other) than he thinks. What a curious spectacle is this play of face, body, and manner among well-bred Americans, ever member and faculty awake and doing, as against the silence, the immobility, of the well-bred English! Are these latter, by force of a theory, for the sake of an ideal, holding in their animation? Clearly not. They have none to hold in; the premises are defective. They are merely expressing the only thing they can effectively express—their inexpressiveness. Should they begin, this late, to cultivate and exaggerate the natural man in them that veiled excellence would come to the fore in a most friendly fashion. Should they begin, in drastic self-discipline, to publish their sympathies, with all the italics and capital letters available, those same sympathies, as in a compulsory Eden, would increase and multiply. The English need watering at the root, as we Yankees need pruning of the twig, and shaping of the flower.

We admit that our republican ideas of moral training are still more or less in the raw. We hold a less sound and definite view of honor in little things, of the rights of privacy, of the obligations of gratitude. The flaw in the grave English system is that it works too freely on negative lines. From the very nursery, instinct is too often repressed and depressed; whereas, in our zeal for the more heroic Western ideal, we would have all expressed and overexpressed before we can judge what to put out of the picture. As it happens, we judge shrewdly, if not infallibly, in such matters. In other words, we are trying anew the ancient experiments, after the fashion of the young, to whom warnings and proverbs are so much rubbish. We must confess to a terrific tribal turbulence; and, individually, we may well seem (even the most mellow among us) somewhat new and wild. It might be a pity to conform to standards of European civilization when our conformity would take at least from the English the vision, as it were, of their own baptismal innocence. But we can avoid our chief danger, climatic and temperamental, of excitement, without embracing theirs, also climatic and temperamental, of torpor. This torpor is astonishingly general. In every northern country, except among the Gaels, stagnation of mind and wooden blankness of feature characterize the peasantry, while fluency is the patrician mark. The English only, upper and lower together, strive together for a vacuum and deadly undemonstrativeness. Obviously the educated classes succeed best! *Ma guarda e passa.*

The most singular circumstance about this modern national inertia, miscalled conservatism (true conservatism being a most militant thing), is that it proves to be a source of prodigious pride to the kingdom which has complacently sunk into it. It is looked upon as "English"—that is, it means dignity, safety, moderation, peace. That it means provincialism, that it means death, is patent to nobody but some upstart *bonnet rouge* of a critic. It is hard to get people to see that as in the world of thought doubt is cheap and belief the intellectual thing, so in the world of action perfunctoriness is cheap and enthusiasm the intellectual thing. Whenever a man of genius is bred in England, endowed necessarily with faiths and ardors of one sort or another, he usually stands out from his racial environment in an absolutely bewildering way. In the United States the man of genius is a far less frequent phenomenon, for Nature uses her phosphorus freely there on divers and sundry, and has no surplusage and arrears of brains to make him out of; but when he does appear, is he not curiously like Americans in general? The man of genius overseas is not so homogeneous. Would it be rash to hint that he, too, is often curiously like Americans in general? This is simply be-

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cause ideas and their purveyors have no standing to speak of in one country, and are the very life of the other. An idea arriving in New York harbor is recognized instantly, and to its own dismay, as a prince travelling in disguise, who must be interviewed before the gangway is fixed at the dock; whereas in England every idea is *de facto* a pauper and vagrant, repeatedly hauled before the magistrates and accused of brawling in churches, or else (only too accurately!) of having no visible means of support.

The American is by habit abstract, and he is intricately alive. His finest trait, as Mr. Henry James said of late, in a phrase already classic, is his "exquisite depth of temperamental refinement," his "inability to think coarsely of his relationship to his fellow-creatures." As with a wing, he must touch them, himself, and the infinite; he is neither by nature nor by choice a crustacean. He gives much beautiful response in the interplay of human affairs, because he has much to give, and because giving, after all, is only a sacramental sign to show how much can never be parted with or thrown open. Whatever modification or limitation time may impose on his lavish endowment we know not. But now he has it, and he is playing no pseudo-ascetic tricks upon it as yet. He can say of his own spirit in its complex richness:

> She taught my lips a single speech,
> And a thousand silences.

Why should our cousin, then, and not we, claim to be "reserved"? Sincere, stable, kind; literal and subjective, yet always capable of the heroic; good rather than clever, as we are clever rather than good; frank, rudimental, soporific—surely he is each of these things; and the composite is a soil in which the quality we define as reserve does not grow. He is all surface, all ready money, as compared with the American, so adaptive, so strangely plastic, with such unique psychological resources. After all, it is no paradox, in morals or in history, that the old should have drawn upon their inner life long ago, and that the young should hardly have begun to realize that they have an inner life to draw upon.

THE BENT MONK

By Thomas Nelson Page

Ever along the way he goes,
With eyes cast down as in despair,
And shoulders stooped with weight of woes
And lips from which unceasing flows
An agonizèd prayer.

His form is bent; his step is slow;
His hands with fasting long are thin;
And wheresoe'er his footsteps go,
Men hear his muttered prayer, and know
He weeps for deadly sin.

This monk was once the knightliest
Of knights who ever sat in hall:
With wondrous might and beauty blest;
And whoso met him lance-in-rest
Had need on Christ to call.

Men say this monk with hair so hoar,
And eye where grief hath quenched the flame,
Once loved a maiden fair and pure,

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And for she would not wed him swore
He'd bring her down to Shame.

They say he wooed her long and well;
And splendid spoils both eve and morn
Of song and tourney-won, they tell,
He gave her till at last she fell,
Then drave her forth with scorn.

The world was cold; her father's door
Was barred—they thus the tale repeat—
Her name was heard in jousts no more;
And so, one day the river bore
And laid her at his feet.

Her brow was calm, the sunny hair
Lay tangled in the snowy breast,
And from the face all trace of care
And sin was cleansed away, and there
Shone only utter rest.

The old men say that when the wave
That burden brought, then backward fled,
He stooped, no sign nor groan he gave,
As mourners by an open grave;
But fell as one struck dead.

He seemed, when from that swound he woke,
A man already touched by Death,
As when the stalwart forest oak,
Blasted beneath the lightning's stroke,
Lives on, yet languisheth.

And ever since he tells his beads,
And sackcloth lieth next his skin,
And nightly his frail body bleeds
With knotted cord that intercedes
With Christ for deadly sin.

For his own soul he hath no care,
By penance purged as if by flame:
Men know that agonizèd prayer
He prays is for the maiden fair
Whom he brought down to Shame.

And still along the way he goes,
With eyes cast down as in despair,
And shoulders stooped with weight of woes,
And lips from which forever flows
An agonizèd prayer.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

NO problem is more fascinating to the student of Elizabethan drama than the attempt to trace its splendid achievement to its earliest sources. The quest leads one back to primitive folk plays, to secular improvisations and mediæval renderings of sacred story; and all study of perfected types shows clearly here and there the determinate influence of these first attempts.

It is odd that no one has undertaken a similar investigation of our American drama, a species of art so distinctive from drama proper that we are not only justified in seeking but are compelled to seek a partially different origin. The material drawn from American life, developed by American talent, and appealing to American audiences has peculiar characteristics pointing irresistibly, in conception, development, and execution, to our first artistic achievement, the American circus; and inquiry as to origins takes us back to our own—shall I say mediæval days? —when Mr. P. T. Barnum was perfecting the entertainment that was to burst upon the eyes of an astonished world.

The Circus Element in Our Drama

Though we can hardly be said to have evolved new species, we have given such marked coloring to existing types of comedy that we may fairly claim the credit of creating new varieties. The local color play, the society play, the melodrama, the comic opera, flourish as strictly national productions upon our soil, differentia being perhaps more firmly established in the case of the first two than of the others. In all, *motif*, plot, characterization, setting, show unmistakably the influence of the great prototype already suggested.

First as to *motif:* The underlying idea of any circus presentation is to do stunts. Who can study our contemporary drama and affirm that it has other *motif?* Through the combined physical and moral feats of our local color play, the daring audacities of our social comedy, the breathless wonders of our melodrama, runs the great, though somewhat vague, purpose of exhibiting the American citizen in characteristic adventures, of letting him show his national characteristics in the greatest variety of dangers. He takes his place on the floor of the stock exchange and comes out, wonder of wonders! both physically and morally unscathed; or, to hint greater marvels still, he emerges alive from the field of football, in both cases closely akin to the conqueror of elephants in the ring. Our smart society play is built up on the idea of showing the dauntless American maiden unafraid in the face of extremest tests. She is exhibited in the very lair of the British nobility, smiling, though pale, a tamer of lords; and the house responds with applause surpassing that bestowed upon a serpent charmer when she emerges, unscathed, to the waiting arms of some good American, after all the perils that butler and footman and an elaborate social code can devise.

The attempt to work out so vast and general a purpose has led to an entirely new conception of plot in drama, and the framework of our plays is as large and as all-inclusive as the circus tent itself, with the countless merry happenings that go on under it on a summer's day. Plot in earlier drama was based upon an idea of centripetal action, force drawing toward a centre in order to bring home some one effect; plot in our own peculiar drama shows rather centrifugal action, in order to exhibit our national characteristics in as many, perhaps unrelated, aspects as possible. All the acts that can take place about a country grocery in the course of an afternoon are perhaps amusing, but one can hardly claim that they conduce to a certain end; the multitudinous events of a football game in a college town may lead to a dozen emotions, but hardly to one great effect. Naturally, in order to do justice to a county fair, or the daily life of a smart society matron, we need not one great event with its causes, but innumerable minor happenings. Circles and circles of unrelated action; swift galloping from one to another lest the audience should have time to think; the ruling out of cause and effect, in order that something, no matter what, may happen every minute—do not our plots

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betray their origin in the planning of a circus day? I venture to affirm that in no other country can legs wriggle so swiftly, can the swinging and leaping of the trapeze performer go so alertly and firmly on. I would pit our contortionists and our hoop-jumpers against those of all other lands. With equal firmness I assert that in no other drama does action follow so swiftly, so unconnectedly as in our own.

The crowning glory of the Elizabethan stage was characterization. It is in another sense that we must claim achievement here: not by depth but by extent of presentation do we conquer. As the strength of the circus consists in the length of its procession, lion, tiger, hippopotamus, camel, leopard, elephant, bison, jaguar, and the rest, so the appeal of our contemporary drama rests largely upon its parade of characters, farmer, hired man, country housewife, local sheriff, millionaires, college president, hypocritical deacon, Western senator, college boy, Boston school-teacher, wicked philanthropist. Plays are written in order to exhibit these and other types in a natural environment, and we like best of all the multitudinous drama where a half dozen appear, each with a little ring of his own for his own private performance. We like characteristic dress—suspenders, shirt-sleeves, and cow-hide boots as well as silk hats, frock coats, and evening gowns; we like characteristic vocabularies, but do we care very much for motive, act, choice? The inner deed appeals less than the outer deed; the contortions of the legs are surely dearer to us as a nation than the struggles of the soul. Who cares what the trapeze performer is thinking about? Quick, to your posts! Do you not hear the snap of the ring-master's whip? Let the negro tumble and kick up his heels; let the Yankee whittle and talk through his nose; let the football player, padded and broken-nosed, but cross the stage, and we shall be content.

It is folly, perhaps, to prove the self-evident, but the influence of our great example should be mentioned in connection with the setting of our plays. Surely it is under circus inspiration that the glory of American life—machinery—shines through our dramas with ever-increasing brilliancy. It was under the tent that the combination of ingenious mechanism with skilful muscle first made its appeal to waiting audiences, and the drama has but followed at wistful distance. We begin the play with an automobile, just to show that we own one and can run it; we send a swift sail-boat across the stage, just to prove that we can manage it. When we converse for the greater part of an act through the telephone we are but proving that our plays, like our houses, are supplied with all "modern conveniences." Who could deny that in mechanical appliances our stage leads the world? What other melodrama can show such swift trains steaming across the stage, the hero springing to rescue the persecuted maiden from the deadly track; such skilfully hung derricks on which the modern knight may swing to the window of the burning building to rescue the fair one imprisoned there; such perilous tight ropes over which the leading lady walks, with a lantern in her hand, a moral sentiment in her mouth?

It is not only in modern work that our hippodrome ideal rules; we see it dominating the great old plays. In a recent Elizabethan reproduction a gentleman's servant was made into a typical circus clown in order that his rolling on the floor and kicking his heels might enliven that part of the audience which remained sad under Shakespeare's wit; and it is no infrequent experience to see, while the serious action of one of our elder dramas is going on, a corner reserved for such a bit of comedy as the tent performance gives between the horse-race and the exhibit of the learned seals.

It is incontestable; our American audiences and our American dramatists are circus trained. Should we fail to give due credit to that institution, which, except for our dentistry and our mowing-machines, is our chief national glory? One need but watch to be convinced that the debt of the drama to its great forerunner is incalculable. Often the actors in a play unintentionally give it a subtler resemblance to that form of entertainment whose fundamental ambition is to teach all animals to do that which nature least intended them to do, making the bear dance and the elephant stand upon his hind legs. At these moments the likeness becomes almost painfully complete.

I HAVE often wondered at the slight consideration people show at times for the feelings of children. Having a pretty good memory, I can remember distinctly

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how I felt about it when a child myself. Of course, most of us, young and old, have to put up with a good deal of roughing it in life, and I dare say it is in the main good for us; still, so much of it is inevitable that most of us feel instinctively that needlessly adding to its amount is not well. Yet some of us allow ourselves to wound children's feelings in ways that seem utterly needless and wanton. Thoughtlessness is doubtless at the bottom of it in most cases, but it would do us no harm to think a bit more than we do. The matter is really of importance, for wounding another person's feelings is surely incompatible with the well-bred considerateness we all try to instil into our children. And if we show ourselves carelessly lax in this in our dealings with them, they must naturally conclude in their own minds that the preaching which goes with such practice is not worth much.

Both the crosses and the ideals of childhood are different from ours, so it is quite natural that children should be sensitive where we are not, and *vice versa*. What is the chief besetting cross of childhood? Not being allowed to do what older people do. What is its highest ideal? Being grown up. To a child's mental vision the good things in life—among which may be accounted the esteem of others and favorable opportunity in the pursuit of happiness—are distributed by Providence in an ascending progression directly proportionate to the ages of the recipients. It sees older children allowed to do things that it is not; it accordingly concludes that they have richer opportunity in the pursuit of happiness, and respects and envies them therefor. Older children still seem to have still richer opportunity, and so on, until the progression ends at maturity. For to a child's apprehension grown people can do as they please. Need there be any wonder, then, at a child's idealizing being grown up? The wonder would be if it did not.

The Feelings of Children

So the tender point with children, the point on which they instinctively tend to be most sensitive, is their own childhood, the very fact that they are children; and they are most sensitive to things that remind them of it and emphasize it unpleasantly. Probably the reminder that comes oftenest (to take an instance) is being sent early to bed. I am surely not trying to preach a crusade against so wholesome a regulation; I merely wish to point out that being sent to bed at an hour fixed independently of their own wishes is felt by them to be something of an indignity. It is a sore point, and none the less so for their having an inkling that it is really all right, a not-to-be-stilled consciousness of their own unfitness for the later hours kept by their elders. It galls both ways. *Ce n'est que la vérité qui offense*, and the sharpest barb of the thing is in its recognized justice.

Our dealing with this is an instance of our want of consideration. A sensitive child is allowed to sit up for an evening party or reception; as an exceptional boon it is even allowed, on good behavior, to sit up to the end until all the guests are gone. Any child is rather proud of such a permission; it is like having a few hours' vacation from childhood, a delicious foretaste of grown-upness. When the time comes the novelty of the scene is so interesting and exciting that the child is quite content to amuse itself with the play of its own powers of observation—always keener and more at hair-trigger than a grown person's—and has a great, good time of it; so diverting does it find all it sees and hears, so engrossing is its elation at being there, that it does not care to speak to or bother anyone, is good as gold all the evening, and would be surprised at its own moderation when the eatables come on, if it had time to think of it. When all is over and the guests are gone it is still in a sort of rapture, quite unconscious of fatigue or sleepiness, feeling perfectly ready for as much more, if it would only come. Then up steps some elderly relative, perhaps very tired herself and speaking more on general principles than from immediate observation, and says with a smile the significance of which may be open to misconception: "Aha! I think somebody's peepers look pretty heavy! Somebody looks quite ready for bilo!"

This is simply fiendish. What earthly need is there of taking the poor little thing down in that way? Why not let it luxuriate blissfully on in its new-found ecstasy and send it to bed without touching it rudely upon its sorest spot? Why not say: "Heigh-ho, I'm tired to death, though you, little chicken, seem to stand it very well; I think we both had better go to bed now." But, no; instead of that, here has this abominable elderly relative recalled to the child its unfitness for doing the very thing it has most idealized doing, what every grown person can do as much as he or she pleases—sitting up late. Can inconsiderateness further go?

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE MUSEUM AND GALLERY OF ART OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

IT might almost be feared that when the New York Historical Society is safely housed in its fine new building on upper Eighth Avenue it will be found that something has been lost in the transit. Fine new buildings and scientifically arranged collections are by no means unfamiliar in this new and enlightened age, but the flavor of antiquity is becoming rare—with Silence, and Aloofness, and the mystery of strange things seen dimly in dusky corners. It is all very well to have the old masters duly varnished, and authenticated, and spaced on the line, to have the old gods, in limestone and ivory and blue porcelain, and the bandaged and resinous remains of men and beasts mouldering, set in new plate-glass cases in the garish light of day, but there is a sort of fearful pleasure in finding them quite unexpectedly in a lonely building, in dim and perfectly silent corridors, on the floor, next the ceiling, behind screens, and without any human companionship. It is quite probable that the great bulk of the mummied bull Apis, with his eye in enamel staring fixedly, is much more impressive in his present dim surroundings in the old museum on Second Avenue than he will be when installed in Central Park West. There is much more of a thrill in discovering a fine old Dutch peasant scene by getting down on the floor than by standing comfortably before it on the eye line. The apparent forgetfulness and total neglect in one case are much more conducive to the sin of covetousness—that spice of all admiration—than the stamp of official proprietorship in the other. Moreover, the historical atmosphere is much more perfectly preserved in the former, in the dusty and dimly lit, than in the sunshine and plate glass. The sentimental old painting, in the manner of Düsseldorf, which, the catalogue tells us, was the favorite picture of "the late Washington Irving," is more reasonable where it is than where it will be.

If these collections were those of a purely dispassionate and scientific institution these regrets would not arise, but the Historical Society, in its essence, is a guardian of the sentiments as well as of the facts. "It is here that the ocular and palpable evidence of the authenticity of the Bible is presented in the most interesting form," says the Introduction to the Catalogue of Dr. Abbott's Collection of Egyptian Antiquities. The society was founded by a few public-spirited citizens who met together to form an association for "the purpose of discovering, procuring and preserving whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary and ecclesiastical history of the United States in general and of this State in particular." This is from the original act of incorporation. John Pintard, the founder, was able to secure the active co-operation of many individuals eminent in public and professional life.

In 1847, the members, though "comparatively few in numbers and feeble in pecuniary resources," impressed with the great and increasing value of the library and the collections, and with the dangers to which they were exposed, took the preliminary steps to secure the erection of a suitable and fire-proof building in which to house them. This "new and beautiful structure" was claimed to be "essentially fire-proof." This is the building at the corner of Eleventh Street and Second Avenue, now long outgrown by the society, and, in its turn, to be abandoned. The corner-stone was laid on October 17, 1855. In the following year the society was found to have so far enlarged its original, patriotic, scope that it was determined to increase and extend the art collections and provide a public fine art gallery, a Committee on the Fine Arts being established as a part of the administration of the institution. Eight hundred and thirty-eight paintings are included in the present catalogue, dated 1903, and the Egyptian collection is of equal value. Both of these are very largely the result of bequests to the society, in which it has been remarkably fortunate.

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Portraits of Two Ladies.

From a painting by Largillière in the New York Historical Society.

The entire collection of the New York Gallery of the Fine Arts, the chief promoter of which had been Mr. Jonathan Sturges, was transferred to the custody of the society in 1858, and it is very largely to this collection and to that formed by Mr. Luman Reed that we are indebted for the important collection of American paintings, many of them historical portraits. In 1867 the society received from Mr. Thomas J. Bryan his collection, known as the "Bryan Gallery of Christian Art," but which is by no means confined to religious works, ranging, in fact, through most of the schools of painting from the Byzantine and the primitives down to the early American. And in 1882 a hundred and

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fifty-eight pictures were selected from the collection of Mr. Louis Durr, an associate of the society and the son of an antiquary and virtuoso of Carlsruhe, Germany. These works, also, include examples of many of the successive epochs of the art, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. The very latest important acquisition by the society is probably the collection of miniatures made by the late Peter Marié, two hundred and eighty-four in number. These are portraits of ladies, most of them prominent in society, largely by Paillet, Weidner, Behenna, M. T. Gedney, and Abendschein; and though the collection was declined by the Metropolitan Museum on strictly artistic grounds, it constitutes an important document in these historical records. Among the most valuable of these careful little portraits are those of John Pintard, the founder of the society, and of his wife, Elizabeth Brasher, painted by John Ramage in 1787.

In the four or five large collections which form the bulk of the society's treasures are included many paintings from other collections once famous—those of Louis Philippe, Cardinal Fesch, Marshals Soult and Sebastiani, Vien, Perrégaux, Marquis Sommariva, Silvestre, Forbin-Janson, Turenne, General D'Espinoy, Artaud de Montor, and others, and, among the American, works bequeathed by Rufus W. Griswold and Uriah P. Levy, presented by many patriotic citizens and by the artists themselves. In all these, gathered in a possibly less critical age, there are of course to be found many opportunities for doubtful attributions, but, notwithstanding these possibilities and sundry decisions by that most uncertain of all *expertise*, on old paintings, the society's collection as a whole is justly entitled to the high value in which the citizens of the metropolis vaguely hold it. It may be said that, with the exception of the Jarves collection at Yale, there is nothing in this country to rival the small room in the front of the building on the third floor, largely devoted to the primitives and the early Renaissance of the Italians and the Low Countries. The Dutch and Flemish schools of the seventeenth century, including copies, scattered through this room, the adjoining one, and in various places in the large central gallery, and even on the entrance stairway, are represented by a great variety of examples; and there are a few very good canvases of the French school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To many of the more important works the donors have contributed brief notes of authentication, and these have frequently been corroborated by recent investigations, and sometimes controverted.

The Bryan collection begins, chronologically, very nearly with what is considered the beginning of the modern history of painting. There are two interesting examples of Byzantine work, a "Virgin and Child," and a triptych; and the Italian pictures commence with thirteenth-century examples: a Guido of Sienna, a Cimabue (?), a Giotto, two Simone Memmis. The Guido, a Madonna with four saints, has been engraved and described in the work of Gault de St. Germain. The altar-piece attributed to Cimabue, a "Virgin and Child with Saints," is a rare and valuable panel, said to be the only one of its kind in the United States outside the Jarves collection. No. 180, ascribed to Giotto, in the original frame, a circular picture, or *tondo*, is a curious rendering of an allegory in which a figure of Fame stands on a globe from which issue braying trumpets and is acclaimed by a crowd of mounted knights, most carefully detailed. The arms of the Medici and the Tornabuoni are painted on the back of the frame, and the picture seems to be identified by the inventory of the Medici family, cited by Müntz, which speaks of a *Trionfo della fama* as hanging in the great chamber of the *Magnifico*.

A long panel from a *cassone*, a "Triumph of Julius Cæsar," an excellent Florentine example of the first half of the *quattrocento*, is given to Antonio Dello. All these are from the De Montor collection, as is also a very important "Crucifixion," ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi. The Perugini and the Raphael, Nos. 197 and 200, are to be doubted, though the catalogue states that "the donor wishes it to be understood that, in his opinion, and in that of some of the most accomplished and practised experts in Europe, there is not the slightest doubt of the authenticity of these pictures." The "Crucifixion" by Mantegna, or "Mantegnesque," is undoubtedly a valuable example of the period. Of the Venetians, Titian's "Repose in Egypt," very dark, has been given by a recent expert to Paris Bordone, and Giorgione's "Prince of Palermo, in Disguise," to Cariani. Of the other Titians, not including copies, the largest is a "Martyrdom of Saint Lawrence," declared to be signed, but so much darkened

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Portrait of a Lady.

From a life-size painting by Van Dyck in the New York Historical Society.

that even the reds have nearly disappeared, and a half-length portrait of Aretino, the head leaning on the clasped hands, the flesh tones comparatively fresh, the countenance distinguished and thoughtful. On the back of this portrait is an inscription in French:

"Collection of Alix, General-in-Chief of Westphalia.—This precious picture was found in the wagon of a vivandière named Michau, who was killed at the battle of Marengo. After being in the possession of General Lemarois, it passed into the private cabinet of the Chevalier Denon, Director of the Musée Napoléon."

The Tintorettos are, a portrait of a sour-looking "Presbyter," strongly characterized, and a "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," crowded with small figures, both hung on the topmost line, next the ceiling. To Paul Veronese are attributed two pictures good in themselves, "Abraham Discarding Hagar and Ishmael" and a large "Supper at Emaus," figures half life size, both paintings much darkened. The latter is a repetition, with variations, of the picture in the Dresden Gallery. To Leonardo are given two heads of Saint John, in one, looking back over his shoulder and weeping; "for the authenticity of this picture we have the high authority of Mr. Woodburn," later referred to as "the first authority in England."

A beginning has been made in the delicate work of cleaning some of the more valuable paintings in the society's collection, and among those benefited by this care is the "Crucifixion" attributed to Jan van Eyck,

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from the Bryan collection, but of which no history is given. Almost equally fresh in their tones are a "Last Judgment" ascribed to Lucas van Leyden and a beautiful little panel of the Virgin and Child seated in an elaborate Gothic tabernacle, one of the two Madonnas here given that painter. Among the many examples of the schools of the Netherlands on these walls are a number of great importance, though the famous little luminous interiors are very few. From the Collection Sylvestre comes an incantation scene by Teniers the younger, in his best manner, and there are no less than six other canvases ascribed to this painter, one of them a composition filled with portraits, "Charles V Leaving the Town of Dort." The great men are represented in many cases not only by their own works, but by copies and by their imitators—the "Rembrandt School," for example, by two or three good copies, the master himself by a portrait, and a "Combat of Cavalry," both signed. On the stairway is Van Dyck's triple portrait of Charles I, painted for Bernini's bust, and much mottled; in one of the smaller galleries, an admirable half-length portrait of a lady, with a cupid hovering over her shoulder, from General D'Espinoy's collection of portraits; and in the large gallery a badly drawn study for the picture in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, "Samson and Delilah." Rubens is even more fully represented, by a worthy example, a half-length portrait of a knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, from the collection of Louis Philippe, and in very good order; a big "Hercules and the Nemean Lion," on the stair, more doubtful; a Saint Catherine; and a cedar panel of a triptych in the Antwerp Cathedral, a three-quarter life-size figure of Christ bearing the cross, much stained.

Of the seven Velasquez which the society claims, one, at least, is admitted by all the authorities—the bust portrait of Queen Mariana of Austria, second wife of Philip IV, erronously catalogued as the Infanta Margarita. This is one of the numerous reproductions of the bust of the full-length portrait in the Prado, and was purchased from Richard W. Meade, who was United States consul, or navy agent, at Cadiz, 1805–16. From the collection of Marshal Sebastiani Mr. Bryan bought a full-length of Philip IV as David carrying the head of Goliath. Hanging side by side in the centre of the main gallery are two large canvases, very different in condition, a nearly nude Saint John, life size, seated, pointing at the Lamb, and a life-size group of a Spanish lady with children. Both of these are from the Durr collection, the former purchased in Seville by Mr. Francis Tomes, and of the second no history is given.

The early Germans are represented by a "Venus and Cupid" by Lucas Cranach, quite in his style, and a small full-length portrait of the Emperor Barbarossa, apparently much later. Attributed to Albrecht Dürer is a small triptych signed "A. D." and dated 1525, "Christ with the Tribute Money," with small heads of a monk and a nun on the wings. Also signed with his familiar monogram, and very prominently, is a most careful little *genre* of Saint George and the Dragon, the knight in very ornate gilded armor, the dragon quite futile, and Cleodolinda kneeling prayerfully in the middle distance.

Among the most brilliant groups of paintings on the society's walls are five or six good examples of the French court painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Freminet, Largillière, Rigaud, Mignard, De Troy, and the two Netschers, Gaspard and Constantine. The largest of these, Largillière's portrait of two vivacious ladies, is reproduced in the illustration on page 765. With the help of the beautiful little *genre* picture by the last named, "Æneas and His Son Ascanius Visiting Dido," these are portraits that in themselves make a collection quite worthy of the journey to lower Second Avenue. Among them hangs the Van Dyck of the lady with the cupid, reproduced on page 767.

The American collection, which is the most strictly in accord with the original aims of the founders of the society, includes a great number of portraits, quite a number of examples of the early *genre*, including that classic, Mount's "Bargaining for a Horse," and nearly a dozen large canvases by Thomas Cole, including his "Course of Empire,"—than which nothing in all the galleries is more entirely alien to the contemporary American schools of painting. It is well that there are historical societies thus to preserve records of facts which otherwise would be denied by the historians.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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